

# The Concubine

Beirut

I've been told  
Ties  
One child away  
For Rome to spare  
I can wait child  
And write songs  
By  
Long beheaded  
I am grateful  
For  
Romaing  
And so I long for your econ  
Either side  
Era I  
Rest tonight

Oh ho ho

Now  
Autumn falls down  
And I can hear the sound  
Autumn falls down  
Autumn goes down  
And I till the ground

All I can...[?]