

# Oich Oich

## Underworld

The Beatles are dead  
Andy Warhol's shit she said  
Yeah, reactor, reactor, reactor Give me a better foot in time, in luxury, in love  
People said, he left her for another woman  
But she knew he left her for another car, a velvet craft We slide in shaking in the hole resting beneath the ground  
Between the sun is cracks, it breaks above our heads  
Holy water hoses the whole school white porcelain  
Against my face squatting discreet and shit less concealed

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