

I'm bitter, I'm twisted
James Joyce is fucking my sister
How can I remember 1690?
I was born in 1965

I can see you, I can read you, I won't be you
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This business is pointless
To think that green's the only colour on the atlas
I'm trying hard just to survive
To keep myself alive

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Don't you ever feel attracted to the girls you photograph?
Sexually? It's not part of my job
Aren't you sexually attracted to me?
Yes, I am
Touch me
What?
I said touch me, please