

James Blake, Overgrown

I don't want you to know,
I took it with me.
But when things are thrown away like they are daily
Time passes in the constant state
So if that is how it is

I don't wanna be a star
But a stone on the shore
Long door, frame the wall
When everything's overgrown

But what she really really wanted was my rights in the rooms
I wouldn't understand that I would try to play along.
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