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bristp å engelska...eller nåttt

mm

In tired dreams
I fall I fall over
in my dreams catch by
when you standing tall and straight
cuse I got nothing close
nothing close nothing close
to have someone like you
to call me my own

I wounder if you
if you could come
and do yur part true
I found you in good parts
you are quite beautiful
and im poitless
still hoping
and against everything
I wanna capture you
so i can stay tall
and love you after all

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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