At the end of the day
We always find away
At the end of the day
There's nothing you can do about it
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At the end of the day
There's nothing you can do about it

At the end of the day I was [?]

Last week or maybe last month Now [?]

And the boy down the alleyway [?] gonna, gonna get set [?] before the papers get signed And they document this untraceable crap

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