

Gregory And The Hawk

"Stone Wall, Stone Fence"

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Big open land
you hold the weight of the air, in your hand
Big open air
you feel the tickle of the trees, on your chest

and why did you go, and waste it
the things that you know,
im making you a stone wall, stone fence
your stories so old you just tend to keep them
long winding road, you got a secret but you wont share
it

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