I'm not afraid of Virginia Woolf
But I'm running scared from the words she wrote
Jacob and Daniel, man they could have been friends
If they'd used that ladder, in the lion's den
In the lion's den

Oh, what do I know?
All this work, and nothing to show
And oh, what is it worth?
All these stories might just lead to glory

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Oh, what good is a lighthouse if I, don't want to see?
And oh, I know that I hurt you
But all this glory might just lead to stories
Yeah, all this glory

California, is warmer....

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