

The Maine, Love & Drugs

Sophisticated mood swings
Manipulated daydreams
We've got champagne taste
But not enough money for the real thing
We've got flames in our veins
And just enough money for the weekend

And last night I did things
My mother told me not to
With the people I shouldn't see
In the places that I should not go
And it felt just like /6x
It felt like love and drugs

Debilitated feelings
Sprawled across the bed
She's spinning perfect blue buildings
While I'm counting crows inside my head

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But not enough money for the real thing
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Let the waves of strange fall down
Let them crash and drift around

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