Eveready

Modern Skirts

We were keeping it underground, like an old Victrola sound
Somehow we slipped out and now were ever ready
We were wearing our uniforms, wishing on wells and seeing unicorns
But somehow our leader wasnt born to mend the leveeThis time its forever, this time its goneWe were keeping it underground, like an old Victrola sound
Somehow we slipped out and now were ever readyFind my hideaway, Ill be coming back someday to die
This time, well, its forever, this time its gone

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