

Pretty Willie

"Last Page"

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And iæŠŽ really like to be there. to touch your life. but i know that youæŠ®e deceiving. for all the times that i couldnæŠ° make sense of my life. sometimes thereæŠ¬ no sense in reason. i know you hold a heart of gold in all we had. but here i stand so frustrated. you can not bring back the friends we had. and iæŠŽ really like to be there. but itæŠ¬ not right. we just canæŠ° go make believing. for all the times that i couldnæŠ° make sense of my life. sometimes thereæŠ¬ no sense in reason. with what it could be like. if you were there. with what it could be like. if you know how. if youæŠŽ know that weæŠ®e the same.

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