

Paulson, The Hard Way

and the sky is made of wine, not whiskey or rye. and the moon is full. In this land of fantasy, it's good
pine cones. blue birds. cascades. blue jays.

i've learned you can only learn the hard way. that's why i'm looking out for you.

and the sky is made of wine, not whiskey or rye. i know it may not be fair but you know it's good to
this fantasy will set us free.