

When a menthol hit, hooks a spatial girl in her summer clothes
Like a transmission, on an empty channel, all lines are closed
Taking photographs, speaking slowly through the permanent waves
The taste in her mouth that she read about earlier today

This is happening for your pleasure, at your leisure
Use your evil
When you want

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When the night becomes, automatic sequence joining the day
Singing something new, someone else is sliding into your way
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Got to get you off my conscience by Friday
On Saturday I'll be wide awake, On Sunday I'm your new best friend
On Monday learn it all again

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