

To Clear the Air

[Eric Matthews](#)

This one sweet little bad one
Knows not what she's done
To injure me
(Well, it's something ugly) Long hair and smiles in despair
Was what she gave me
Our lives she rearranged forever Sick fun, sad simple bad fun
You're not the only one
To injure me
(Well, I wish you could be) Cloudy air, and drinks that cleared the air
Are what have saved me
I'll never quit refreshing hunger

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