

Spine Caroline's "61"

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I've seen the writing on the wall
I've tasted the dust to my lungs,
through my veins.

The wind has forced me to advance to where I'm
standing
as I turn around it erased my track.
I feel the urge to move on
but to behome eating sandwiches with "Ang & Barn"
I miss home.

So please see for me what I could be
61 open your gate its all been the estate of mind

"Go and I'll time you!", she said
but she never looked at the watch.
little did I know she would become a memory
to my lungs, through my veins.

The trees look so small at night
when the moon shines bright upon my world
I've seen your world... to my veins

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