

Leave Her

William Fitzsimmons

She fills the air around me now
With lavender and grace
This place

Pulling drapes off cigarettes
Red wine, our time
Unwinds

Let sky fall where it may
Let moon shine through the day
You can take my words and my songs, but
Leave her
Leave her

The world is not between us now
Our ghosts won't need
These clothes

I pray that she does not leave first
Those few long years I'd spend
In bends

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Let moon shine through the day
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