

# lonely land

Calloused hands play a song or two,  
They play a song for you. Only You.  
Your brown eyes are looking blue,  
What can I do, to help you?



madi davis

Flowers grow from the tears that you shed.  
Though it's nothing new, I'll admit I was scared  
Of your rouge cheeks, and your hair all a mess.  
And my lonely hands  
In my lonely land.

Lady Liberty would welcome You  
To New York in June, if you want her to.  
You look so perfect in the afternoon,  
I don't know how I will, but I'll see you soon.

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And my lonely hands  
In my lonely land.  
In my lonely land.

In my lonely land.



what i know