

Landing

3 Melancholy Gypsies

Thick black soul
Moving slow, moving close to you
This life, I don't know
It seems kinda sick to me Hold each other tight
Walking through to my destiny
This glitter in my eye
Catches light, catches sympathy
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Catches light, catches sympathy Your lips are moving
But I can't hear what you say
Stars are falling
But you still feel the same way This shield
What is real is believing Thick black soul
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