

Where I've Been

Roses Are Red

And I don't want to, say these things to you, and I wonder now
If I don't want to, display these wings to you, could be one so
mehow?

(Release me, release me)
Trace the outline
Fill me in
I can't remember where I've been
I'm sinking deeper
Wearing thin
But can't remember where I've been
Where I've been

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