

Pillbox Tales

The Cure

Electric line, racing time
Fire down the wall
Spinning around, the killing ground
It makes you look so small
Henna years, the stinging tears
Flesh on the railway track
The screaming queen on the TV screen
Is never coming back
Suffer no more
Step inside and listen
Listen to my pillbox tales
Your special days, your winning ways
You're living out the past
You're lying lies and tying ties
And running much too fast
But you feel so sick
If you run too quick and wishing every day
Wishing you were all along
Wishing you were years away
Suffer no more
Step inside and listen
Listen to my pillbox tales
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