



A Place of Our Own

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Smell the rain, September's coming
Better button up my love
Turn your collar to the wind
Copper leaves scrape along street
Change of season's coming
Bundle up or you'll catch cold

Worked our fingers to the bone
Digging in the dirt and breaking down the stones
In the end we built this little home
Up from the ground, a place of our own
A place of our own
A place of our own

In the big bad world
Beware of liars and thieves
Cloaked in a color wheel
They're very hard to see
Listen to the trees
Listen to the sea
Follow the sun
And the fading summer breeze

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