

Beach Walk

Whitewoods

She pushed her feet across the board walk
She keeps the sunset right with movement in her eyes
She knows she gets away with murder
Swallows up your heart of gold
And I don't know just where we've got to go
This sound is giving for the postman
Another one that's feeling under the orange skies
The summer sleeps in time for autumn
Sticking down your leaves on grass
And I don't know just where we've got to go
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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