

The Thing

[Pedro Gabriel Amaral](#)

Lying down in a bar
The trees are growing on
Wood branch in my car
My need is always wrong Strumming kind a guitar
It might have made a song
The man came down from afar
His hair just seems too long All feelings go with the wind
Our love is only a dream The thing awaits in the dome
It's proud not eating flesh
But my flesh
It finds very eatable

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