I, I, I, I
Will burn, burn, burn
My every book

I, I, I, I
Will burn, burn, burn
My every book

To warm your cold, cold blood

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My every book

To warm your cold, cold blood

I, I, I, I

Goodbye fascist blind man Goodbye drunken doctor Goodbye Finnish beauty Let the people stop and wonder

Anna, Gerald, Henry Waugh Let this longing retire

I will purge my shelf of classics Watch them fade upon the fire

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