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## Park "Arcee Springer"

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When it comes and doesn't fold before it's done When it shades and plays what you call a melody of sense Your pretense So hard to conceal what I feel back when I was so idly wild I'm awake now tonight without sundays mornings bruises on my neck Quiet kind of thinking not anything wishing I was far away where trees drop leaves as far as I can see Arcee shivers beside me scooping up the softness promising shell be with me forever Why does this music make me sad could I make a part of myself, true

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