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Magnolia ''The Prize''

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There are no secrets under the sun All our troubles are rolled into one Early warning get ready to run But it's hard to see clear For we might disappear With the prize hardly won

When books and theories daily contest It's like a welcome from the chapel of rest No salvation no one is blessed While in private we shake There's no time to make One small request

No more winners or losers To talk into the night No more beggars or choosers They're drawn into the fight They don't belong The race is on

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