

Canterbury

"Dewy Fields"

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Go
Go to seek and find
What you're hoping for
Come
The treasure is yours
You're running out of time
When morning comes
Your dreams are real
In dewy fields
Your trace is left behind
So very little time
So very little hope
You're longing for someone
While the rain is falling down
Searching, looking, hoping for someone
You're crossing the dewy fields
You're walking in the woods
There's someone catchine up
They're someone watching over you
Keeping secret your precious thing
Your treasure is
Your enemy

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