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*från mars -08*

## **Lost**

I'm drowning in my "routine"  
have almost lost my tongue  
it's withering from mutiny  
my witty brain still young

in need of "all that jazz", my friend  
my soul forgets to sing  
creating sassy health and tend  
to need a better sting...

it's hard to keep the upper lip  
in place and very stiff  
from tears I get a daily sip  
forgetting joy and riff...

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