

Last Words

Hospitality

A lonely light in bed
If repeats to roam wild plants to thrive
I wouldn't take for granted
Men who cheat or go wrong 'till night That can wait, 'till salty arms
Of a soldier or a slave
Please call and take me on
A ship, or boat, take me from this place I can hardly fit it in a couple of words
(take me from this place)
I came to find it in a matter of days I took a boat to eat at a priestess
That could greet me all on the sand
He led me to a gate, you enter once, but never leave
These brackish ways surround me and I have no exit
He's calling me Mistique, take me back to solid land!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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