

# quince

## Fair to Midland

You could've been raised in Africa.  
We lacked in our vigor, been an "x" on the calendar.  
Losing our cool in Antarctica, so I put my coat on 'ya,  
The breeze was light burgundy. I have an army suited and ready for you to simply take a bite and steer.  
We're more than prepared to fight this unfair.  
All you need do is tease your taste and steer. Your crimes are not mine or theirs, weary from the wear you invent.  
I forget for some time, I've been underground and dug to the sound of your breath.

Songwriters

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BRETT Published by

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