

Casper

S-Type

Hunting days are now a shame
To see somebody ambition to me
Roots your hair
Keep me on my mean star
There's a chance

Wait for a friend
They say are your feet
Far great to the bombs
No one and on my own
Dream away
Keep me on my mean stone
There's my chance

I hide away
Got the attitude
Host it on my back door

Got the attitude
Host it on my back door

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