

## Company

## America

Some can see it's poetry  
Come as you are in your broken car  
The company

Carousel is wishing well  
As a wonder night that spoke delight  
To the company

Can you hear the summer calling you  
Can you hear him call you now  
Can you hear the summer calling you  
Can you hear him call you now

Broken dream, just a token scheme  
Silver man with a telegram  
For the company

Scalding blue, come talk to you  
Search the cave for the grave  
Of the company

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