

words and music
by
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The Last Days Of Thomas Ripple

Here I sit all broken hearted
wrote a hit but it never charted
cut my wrists watched them bleed in the shower
found me naked I was white as flour

I was hot my shit was on fire
a burning hunk I had hair you'd admire
bio read he'll be music's savior
bought some airtime they'd return the favor

mom and dad understood my confusion
twenty-five inches of diagonal illusion
monkeys armed with their polished guitar's
that fucking zeppelin sold a billion records

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