

Barclay James Harvest, Poor Wages

And with the dawn she changes
Her voice in different ranges
The torn and tattered pages
For all I've done, poor wages
Satisfied, I never lied
Say goodbye I couldn't try

Destroy her cards and letters
Act like I never met her
Hardest of all, forget her
Until my heart is better

Satisfied, I never lied
Say goodbye I couldn't try

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