Shingles

Iron Lung

I float above and these wings catch, and your sky holds you so beautiful
And I understand if all this comes falling because my sky already has
And my head bows, all of this I know
And all of your precious love, you can paint as light as you see
And you can make reasons for everything
But as long as I dream some things will always be
Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine
Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine

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