

The Unheard Music

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friends warehouse pain
attack their own kind
a thousand kids
bury their parents there's laughing outside
we're locked out of the public eye some smooth chords on the car radio
no hard chords on the car radio we set the trash on fire
and watch outside the door
men come up the pavement
under the marquee
there's laughing inside
we're locked out of the public eye

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>