

# Going Back

Lola Marsh

Mother don't you cry  
I am walking alone again  
Father tell me why  
My hair is short again

In a quiet room  
From a different century  
On an empty page  
I reveal a memory

I, I am going back  
The night is dark  
Tell her she's fine  
Drink a bit of wine  
Behind the pines

Playing with the stones  
I found in the northern yard  
Running from the dogs  
To find a new place to hide

In a quiet room  
From a different century  
On an empty page  
I reveal a memory

I, I am going back  
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Tell her she's fine  
Drink a bit of wine  
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