

Age Of Consent

Neverending White Lights

Won't you please let me go

These words lie inside they hurt me so I'm not the kind who likes to tell you just what you want me to
You're not the kind who needs to tell me about the birds and the bees I saw you this morning I thought that you
might like to know

I received your message in full a few days ago Do you find this happens all of the time?

Crucial point one day becomes a crime

Songwriters

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