Corner Store

Waxwing

I remember a time when you wouldn't of said
The things you just said
Once again I get what I deserve
And you should never speak another word
In my direction, direction,
Direct me to the nearest corner store
Where I can buy me a little bottle
Give it up don't let her know
Give it up don't let her know
Your eyes will grow cold
Give it up sleep alone
Your eyes will grow cold
There was a world here that's been turned upside down
The old world I can no longer sing about.

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