2X2

Umphrey's McGee

One lies in waiting for
One mind who wants for more
Four arms plain for one goal
Two more will make one whole, but when?And it comes on slow
And it folds all you know
Yet it seems so far
When all is gained or lost
What will measure mine?
Could I leave it now
When so tired am I
What is suffering?Eight arms slave for one goal
Two more will make one whole
We have questions of control
Could I be bought or sold today?

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