

100 Years (Of Tears On the Wind)

Masters of Reality

I found my place in bed
Three feet beneath your head
I wanted to stay home
And I couldn't think of nothing new I moved like syrup (slow)
I moved I didn't know
I'd took off from my faith
And I couldn't think of nothing new Boo hoo boo hoo boo hoo Waiting waiting
I'd been called down
Waiting waiting
Would I rebound
Waiting waiting

Songwriters

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