Flowing

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I could trace the sun from east to west
If loves a wave I'm riding on the crest
Now everything I want's within my grasp
It's time to nail my colours to the mast
New rivers flowing
Reaching for the sea
The scattered seeds we're sowing
The fruit is on the tree

Waiting for ther winter to abate
A chance to start again and wipe the slate
The bitter taste that doesn't go away
The shimmer of the highlights in the grey light
New rivers flowing
Reaching for the sea
The scattered seeds we're sowing
The fruit is on the tree

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