Formulae

JJ72

Things go wrong when I trust them
In my naive way I love them
Like you told me to love them
I abide by man made rules
And am a picture of all fools
I have a border of white cluesI use the formula of everyday
In the floods I stay and get washed awayPeople talk in nothing
With a reverence in a something
And my heart beats on with indifference
To the lessons of attrition
I am a picture of all fools
I have a border of white cluesI use the formula of everyday
In the floods I stay and get washed away

Songwriters
GREANEY, MARK WILLIAMPublished by
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