Our Singer

Pavement

I've been waiting, anticipating
Sun comes up
The skies wont sink my soul
I've dreamt of this but it never comes
But it never comes on the horizon
The nature's dry, fauxI've been dreamin', traced out but dreamin'
The sun comes up
The blisters burn my soul
I'm dreamin' of something now
Of something now on the horizon
The nature's dry and all the gritty ones

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