

My Boys

Taken By Trees

There isn't much that I feel I need
A solid soul, and the blood I bleed
But with a little cat and by my spouse
I only want a proper house
I don't care for fancy things
Or take part in the freshest way
But to provide for my mine who ask
I will work hard, on my father's grave
On my father's grave
I don't mean to seem like I care about material things
Like a social status
I just want four walls and adobe slabs for my boys
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