

Fools Gold "Tel-aviv"

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As eastern winds better me, I'm haunted by an
open road
As loneliness alters me, I reach for you

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I was tossed out from a moving plane
And what I dream is what remains
You are an unknown place
A home without a face

In L.A., I felt the air erase itself
I was a hunger pang, a deer in the street
Now all I see is what's right there in front of me
I take a bow, and lock my knees
And think of you my Tel-Aviv

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