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Red House Painters

So it's not loaded stadiums or ballparks
And we're not kids on swingsets on the blacktop
And I thought at fifteen that I'd have it down by sixteen
And twenty-four keeps breathing in my faceLike a mad whore
And twenty-four keeps pounding at my door
Like a friend you don't want to see
Oldness comes with a smileTo every love given child
Oldness comes to rile
The youth who dream suicide

Songwriters
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