

# Untitled

## Kind of Like Spitting

Now that it's been a while  
Somehow come back in style  
You smile at me  
I hear the trash collectors at night  
Drunk romance, soft forgiving lights  
It's all the same  
Fifties, sixties, seventies  
Now art films burnt into our brow  
If it's all the same to you  
I'm going home

Lyrics provided by

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