Hiway/Fevers

A.A. Bondy

Caught in a wild wind where you lay, under the red light, here you play into a fever, watching the night slide in.
Killin' roses, looking for signs.
Move with the hunted, move in simple, turn in the moonlight by some river.
Out of a fever, watching a dawn begin.
Killin' roses, looking for signs.
Out of emotion, of the motion, into the sea.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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