

Capturing Images

Anni B Sweet

Under my feet
I got twenty one marks
from places I've been
Under my hands
I am touching secrets
I will never tell

Your smile, your smile
keeps me happy, just at times
What is life, what is life?
when the good things are gone
whith the lightest winter blow of wind
wind, wind, wind, wind

There is a key
hanging on the door's eye
there is a camera
capturing images from up high
capturing your...

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keeps me happy, just at times
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