Autonomy

The Dears

papier macheague; or crazy glue
we stick together me and you
and while the world falls apart
you've got my soul I've got your heart

we're held up on delayed metros
there's no more drug or cheminaud
we're waiting for your demands
we smoke far too many gitanes

I'm not the man you used to know
and that's not impossible
and while the word falls apart
you've got my soul I've got your heart

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