Form Another Stone

Camper Van Beethoven

...tied to the wind, she tries to whisper damage to my sense, but I resist
I am lashed to the earth, I hear the sounds of her footsteps going around,
She swells and recedes
Grasping the summer soon she thinks she's holding on when she's not
Hear the sounds of the sun's set going down, it dies with a whisper
And I cry into the sea but the echoes of my tears follow me, fall down in to winter
I look for my strength on the inside, I know it's there, but to find it
Takes it out, it knocks me down, I cry for a whisper
I am tied to sun burns my back and the heat seeps my bones, I cry to harden
From another stone to melt away, this one might take years (but that's alright)
Until I turn around to hear the sound of the horses' thundering around in my head
I'm wondering aloud...
Think another thought while the wheels turn around over me rubbing me into the
Background...

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