

The Flaming, Lips

Who knows
maybe there isn't a vein of stars callin' out my name
they'll glow from above our heads
nothin' there to see you down on your knees
25, 26, 27
back from the future maybe there aint no heaven
there's just you and me
maybe that's all whose left
& if there aint no heaven
maybe there aint no hell
who knows
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