

Broomstick

L7

I've got my broomstick, baby
I've got my paperback novel
I'm gonna lay right here
And I ain't gonna grovel What's the use of lying?
I won't believe you
What's the use of crying?
It won't relieve you I've got my broomstick
I've got my paperback novel
I'm gonna lay right here right now
And I ain't gonna grovel

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