

Pages

Berman

writing a novel, a hundred thousand pages, about the things that she's been through, there's no ending, but she's
tired of waiting, for shattered dreams to come true
is that what i wanted, is that what i needed, for her open wounds, to go on untreated
lookin' in her eyes, seeing more than blue, free of all the fears that she's been fighting, the life she's living now,
has got pages left, maybe she and i can end her writing

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