

# 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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