

Peggy

Dala

I saw your shoes empty by the door
I've never thought of them like that before
And I can hear the silence in between the sound
But I still hear your voice when you are not around

And I saw your mother's name, in a book of poetry
And I saw your mother's hand, in her favourite recipe
But she will never know me, no she will never know
Oh Peggy, the things we leave behind

Well this is the place where nothing stays the same
And these are the feelings that never go away
And I can see the time filling up your eyes
We are all the things we try to hide

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And I saw your mother's hand, in her favourite recipe
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Oh Peggy, the things we leave behind
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