

Fortune

William Fitzsimmons

There's fortune in the furlough
On the other side
Wrap ourselves in blankets
The crossing of a bridge so wide, so high

It's murky in the meadow
As we draw in the lines we threw
And leveraging the ledgers
Forgetting all the blood we drew

But what I do remember
What I do remember is you
What I do remember
What I do remember is you

It's hollow in the harvest
What I've lost I count as gained
Filling up the firmament
Visions of the one you gave away

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