

Foreign Country

The Concretes

He was reaching for my treasure as I held it high
Standing on a stool, twelve feet high
Had it made in foreign country way out east
One on one we all must meet bend them 'til they bleed That's all I need
That's all, that's all I need Traveling on domestic train won't lead me astray
That was just an offer I had to, had to take
I had to take That's all, that's all I know

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