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Cowboy Junkies "Post"

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Eyed it, dried it, untied it Chilled it, spilled it, refilled it Taste it, traced it, erased it

He's my post to lean on And I just cut him down So I'm out to land on somethin' Hopefully a boy will come to me at the ground

Eyed it, dried it, untied it Chilled it, spilled it, refilled it Taste it, trace it, erased it

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