

Pete Francis, Untold

don't go with your dreams untold
don't leave me on that old black road

july thunder, something's undercover
something's lost, something ain't right
you slide by me in the cool air of night
drive by in my car for you
look me in the eyes, that's what i can believe

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now as i pass through these fields at last
i hear someone calling me
could be your voice, could be a voice i don't know
so hold up, hold up while i look around here
maybe baby you would just phone me

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