

Weeper's Woe

Mipso

And the leaves are going red
Many men make their beds upon your shore
And the clouds becoming grey
And the story says it's been this way before

Hold on, little weepers
Keep your lamplight low
Let it burn wild in the winter
For the weeper's woe

And the singer goes unfazed
And the weeper knows her breath's getting old
And mothers shake their heads
'Cos they know the feast ahead is getting cold

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