

Me Without You, In A Sweater, Poolry Knit

In a sweater poorly knit, and an unsuspecting smile, little Moses drifts downstream in the Nile. A full
Go plow some other field, try and forget my name, we'll see what harvest yields supposing I do the
You're a door without a key, a field without a fence. You made a holy fool of me and I've thanked y
But if I'm a crown without a king, if I'm a broken open seed If I come without a thing, then I come wi