SWEET YEAR OLD

Shudder To Think

The fools are slow to leave
So the angels aren't scared anymore
And while they don't quite rush inWell, well, well
They move at a comfortable
Clip and they may never leave
Will she ever live?Down, down they all file down
They all file
Fools gold rush inGet up and go, dear
I'm hard of heart
Get up and bring me the heart of
A sweet year old

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