

I've got a pocketful of words in my brain
I pull something out when I think I should
I feel like I'm going insane
I'm not I just said it cos I thought I would
I always feel the need to profane
I've always said fuck when I thought I could
To me this seems so inane

I don't need an attitude
Rebellion is a platitude
I only hope the verse is good
I hate verisimilitude

I've got a reason to think of your name
I always feel good when I look at you
I never feel the need to defame
Irony is something I mistook
In you I know our needs are the same
I'm thankful for not overlooking you
Still I need to declaim

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I only hope the verse is good
I hate verisimilitude

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I've got a pocketful of words in my brain
I'll try to find something I can give to you
I feel like I'm going insane
I know I'll calm down when I live with you

You always feel the need to profane
I guess that's something I'll forgive of you
Still I need to explain

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