Wind Chimes

Joe McKay

Hanging down from my window, those are my wind chimes
On the warm breeze, the little bells tinkle like wind chimes
Though it's hard I try not to look at my wind chimes
Now and then a tear rolls off my cheekClose your eyes and lean back now, listen to wind chimes
In the late afternoon you're hung up on wind chimes
Though it's hard I try not to look at my wind chimes

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