Walking Stick

Leon Redbone

Revelation for
around your sunday dress
The soul out of a smoldering wretch
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there

Twisted walking stick
They're all up and down this strip
The soul out of a smoldering wretch
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there
The witch is on fire
She can't regret the day light repenting of the stars and earth

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