

I Had To Say This

The Clientele

Nightingales all summer long
Beside me in my mind
One and one is nine, the moon
The June, moths, and the quiet I have never really been here
If I am alive
Am I just a photograph
Inside a printed night? How much further can we drive?
And how much can I take?
Am I just a monograph
Inside a printed shape?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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