

This Cradle Song

Tripping Daisy

Felt you were good, you felt you were right
Waited for hours to come into night
The thought of the day has started the time
The way of the bad is the way of the lie
Gave them for hours it seemed a mistake You gave it the best shot, you gave up your ace
But only the slow man gazes alone
The time to call it off is to pick up the phone
The rain is out, the raining is in
But no one will be good until the end

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