Oh Me

The Whiskey Gentry

If I had to lose a mile
If I had to touch feelings
I would lose my soul
The way I doI don't have to think
I only have to do it
The results are always perfect
And that's old newsWould you like to hear my voice
Sprinkled with emotion
Invented at your birth?I can't see the end of me
My whole expanse I cannot see
I formulate infinity
Stored deep inside meIf I had to lose a mile
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