

Cigars All Around

Deerhoof

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Too bad Mother has no mother
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Who is you, who is you?

I know bad luck
Driver in hand
Having our natures

Sweet, now where's the road
To create the
Daughter you brought me

Cannot breathe, cannot breathe
Since that mother grew quiet
Now that's simply pudding
Down the knife, you want pudding, down

But making bandages
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