

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 levee
This time its forever, this time its gone
We were keeping
it underground, like an old Victrola sound

Somehow we slipped out and now were ever ready
Find my hideaway, Ill be coming back someday to die

This time, well, its forever, this time its gone

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