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repris

Looking for fortune/The walking wounded

fleet of foot and keen of eye

looking for fortune

looking for an alibi

back in his youth he listened

to pirate films as a lullaby

something's still missing

livin' a life of lies

hopin' I'll get a second try

his hands blackened with soot

making some sense of the senseless

if he could

The Walking Wounded

who really wished they were The Grateful Dead

soon became his umbrella

and took cover

and the rest for now is left unsaid

the apache kid

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