

Stopping by the River

The river that flows
So soft and quiet
He will never know I came by
To watch the leaves fall down on him

Bees swarming
Not knowing who I am
The only other sound
Must be his soft voice

He lets me feel how cold he is.
To ask if he is ok
Not knowing what to do
I must run away.

That long river I will miss
Not knowing what to do
Forever I will
Forever I will

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