

# 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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