

Wood

Rostam

Sunlight on your eyelids
You were sleeping
Sunlight on your back
You were dreaming And I lay inside a field
Beneath a cherry tree
And listen to the grass
And horses as they pass
And I wake up in the light
Across the mountainside
And I sleep beside a fire
I built with burning tires
Sunlight on your eyelids
You were sleeping
Sunlight on your back
You were dreaming

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