Her Used-To-Been

Spain

She knew it was all over
When she turned her back
On her used-to-been
She knew it was all over
When she turned from him
She turned to me
What's for me to say
I see that you've been crying
Your own man's arms
Like to bear their fists
But my arms have hands like a graceful nest
And all they want to do is hold, hold you

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