Damage

Gravenhurst

And now you've got your face on the scene page seventeen wltm someone like me our back door is open to people on their knees emily don't go to the house tonight stay on your own count your blessings hold onto them tight just one more week and the paper comes through just one more week and you're mine people will say how they never saw the signs ugly boy in fourth form suffered a head blow puts up the buildings in the west country carefully maps out the garden hides the letters from your sister they're not here to understand

Songwriters
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