

## My Boys

Taken by Trees

There isn't much that I feel I need  
A solid soul, and the blood I bleed  
But with a little cat and by my spouse  
I only want a proper house

I don't care for fancy things  
Or take part in the freshest way  
But to provide for my mine who ask  
I will work hard, on my father's grave  
On my father's grave

I don't mean to seem like I care about material things  
Like a social status  
I just want four walls and adobe slabs for my boys

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