Hurt The Good

Charlotte Sometimes

Andre, I once said "Seems like a distant car?" And while I heard these words I took a number off the shelf It don't matter my age 'Cause every time I saw myself It hurt to touch My body bleeds all day What do they do They hurt the good They hurt the truth The fool followed the cars Seems like jaded show work? I'm running out of time, I know I adore is why? My body bleeds all day What do they do They hurt the good They hurt the truth They burn the only bridge in me

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