Glass/Film

S. Carey

Counting the hours, come where I lay
Slipped through a little hole in the film
Silent hills, patchwork fields, fall bitter lines
Oh my darling dearSleep to see what it looks like
I never meant to do no harm
In the glass, see your face
I know this place, I called the case
I was made for this
I was tamed by this
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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