

Love Is Luck

The Walkmen

Gone are the flames
Gone is the world of mystery
The slaughter that
Is gonna stay that way
One man he waits
One man's a-dancing to his grave
Who do I follow
Who do I blame You can't deny it
The ports are old
You can't deny it
They wrote it wrong After the fun
After all the bubble gum
There is no sweetness
Left on my tongue You can't deny it
The ports are old
You can't deny it
They wrote it wrong

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