

New Amsterdams, Slow Down

Hold back my lip
watch my step
spinning world hurts me
facing backwards might cause you to slip
to slow down
watch your step
take a little trip down
who knows where you land

your broken hands scratch my back
mend me now
my chance to move on
who's to know
the outer side
the outside
my glimpse
a glimpse
gather my sense

sit back and mend myself
take a walk outside
too bored to sleep

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take a walk outside
too bored to sleep

not enough time to get anything half way done
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