Clementine

Moriarty

What's the fuss, puss
Lust dust on the cusp of the crust
I must, I must, I must not
Fluxus

Shyness, penniless, mindless, coward
You ain’t, you ain’t nothing good
You ain’t, you ain’t, no you ain’t

Clementine
Won’t you give me a sign
Made of twine
It’s the end of the line
Well I’m fine, I’m fine, I’m lying
I’m falling, I’m drowning, drowning
Well I should, I should
I should plot against you
You blissful, kissful, pitiful, coward

You ain’t, you ain’t nothing good
You ain’t, you ain’t, no you ain’t
No you ain’t

Well I should, I should
I should plot against you
You blissful, kissful, pitiful, coward

You ain’t, you ain’t nothing good
You ain’t, you ain’t, no you ain’t

Oh won't you let me be
Won't you let me be

Let me, let me be
Let me be what I want to be
Move away, become clay
And let me say
Don't you play with me
With me, now don't you play with me
I warn you

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