

Barclay James Harvest

"Poor Wages"

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And with the dawn she changes
Her voice in different ranges
The torn and tattered pages
For all I've done, poor wages
Satisfied, I never lied
Say goodbye, I couldn't try

Destroy her cards and letters
Act like I never met her
Hardest of all, forget her
Until my heart is better
Satisfied, I never lied
Say goodbye, I couldn't try

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Her voice in different ranges
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