

For All the Cows

Foo Fighters

I'm called a cow
I'm not about
To blow it now
For all the cows It's funny how money allows all to browse
And be endowed
This wish is true it falls into pieces new
The cow is you My kind has all run out, as if kinds could blend
Some time if time allows, everything worn in
Like it's a friend I said you're all a painted doll and it caused
The walls to fall
How far is he?
Impatiently
That's as far as far can be

Songwriters
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