

# The Post

## Cowboy Junkies

Eyed it, dried it, untied it  
Chilled it, spilled it, refilled it  
Taste it, traced it, erased itHe's my post to lean on  
And I just cut him down  
So, I'm out to land on somethin'  
Hopefully a boy will come to me at the groundEyed it, dried it, untied it  
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