We Have It Made

Puggy

Ooh, don't you know we have it made
Yeah everything will turn out great
When the stars were born they called our names,
Yeah, don't you know we have it made
ButWe're sick of it all
Sick of it allOoh, everything is right as rain
But I haven't seen a cloud all day
When the sky will fall we'll meet again
And then everything will go my way
ButWe're sick of it all
Sick of it all

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