Skavez

Hepcat

At 12, the night was too long
I find the night to be a rip-hitting song
Everyone that was their money's gone
I licked a bottle to keep my calm and I relaxed

I think of that blonde
with the curls that were all so strong
Thinking of her weak in my condition
She was gone (gone, gone, gone, gone)
it was time to move on

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