Eskimo

Wiley

Tiredness fuels empty thoughts
I find myself disposed
Brightness fills empty space
In search of inspiration
Harder now with higher speed
Washing in on top of me so
I look to my Eskimo friend
When I'm down, down, down
Rain it wets muddy roads
I find myself exposed
Tapping does but irritate
In search of destination
Harder now with higher speed
Washing in on top of me so
I look to my Eskimo friend
When I'm down, down, down

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