

No Quick Fix

Slam & Howie and The Reserve Men

there's no quick fix
you gotta take your licks
strange times long lines
there are no clean cups
you gotta mess it up
to see why you cry
i can't stay home at night
i'm drawn out like a moth to lamplight
come on now
you gotta try it out
you're killing time
you're killing mine
don't go, i'll never know
when you're away, i sleep all day
nothing works and thinking hurts
you belong to me
in my dreams
(chorus)

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