Up the Dosage

Paul Weller

Dine-WellerThere's twelve steps to Eddie Cochran baby
Two flowers growing through
The pavement crack
Wish I was purple but I'm red instead
Catch a ride it's so pure
And fresh and clean
Shafts of light that stream and holler
The dust that dances
On the air to me, you'll see
Your lips are like milk, honey
I'll grow through your cracks
And you'll see
I'll make it right, I'll make it right

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