

1995

Julma Henri

Well, it's 1995, my friend
Now we're closing in on the end
Another year for you and me
Time to recognize what you seeWhat you looking at?
What you looking at?
What are you looking at?
What are you looking at?It's 1995, all right
They say I'm lucky to be alive
Yeah, me and everybody else
Along with you and everybody else, huhWhat you looking at?
What you looking at?
What the fuck are you looking at?
What are you looking at?It's getting ugly

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