

## The Baltimore Sun

## The Jayhawks

In the Baltimore daily newspaper  
Miracles really happen that way  
Now, you know me much better than any  
And that is why I can't call you my friend  
Call you my friend

In all the time that I've known you  
Never knowing that I'd let you down  
In the tight desperation you stumbled  
With nothing to show but these empty arms  
Empty arms

The way I'm living now, might as well leave for Baltimore  
and the sun keeps shining lonesome

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