

# Small Window

[Luluc](#)

Flying over Chicago  
bare trees line the white snow  
Day light fades and lines of cars flash  
across the night in red and gold  
What a view from my small window  
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On the way another new home  
looking out on streets I'll come to know  
And different faces, but they'll remind me of  
those I love far from here  
Crystal water in a blue dream  
stretching further than I can see  
I try and try to swim all the way  
but must learn to use my body well

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