Sycamore

Saint Etienne

I'm thinking of them
I'm thinking of your new green dress
I saw it unfold on my
Near Bepindton Fair tall sycamores,
Your raven hair I saw it so slow through the tall grass
I'm thinking of them I'm thinking of strings
Through the air the night was so long and dizzy
Let's travel again to fall upon three chimneys
Well the tower so low you were mistaken

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