

# Broomstick

L7

I've got my broomstick, baby  
I've got my paperback novel  
I'm gonna lay right here  
And I ain't gonna grovel What's the use of lying?  
I won't believe you  
What's the use of crying?  
It won't relieve you I've got my broomstick  
I've got my paperback novel  
I'm gonna lay right here right now  
And I ain't gonna grovel

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