

Operating Tracks

Front 242

Standing so tall / The ground behind
No trespassers / On every floor
A garden swing / And another door
She makes it clear / That everything is hersA place of abode
Not far from here
Ms. Van de VeerAll that belongs to / No-one sees
Curtains that waver / When evening falls
Inclosed by fences / Smothered by wood
Who stands behind / The shadows of the treesA place of abode
Not far from here
Ms. Van de Veer

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