Doldrums

Greenslade

Taking in the doldrums
How could we foresee
Terrible addictions
Houses that were out of reach
For me, From meHey you got a story -
Would you trade with mine?
Stubborn paths to glory
Always two inches behind
BehindHey there is a story -
No one likes to tell
Yeah - it's the story
of little boy
Who went through hellIf you have no reasons
To come here again
I may never see you
Remember your friend
(your friend)

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