

Clark Kent Phone Booth "Robert Frost Goes To The Stratosphere"

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 \hat{A}

Two hands are painting out the galaxy where I am grey
And walkin'™ on, but oh!so still
Some factory poets got million words to say
But everyday the noise of those machines erase them

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And hopinâ€™ thereâ€™s a place where I belong to
Where every step I do, would do me good
And these planets up above my head should crumble
Iâ€™ll carve on every tree your nameâ€¦

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Some people spread their washing clothes out
With that sorrow life can bring, but oh—so silently
Out on the roofs I still can hear the clang of drums,
Electric bands made up on words and promises

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And hopinâ€™ all your sons would be much better
Than what our glory days could ever be
And the constellations up above should blend, oh
myâ€¦

It's™ a star on every star your name!

It's™ all carved on every star your name's on!

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