Plenty

ë•„ë•¼ (Dok2)

When it rains it rains plenty
I think you need to walk
I think you need to walk home
We don't need to talk
I think you need to walk home
Sun shines on my skin
Rips my head right off
It's burning it's burning it's burning (tears right through)
I can see all the veins in my lids when I close my eyes
Now I can see right through (all of you)
I can't complain about the same (hi hi hi)
When I'm sitting alone (some people think)
Reading a book at home (they know what heat is)
And it seems like such a waste
And it seems like such a shame
Always
Slamming overhead (hurting my hands)
Against the same fucking wall

I don't need no razors
'Cause summer is cutting me again
I don't need no razors
'Cause summer is cutting me again
I don't need no razors
'Cause summer is cutting me again
I don't need no razors
'Cause summer is cutting me again
I don't need no razors
'Cause summer is cutting me again

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