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Uproar

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What do we have in store

For each other

For a brother

When the drama takes over

When the cortex goes splat

That

Is the time for

Uproar

Uproar

When the gossip is flying

For no reason you're crying

No one is dying

Oh what a bore

You and your

Uproar

I guess you need another fix

The stories you create

The narrative that won't abate

You're silly to the core

You and your

Uproar

Uproar