

Big Wings

Bows

I could see myself at twenty-eight
What do you think of me now?
To hell with big wings, heaven can wait
I won't be, I won't be checking out
Torn between big love and hate
A passion whichever way round
Could have been, could have been
Good intentions run aground
I am, I'm truly young but I feel so old
'Cause the gage is good as gold
Plump and pearly? It's way too early
Slim and surly is clearly divine

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