

# The Shrew

## Beirut

She wasn't ever obliged  
To lift me a buckle or rise  
And once her eyes covered with flies  
The pain she no longer disguised  
Windows that I'm terrorized in time  
Never to ignite  
There was once a time beside  
It holds each one in light  
'Til the market left dry  
How long she's been by my side  
But at last, the stable's retired

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