..(i)..

Fair To Midland

Come with the raising,
Of you.
Two years ago in the woods,
Saw a branch,
Fall in the brook.I'll lead you, i'll lead you,
To your throne.But it's up to my knees now,
Build me up, for the breakdown.And i carried this all for you,
And you know i did.
And i bottled it just for you,
And you know i did.
Taking hold caught a rash,
And i did it all for you.

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