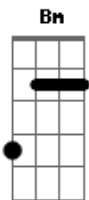


Paramore - Fences

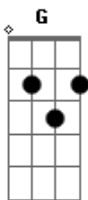
tom:
 I'm sitting in a room
 Made up of only big white walls
 And in the halls
 There are people looking through
 The window in the door
 Though they know exactly what we're here for
 Don't look up just let them think
 There's no place else you'd rather be
 You're always on display

For everyone to watch and learn from
 Don't you know by now?
 You can't turn back
 Because this road is all you'll ever have
 It's obvious that you're dying, dying
 Just living proof that the camera's lying
 And oh oh open wide
 'Cause this is your night so smile
 'Cause you'll go out in style
 You'll go out in style

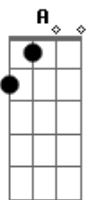
Acordes



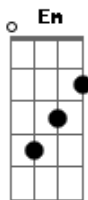
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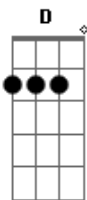
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