

Deathbed

The Ponys

Quiet lives
Look at them rest
Final days, they're getting closer And I try and smile on the misery
Close your eyes
try and remember. You got out of this place
I need your help
I need shelter You got the money
is it too late?
I love you so the years in November. Quiet lives
Look at them rest
Final days, they're getting closer I try and smile on the misery
Close your eyes
try and remember.

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