

Tired Skin

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Take this old and very tired skin
Wrap up a newborn baby and keep her warm
Take this old and very tarnished ring, slip it on your finger
And make it shine

My feet hurt from walking around this room
My head hurts from thinking about you
Take this old and worn out violin and hold it in your arms
And make it sing

Foorsteps come and footsteps go
Some of them are new and some are old
Read a story from this weathered book
Weave a happy ending with your hair