Vertical Slum

Swell Maps

Got a Rolls Royce
It's driving me wild
I never thought about it

Got a space
Between my eyes
And I never knew about it

No more ways
To excavate you
There's no two ways about it

I think that's all
There is to say
Nothing more, oh, oh no

Go away and play
Little boys today, go
(The weather, the leather)
Hooray

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