

Medicine Magazines

Low

They'll never cure this thing
With medicine and magazines, ohh, ohh, ohh I know you play your part
You cover up your ever aching heart, ohh, ohh No one knows where you are
And no one thought you'd ever get that far, ohh, ohh And how can it be that fun
When everyone around you dies so young? Ohh, ohh, ohh And I'm not your favorite one
But who will walk you out when it's all done? Ohh, ohh, ohh

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