

Harper Roy

"South Africa"

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Once I was anothers lover
Now I am my own
Trying to call myself a brother
Living here alone
Maybe if you came to see me
Wishing I wasn't so blind
Sitting here thinking to be free
Maybe we'd all change our mind
She is kind and beautiful
I am young and strong
We have never met each other
But it can't be long
Oft' I have slept by her window
Often I whisper her name
And wonder that words in the wind blow
Happy that hers are the same

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