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I'm not listening again

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It's true

I'm just looking at you

Watching you move your mouth

Nothing's wrong, but there's something off.

Something small, something tiny

Something little round and shiny

Like a coin being tossed

Heads, not tails

You lost

Or a checkers piece

In a game of chance

A moment the prize

The cost surprise

Things get dull don't they?

They never really mind do they?

When you don't listen

It's true

I'm just looking at your face

It's rare when words just slide into place

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