

Contraband

Apashe

You don't see me
Like I see you
I can tell from the nights that we argued
You don't need me
Like I need you
I'm the lamb to your shepherd, I follow you

I know that you count your sins
Late nights, then you sneak back in
While I just wait like the fool I am
Trinkets and the contraband
Strange gifts from a stranger's hand
Why the hell are you hiding?

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(Like I see you)
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