

# Images

## The Ransom Collective

She does not know her beauty  
She thinks her brown glory  
She thinks her brown body has no glory  
If she could dance naked under palm trees  
And see her image in the river she would know  
Yes, she would know  
But there are no palm trees in the street  
No palm trees in the street  
And dishwater gives back no images

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Lyrics provided by

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