

Junk!

Børns

Ah, ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah

Junk!

All this time trying to figure out what's right from left (junk)

No one to disagree with, except myself

So who's to blame?

Is it the clouds or is it the rain? (Junk)

Every day is another walk down a dry and dusty lane

The flowers died and the butterflies flew to San Jose

So who's to blame?

Am I out or am I insane?

I try to reason but oh how the seasons change

Yeah they change

And it ain't easy feeling anything other than strange

So strange

I can't figure it out

I got too much on my mind

I'm just trying to get out

And give myself some time to breathe

Is it me or is it just junk?

Is it me or is it just junk?

Is it me or is it just junk?

Is it me or is it just junk?

Every day is another walk down a dry and dusty lane

The flowers died and the butterflies flew to San Jose

And who's to blame?

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Yeah they change

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Is it me or is it just junk?

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Is it me or is it just junk?

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Huh?