

# Flies

Mono Inc.

I'm staring at the wall  
Your flavour on my lips  
I'm watching and I'm counting  
All you left me with

Flies  
Flies

I held your picture in the fan  
I spilled your drink and your perfume  
I share my love with those who join me  
In this somber empty room

Flies  
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I pressed the pillow on your face  
You didn't want my sympathy  
You kept your love for those who join you  
Seven feet beneath the trees

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Flies  
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