Untitled 1

The Edmund Fitzgerald

A house on fire, a wall of stone
A door that once was opened
An empty face and empty bones
Who ate your heart, you're cold inside
You're not the one I hoped for
I'll see you on the other side
I'll see you on the other side
The wind wouldn't blow me home
To lie in your heart of hearts
Will I ever see you again
And lie in your heart of hearts
Who ate your heart, you're cold inside
You're not the one I hoped for
I'll see you on the other side
I'll see you on the other side
The wind wouldn't blow me home
To lie in your heart of hearts
Will I ever see you again
And lie in your heart of hearts

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