

Old Strings

Julie Roberts

Old Strings, dam things
They just run out of tune
They find me when I'm lonesome and Blue
Since you've been gone, sad songs
I play the night through
These old strings, they tie me to you

Maybe I should move on
But when I try it just feels wrong
I should open the windows
And let some light in
But I just pour some wine
And play these old songs again

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