Paranoia

DÃ¸d Beverte

She was blessed with a knack
For giving bad advice
He's got five thumbs on his left hand
Five more on his right
Well her mom left town
With the supermarket clerk
But her dad was only jealous
'Cause the kid had work
And the boy stays home all day
'Cause of paranoia
He's got Kung-Fu grooves
That can never be imitated
She's got a fashion queen walk
And she wears her blue jeans faded
He's got moves with the puck
That we've never ever seen
And his girlfriend's twenty two
And he's just seventeen
And she gives advice
That'll ease your paranoia
And we all need someone to save our souls
'Cause the next time could be mine, could be yours
And we all need someone to save our souls
'Cause the next time could be mine, could be yours
And we all need someone to save our souls
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And we all need someone to save our souls
'Cause the next time could be mine, could be yours

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