

# Four-Eleven

## Seahaven

There's a house in the green hills,  
where someday I hope to live.  
So I'll sell my sadness to them,  
turn pain into payment. There's a cliff from the last one,  
that sits right across from it.  
So when I get your wake up call in,  
I'll join life at its purest.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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