

# Unwind

**Julian Plenti**

Lay down your lucky hand, upon her heart  
Morning becomes a kite, tangled up in stars  
Laugh in the midday light, and leave it behind  
Move out into his sundry eyes and sing, unwind  
Hang down your lucky head, a sign to time  
Morning becomes the sun, for the dandy line  
Sooner than a midday light, we leave behind  
Love is out into the sundry light, you sing, unwind

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