All These Things

Shannon Wright

Under the carport that has no spring
Cement floors where the creatures ring
And your mother she never calls
Says you're the cause of all her pain
But all these things don't carry camelot
Through the betrayed all these things
Don't hold form with a stout cord and chain
You are out of sorts and ready to retire
On the brink of my answer i fell asleep
For a little while

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