

# Uncle

## The Early November

Every time I wake up  
I must remind the smile on my face  
That I was only dreaming  
And this is something I don't know how to face  
'Cause every time I see him  
I get so nervous I can't look at his face  
Grew up calling him uncle  
That would be great if I didn't have my insides  
Oh why must I know everything?

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