

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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