

## Ransom Notes

SOHN

There was a time  
When the mountains kept their place  
They stood in line  
And they waited back the gaze

No one could see  
No terrain now is a rock  
No feet could find  
Near the heart of old road bluff

The hills are worn  
The place about growing pains  
The earths are closed  
The mountains had their way

The kids have grown  
And they watched it from above  
Now I'm alone  
And I see no way to run

We float on the breeze  
We are held to a ransom  
We are bones on the riffs  
Waiting for the waves, the waves

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We float,  
We are bones

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