

Why do I feel like I'm half of a whole
With this head on my shoulders 10 fingers and toes
It's me that I live for but you I can't help but extol
Call me 1/2 but I think that I'm all that I have
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Your people flow through just to give and to take
The crossing guards, lovers, and summer camp friends
And the teachers from the 7th grade
So all of these bad days are gonna grow worn with age
Till the hairpins and nickels that gleam on your floor
Are the only things that remain

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