Simon's Final Thought

Prozzak

Something is wrong with me
Can't seem to get to sleep
I've got a strange disease
Words tumble out of me
Careless and clumsily
Nothing is what it seems
Passing my time, planning the crime
Of stealing your heart away from you
Wondering if I could rock you a rhyme
To convince you to marry me
Yeah, i've got a strange disease

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