

Teach me the way
To be humble and good
To be quiet when I should
To be great

I am not what I was
Or what I will be
There is no one guessing for me

There's a draft like a well
And a warm wet smell
And there is no one to break the fall

It's so patient and meek
And you mouth never speaks
Of the times when our hopes die

There's a draft like a well
And a warm wet smell
And there's no one to break the fall

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