

I love this real man,
The kind death that each rag believe.
Eloquence he heard,
And looks that may of women
and believe...
My woman Sonny,
I'm silverbread a serves me well.
He keeps my smile and
to this week hasn't broke my roads.
And worried soul

Well Sonny,
don't say a sorry,
Heaven knows, you ain't so promissing.
'Cause Sonny,
when you think of me,
Heaven knows, you ain't so genering.

That real my has it
the damn no twelve if as you thought.
And yourself confused
because you said about love with me.
And about it wood.

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Well Sonny...