

Beirut

"Un Dernier Verre (Pour la Route)"

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Come sit at the table
under October's able skies

once we'd seen eye to eye
I'd known that I'd pass you by
and I tried

the bells chime
seven times
completed at nine
the world moves slower I find

No, but I
learned of time
by your hands

and in shadow water's end
I learned not to swim,
but to lie-I
I wait for for mountain
in twenty-two third hour
I insist on doubt
we're already laying on the grass
the grass

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