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I stumbled across something called common sense.

Tiptoeing around with my bare feet on the wooden floor. With a touch of perfume and the lightest touch of conscience I slip, and let go of all I've know in which includes everything you've made me feel. Oh, darling, would you mind if I pour myself another glass of wine? Never mind, I'll do it anyway. And unless you're going to stop me I'd like to hang up now so I can keep dancing around half naked in my apartment, enjoying that I'm letting you go.

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