

## In Stitches

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Slink past the stoned rasta painters on baronne  
Blink and the walmart of the dead blurs  
On baronne

Found you  
Look around you  
Wild parrots and gin in the air

Don't know where to go  
Don't know where to go from here  
Don't know where to go to disappear

Tangerine and seasick green  
Us in pieces  
Like when wolverine  
Big red's king  
Caught us hiding  
We just drove away into the day in stitches