Thirty-Two

Oh No Not Stereo

You're all slaves
and there's nothing you can do about itI crawled inside a full grown woman today
like 32 guitars I'll break after I play
Double digits aren't all they're hyped up to be
Read my weakness loud and clear on the marqueeYou're all slaves
and there's nothing you can do about it
You're all slaves
and there's nothing you can doI feel so happy to be alone today
There's nothing limiting my opportunity
Finally no one to tell me who to be
I leave a smile right here in New York City
Oh yeah

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