

Kurt J. Moser**"Getting Through Sunday Somehow"**

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An idle glance up to the wall
Still the last dream self - aware
And then a peek the other side
- nobody there -

A sharp - eyed look into the glass
A few last drops that glare
A short glimpse out into the street
- nobody there -

If only we could drink the shades away

And somehow it is night again
And if you still should feel this way
I think it's better that I don't go
And we let the music play

And breezily we sing the shades away

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