

The Ghost Of Last December

The Ataris

We moved in many shapes
And I'm nearly awake
With the first of the day
Convinced last night went OK

Hold on, hold on
This candle's burned out
I won't let it go
Hold on, hold on
We want it so bad
This one thing we can't have

We can't see doubt
On the list of abandoned doubts
When the truth came out
I declined if nothing else

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