

spring time but not in my mind

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love sometimes is put right in front of me but i cant reach it



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Love in my reach, hope right in front of me but my fingers barely reach. Dreams float in the air like deadly gases for the summer air. Ideas and thoughts are past there point of return. Winter has passed but snow still falls. Is it cold outside or is it warm? Will i ever know? A light breeze crahes through and around me, and here i stand in the mid-summer air dreaming and reaching out to pull anything back in. Will you stand by me, and let me know your there?

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