Ciudad "Thoughts While Sleeping"

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As I wake up in the morning I hear the sound of raindrops pouring down Down

On my head I strum my guitar I hear a voice from afar Repercussions, silent explosions

Sitting on the front porch
Drinking hot coffee from an oven, thinking
Momentarily blinded by the light
Of you the sun that I might see
To be free

Dream of me

Evening comes and I try to sleep Count my sheep while waiting for that sweet slumber Tomorrow I remember

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