

## Black Lake

Real Estate

We went to the lake and we sat in the sand  
Echoes came over those fresh summer jams  
The water was warm from the sun beating down  
We waded in slow 'til we couldn't touch the ground

Swimming beneath the power lines  
We left our streets for the pines

The boats are in the harbour  
Down by the bay  
The boats are in the harbour  
Waiting for clear days

It's just a matter of time  
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