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Secrets

You may not know that I exist.

You may not know how I secretly watch you even when the doors are closed.

Even when yesterdays fog combined with your beauty made me kind of dizzy.

I sometimes watch you dance, and I don't think you know how bad you are, but how willing you are at giving it a chance.

You may not know how to feel the song or how to move your feet.

But why does it matter

when I know you will never miscount my heartbeats.

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