

Sam Fender, Dead Boys

the anniversaries are short lived
but they come back around at break neck speed
my world spins so fast
the centrifugal force to keep me stuck in the middle

we close our eyes
learn our pain
nobody ever could explain
all the dead boys in our hometown
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all the dead boys in our hometown
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our tussle with the black dog
some are loud and some are silent
every round just drinks
that's our culture

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