

granny niblo

Fair to Midland

Here is the deal, you must find guesses in this room.

Cut around the block,

Shake in the boots we stocked,

I'll turn your onset to off.

Cause with patience and much practice of keeping all this clean.

Wipe the floor with rust,

Abigail's lost touch and it makes for scattered debris. For nine years and square stars, tonight we have it all made.

For nine months, lets make much All the bells were out of unison.

I knew not why the latitude carried on and all of our signs were made to pray to synagogues.

I was built on binds of paperback,

I knew not if the stories were told or thought.

And all of our knees were carved in sand from Leningrad. "On", said the rod and reel, and "not a drop to drink".

"But we do", as we say, "and I'll do as I've said

Until my tongue parts the sea."

"On", said that self-defense texture of the reed.

"And it climbs, and it sings"

Songwriters

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