

# Page France, Glue

Oh dear soul, we gather in the wind  
Clap your hands, it's all just like they said  
And how good it is to be with you again  
Clap your hands, it's better than they said

Oh dear soul, we're caught up in the trees  
Look at me and tell me what you see  
Praise to you, praise to me  
Oh dear soul, you blow just like the leaves

And they glued us in forever  
Just like they said they'd do  
So we will stick together  
Praise to me, praise to you

Oh dear soul, I owe you to the breeze  
Take my hand, there between your teeth  
And hold on hard, you don't need to speak  
Praise to you, for giving praise to weak

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