

Amitri Del

"Mother Nature's Writing"

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Open up your eyes,
Everything is crying out this could be your time
She fell out of the sky,
Must every star been working on
Heavenly designs

A crooked line of lightning, a silent movie moon
Mother nature's writing to you

So button up your lip
You don't get many chances in the time between the
tides.
The weather's rolling in
In a minute flat you'll be soaking wet
So kiss her while it's dry

A crooked line of lightning, a silent movie moon
Mother nature's writing to you

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