

Pull This Blanket Off

The Raconteurs

Pull this blanket off of me
Maybe it'll help me see
The things I believe to be true

I'm paying for what should be free
But I don't buy what they're telling me
And I wanna believe in you

Its hard stick to your guns
When everybody's having fun
Makes me wanna run I don't know what to do

Not everything is what it seems
Maybe these boys don't have dreams
I can't blame em some dreams are worse than the truth

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