Opener

Annette Focks

You told me don't you look at the sun, it burns your eyes out
I disobeyed and see a man who's going nowhere
He fed me this you don't got to worry, you're on your feet
Please help me down
Should have made room for others who can't be beat into open sea
I brainstormed and caught up with my friend who's doing fine now
It's been uplifting knowing you all have static sources
I fed him this man, am I in a hurry to break this chord of our paranoia
Took him too long to notice and now I'm down
Where I can't be found and there's no antidote for a petty loaf
I think we've found the lighter side of our friendly host
I don't mean to boast, we can face all this nonsense

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