

Good Feeling

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Happiness
Is fine and yet
I seem to forget
Unless I've smoked it

'Cause now I'm sat here thinking that the world is a mess
I bit off more than I can chew so I can't digest
And I got feelings inside that I keep repressed
And in the morning when I wake up I don't get dressed
'Cause I'm waiting for that good feeling

Pain in my chest
Shortness of breath
The sun has set
I'm not up yet

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