

Tribute, The "Rugburns"

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it's an open memory of actions in between
one part bitter sweet
two parts you and me
and I can't shake the feeling of an obligation
constructed of stretching miles I can't deal with
and as your rugburns become five alarms
you let the past come back to burn us
keep my head up
I started work today
in my old deceptive ways
it may be hot out here, but I won't pray for rain
and I can't shake the feeling
of an obligation
constructed of stretching miles
I can't deal with

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