

Broken Harpoon

The Jayhawks

Gonna build a fire
Lead the choir in my song
As I climb the walls
Walk the halls to be strong

Once it was around my schoolboy days
New lines were drawn and rules were made

I wear the scars
Smell the blood on the breeze
I weathered the storm
For a glimpse of the trees

When it seemed no matter what you gave
(When)
I took my secret to my grave

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I could drown
In the sound of my dreams
Shiver and moan
Feel the need to be free

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