Please Do

Quasi

You never cried, you never froze
And yet how well your garden grows -
You reap the fruits another sows;
I guess that works out well for you.
Suffering has served you well -
It's common but it somehow sells
So sing your little songs of hell and sell.
Hollow hopes and empty dreams
And blind pursuit of worthless schemes -
That's all there is to life, it seems,
unless you prove me wrong - please do!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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