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## Sparkle ''Morning Hollow''

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In the silver morning hollow Trembling and getting old Smelling burnt oil of heaven About ten years, too big to hold

She don't get up when I come into the room She don't run through the fields anymore

Built a fire in the kitchen Made her bed by a stove Took a walk to the graveyard But she didn't want to go

She don't worry all them murders of crows Even though they was always out of reach

She don't get up when I come into the room She don't run through the fields anymore

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