

# What Presence?!

## Orange Juice

It may be my imagination  
And of course I'm prone to exaggeration  
But in the moth eaten gloom of my shabby room I saw the strangest manifestation  
One possible explanation is that it was merely a trick of the light  
But that's little consolation  
'Cause it's gotten so that I can't sleep at night!!What Presence?!Steppin' out 'neath a harvest moon, steppin' out  
to the strains of this self-same tune and it's screaming in my ears

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