

# Quarter

NFS

I know I'm dead before my time  
I know its coming down  
If you could only see what's right  
You'd see what's comin' round  
So I walk alone  
I ask no quarter friend I walk alone  
Till I find you again  
I know no place to call my bed  
But I know this thorny crown  
If you would only feed your head  
You'd see your hands are bound

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