

Provisional

BODEGA

Somewhere in these private minds
The last one comes just in time to
Clear out the chambers
Sew up the lips
That's the price to pay
For hoping every slip's not a slide

In other words not to get it wrong
Pointless to walk when its past time to run
Secured under the weight of watchful eyes
Lulled to sleep under clear expansive skies

Somewhere in these prying hearts
Conflicting histories tear us apart
We hope we won't get what we deserve
Hide behind the targets in front of
All the people we serve

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