

## These Days

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These days  
They lay heavy don't they

Praise be  
Praise be there's someone watching over me

Oh I want to thank you for your kindness  
A common thread there through this maze  
But I am out of conversations  
And clever things to say

Look for me  
There in the honeysuckle sweet

I am fighting for some reasons  
That I may never understand  
Save for these pictures in my pocket  
And coming home again