

Kind of Love

The Correspondents

An open road, foot to the floor
Kind of love
A cutters to the cage, flight of the dove kind of love
Cliche fulfilled, candle lit
You spin around to some poppy shit
I think this is it. This is it.
Watching your drunken stepped pirouettes
Made me think a thought I haven't thought of yet:
I have no regrets. No regrets

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