

Lips

Baxter Dury

What's the price of being young
Tie me up for dark love
Shiver down my empty spine
What's the price of being young

I think her lips are close to mine
Her eyes are loosely gone
Painted nails have fallen off
I think her lips are close to mine

I hope there's sugar in your tea
And I'll grow my hair right now
Prison don't seem fair right now
I hope there's sugar in my tea

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Shiver down my empty spine
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