

Day O Day (A Love So Free)

Hiss Golden Messenger

The sky was a braid of many colors
And it was snowing just outside the motel down in Shreveport
I left my mandolin in the rain in Coushatta
That was yesterday time I took the old path through the white clouds in a shower
I smoked my mind up in the old hotel down in Cairo
Where I tried to rack up all my tomorrow's tomorrows
And it was just wasted time

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