

All The Dogs Are Lying Down

Johnny Flynn

I saw prayers being made with plastic rosaries
Carpets laid no thought for furniture
All the dogs are lying down
All the dogs are lying
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As I creep way with cracking bows
The steeple rose
The way unknown
The steeple (?) set me down
I listened to the furnished ground

She said soft things
Said one who lay
At time to see the one turn gray
An ash pipe brim with north heath wet (?)
But to the ground my ear had bent

Said softer things
And as if I
The while my horse ran a mile
And lying in the black I wept
For nare a lad so wayward crept

Listening hard, I felt too young
The way would talk with older tongues

(?)

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