

Two Hands

PACKS

Just like a Simpson's sunset
Everyone in town says, "Hi"
Silken mist and golden rusty
Smiling at the passersby

I pull my pant legs high so I
Don't get caught in the quicksand
Don't know the reason why I feel
Like I'm wading through some swampland

Recommend a movie to ya
Now I know I'm too sincere
He's no good at body language
Ruining the atmosphere

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