

# Richard Thompson, Autopsy

You must philosophise  
But why must you bore me to tears?  
You're red around the eyes  
You tell me things no one else hears  
You spend all your time crying  
Crying the hours in tears  
Crying the hours in tears

Come lend your time to me  
And you will know that you are free  
And when you look at me  
Don't think you're owning what you see  
For remember that you're free  
And that's what you want to be  
So just lend your time to me

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