

Abacus

Applejuice Orchestra

The grass is green and long
Midnight cars roll past
I've been chasing your room
While the summer last So count it on your fingers
If we got it wrong
It's because the days have no numbers
If we leave tonight then we'll leave it all behind Drinking alphabetically
'Cause the beauty's gone all sore
Honey dripping pale of skin
Well, there's bodies underneath the floor So count it on your fingers
If we got it wrong
It's cause the days have no numbers
If we leave tonight then we'll leave it all behind

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