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The sky
Bathed in crooked light
Water
Steady rolling by
I am a feeling
And time is a longwave
And it cares
It cares about us all the same
That's just one thing I know for sure
A flower
Pressed in a book of songs
What's left to wonder?
After we're gone
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Waiting on the turning of the season of your mind

Don't spend your whole life

And don't spend

You are who you're supposed to be

You are who you're supposed to be