Eureka

Magdala

Hello, Hello, can you hear me?
Are your skies clear and sunny down there?
Even in this rain the breath of the breeze is reaching me here

Here on this phone
A quarter a day room for me
And as things stay the same
I'm quickly running out of change
You're thinking on your feet
While you're sitting there on your ass
Fresh crease in your shirts
No stain of sweat on your back
There's no need
There's an employee
To make up for all of your slack
A seed don't make a tree
Without a servant who waters the grass

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written by JIM O'ROURKE
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