

Thatch Snow

Rostam

Like a stumbling ghost
Visiting my soul
Better get going Like the wind on my back
A friend in my bed
When I come home Time won't change that the Truth
Still hasn't been told
Been bought and been sold Doubt won't take away my hope
My hope for some joy
To spread from this boy The window's open, the light is soaking
I see it coming over the ocean The window's open, the light is soaking
I see it coming over the ocean
The window's open, the light is soaking
I see it coming over the ocean

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