The Jayhawks, Don't Let The World Get In Your W

They say you gave him up for dead
Now there's a stranger in your head
Yellow roses at your feet
Disappear in a memory of a dream
And like a flower in the Spring
Left to the mercy of the seasons
Soon the past will catch you up
Stinging like a paper cut
There's only so much in your veins to bleed
Don't let the world get in your way
Don't let the world get in your way
Make your mistakes
Go on your way
Yellow roses at your feet disappear into a dream
Fingers clench and smell of magazines
Kneeling at the altar in a church
Praying desperately
That someone up there is listening
Don't let the world get in your way
Don't let the world get in your way
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Go on your way
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