

# 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.

Lyrics provided by

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