One Hundred Percent Good

Piebald

you won't tell anyone you're lousy with secret spoke my eye out I'll lost me left side you can flip me over like a record or a turtle which ever you prefer one way I'll keep spinning the other I'll die in the sun her sad crush to an ugly boy like me when you run I just walk fast you can be the big shot just don't shoot yourself let me putt his away and I'll come complain with you I remember them standing in the circle.

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