

Boredom makes you creative
It stifles my insides
It lacks a certain thunder
A rifle between the eyes
Distance sparked the friction
A ripple of high tides
I'm done with reading fiction
You could philosophise my mind

Wallow in the middle
Wallow in the mire
Wallow in the fields where your feet are on fire
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Your eyes begin to focus
When darkness steals the sun
Oh, you must be holding out for something that was quicker than
the gun
Run back through sunny fields into an empty open space
I got some much to learn in life those tears run down your face

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