

## 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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