

Jana Mashonee

"Flowers On My Shirt"

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Gotta go quick ending absurd
Who says the vision is nearly blurred
Fingers fingers fingers fingers
It's the end this time I know
Blow breeze, the air is heavy
Hangs down where you walked before
Telling lies and using spoons
To find the rebels in the rooms
Where Jesus was all the time
Caring for the tender children
Looking at the rooms once more
I find a line drawn on the wall
It spells your name my lord and yes
I accept, I think we should go

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