

James Blake, Lindisfarne

Kestrels breed
Looking farther than I can see
Without talked to read
She'll take a shining to me

Beacon, don't fly too high

For all your time
Playful crawling rate
Worth it being cold?
Roofing for the lanes
A lesson lost again
Lesson lost again

Keep haunting the bus
With fees of favors gone
Cracks and sailors fast
And await the sun to show
Won't tomorrow come?
Won't tomorrow come

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