

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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