

Matter

William Fitzsimmons

As we drive down North of 85
Passing state lines like a ghost
As if you might still be alive
Holding onto what I can even
Though itâ€™s just a lie
That doesnâ€™t matter anymore

You were a lovely child prettier than I knew
You lost your husband in the war plus all that I have put you through
There is a love I have I never gave to you
That doesnâ€™t matter anymore

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