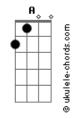


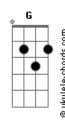
Smog - Cold Blooded Old Times

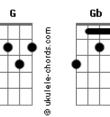
tom: Cold-blooded old times Cold-blooded old times Gb G A Cold-blooded old times The type of memories That turns your bones to glass Gb Turns your bones to glass Mother came rushing in She said we didn't see a thing We said we didn't see a thing Dbm And father left at eight Nearly splintering the gate Cold-blooded old times Cold-blooded old times Cold-blooded old times Gbm G A Cold-blooded old times The type of memory That turns your bones to glass

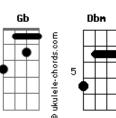
Turns your bones to glass And though you where Just a little swirl You understood every word And in this way they gave you clarity A cold-blooded clarity Cold-blooded old times Cold-blooded old times Gbm Cold-blooded old times Now how can I stand And laugh with the man Who redefined your body Now how can I stand And laugh with the man Who redefined your body Those cold-blooded old times Cold-blooded old times Gbm G A Cold-blooded old times

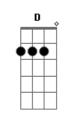
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