

# Holiday

## Moor Hound

I will run with whatever you give me  
Let's start something I can see  
You can be who I need you to be I will rush in  
I will give reason a holiday  
Chances are not earned  
Chances are discovered You hold the day in your hands  
To improve or to trial  
And it seems that I can never get it right  
Just give me a reason to smile Your words are a story  
To brood over prophetically  
Enjoy aesthetically  
To hope in pathetically

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