Stacks

Fugazi

This time is real,
I feel it passing through the telephone,
No one is home now,
No one is home.
These stacks,
They keep me down,
So I build some more.
America is just a word but I use it.
Language keeps me locked and repeating.
This time is real,
I see it passing by the avenue,
Nothing to do now,
There's nothing to do.
I see them spinning on,
So I spin out.
America is just a word but i use it.
Language keeps me locked and repeating.

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