

There Stands The Glass

David Ball

There stands the glass
Fill it up to the brim
'Till my troubles grow dim
It's my first one today

There stands the glass
That will ease all my tears
That will settle my brain
Brother, I'm on my way

I wonder where you are tonight
And I wonder if you are alright
I wonder if you think of me in my misery

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'Till my troubles grow dim
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