

# Well Enough

William Fitzsimmons

And you're finally out  
As he draw you're first  
And the air was cold  
But you will never know And I tried to find  
The heart torned  
But my arm was tired  
Had to let you go But I hope I made you well  
But I hope I made you well So I wish you well  
As your arm, your own  
And I hope you find  
Whatever is your home

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