

# Sticky Thread

## Local Natives

Why didn't I say anything until now?  
So much is said without a sound  
Water so calm and once so pure, undisturbed  
Standing for so long the color turns  
Their work is so hard, their work is so hard  
We never felt the sticky thread  
The spider webs  
Their balance in the garden  
Their work is so hard, their work is so hard

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