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It is a mystery Arkiv-09

Water

Water, where did it come from
it is a mystery
nourishing land and sea
and it is even in you and me

it is soft and clear
and everywhere
it is for free to use
and wants nothing in return

When it is dripping down my windowsill
I shall not take it for granted anymore
I give thanks for the wonder it all can be
I give thanks I give thanks

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