

# One Morning In Vibrato

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Good traction  
Is hard to find  
On the shoreline  
Subtraction  
Really starting to add up  
With more time  
Life is summersaulting  
And the sky is hanging low  
Whereabouts are swallowed  
Where the breezes blow  
I see a glisten  
Through the sand in my eyes  
In your eyes  
Look at all these footprints  
Where did everybody go?