

# I Am Mine

Brooke Waggoner

For the siries, oh the siries of your soul  
They are the worries are the worries of my household  
I hear the wind a howling swinging at my door  
But at your house the weather's pleasant, nothing more

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

Oh the time is near for you to romance every boy  
Well I am still a learning how to be coy  
And you decided you would educate me  
While conversing over anisparity

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And the flower pots are blooming full of 'golds  
Tiny, lovely, little shiney, marigolds  
And I suppose that I will never be exposed  
To the love that blooms between those who chose

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