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kort om nattliga tankar

The ceiling is blue

I'm in my room
I just locked the door
and I feel a little sad

so I took my paintbrush in my hand
and dreamed myself away
for a little while

now my ceiling is heavenly blue
but I'm still sad...
'cause what is a blue sky without you?

oh I feel so alone
honey, please pick up your phone
come here
and I'll unlock my door

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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