

## The C R T Woods

Anamanaguchi

With a thousand words I heard  
Them singing in the night  
And the only thing I see  
Is nothing in the moonlight

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Them singing in the night  
And the only thing I see  
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In the crowded woods I feel  
Them all around  
I can only hope to dream  
That feeling I forgot

In the crowded woods I feel  
It move me all around  
I can only hope to dream  
That feeling I forgot