

In a Lonely Place

Bush

Caressing the marble and stone
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Love is a special form
Were wasting the feeling, I feel

How I wish you were here with me now
How I wish you were here with me now

Boiling all curls and eyes
Past is the awful and the light
More like a dark ride feel

How I wish you were here with me now
How I wish you were here with me now

And I wish your arms were here waiting
God stretches time and it grays
Someday we will die in your dreams

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