

Stained Glass

Real Estate

The nights are longer now
And the days are slowing down
Looking up at stained glass sky
And the only color is white

The laughing brook that ran right through this town
Slowed to a smile when the mercury went down
There's no place I would rather be right now
I'd love never to leave but I just don't know how

For half a dozen years
I have dreamt vaguely of here
And I know there'll be a day
When I have to go away

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