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Itsy bitsy tiny weeny

I'm stuck in a merry-go-round

It moves too fast

I can't reach the ground

My head is dizzy

I have to hold

I changed my time for money

I sold my soul

A contract for life

Until I'm get old

No time for reflection

For rest, for growth

I was blinded of fame

Fortune and youth

I'm tired now, I need to rest

I invite myself in my life again

I want to live it, not be a random guest

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