Dumb-Fill

The Wytches

I was waiting with my mind on you,
it was pouring down, started getting late.
Just then I looked to myself, then I said,
"well alright, this had better help."So we started making hits to sell,
those babies just flew off the shelf.These songs and sentimental waste
have taken their hold on me those days.
When my mind was a pit
where the ideas froze
followed by some romantic drove.
Till we started making hits to sell,
those babies just flew off the shelf.

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