Junk Bonds

Sebadoh

You're pushing under and squeezing free
Your life's too fragile, your style too loose
You're burning and freezing, you cannot chooseLove's deceiving and life's a game
I got in the car and then I scream your name
There's no magic reason for the powers that exist
But you don't try to walk the line, always say you're doing fineOh well, I'll just believe these
Lies, lies, lies, lies

Songwriters
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