

# Mest, Long Days, Long Nights

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but im stuck here on the ground so ill see you around  
youll hear me piss and moan and complain.

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the day is here all the signs were there  
and id always prayed that you would stay but instead you walked away  
the feelings gone the pain dwells on

long days long nights the feelings just not right  
i picked up a pen and pad and i start to write  
thinking about our last fight. it was a cold and rainy night

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