Rated X

Urban Assault

If memory was written down
I'd cut it up and cross it out
Coz memory holds the hurt inside
all the pain and all the lies
And you might think that past is through

but the past goes right on through
and memory holds the hurt inside
Regret creeps up on you
So puit your hand into my hand
And baby we'll forget that life had even started before our hands had met

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