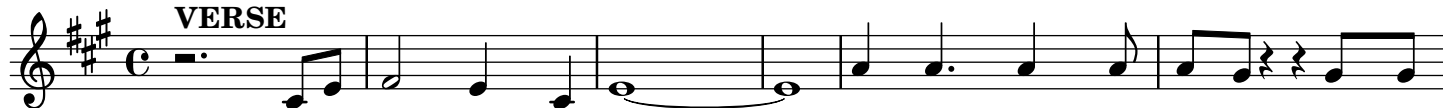
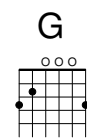
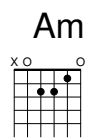


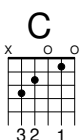
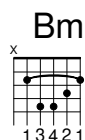
VERSE



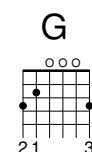
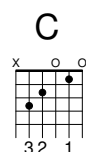
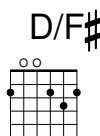
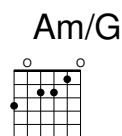
1. On a dark win- ter's day, I know where we're go- ing, I know
2. On a warm sum- mer's eve, I re- mem- ber times be- fore us, when our



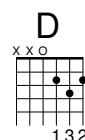
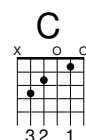
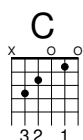
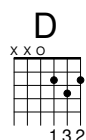
where the words are flow- ing that you say. Un- der
ver- ses matched the chor- us es we'd sing. Aut- umn



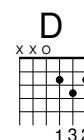
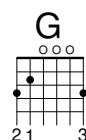
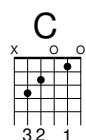
streetlamps bright and shrill, I can see the lights di- mi- nish, in your eyes now, as you
fell like a stone, on a ci- ty so fam- il- iar, on the very walls and



fi- nish what's to tell.. Love me for a min- ute, love me for a day, ev- en for a
pil- lars we called home



mo- ment, beg- gin' you to sta- ay, ev- ry sin- gle ounce of you I'm mis- sing ev- ry mor- ning.



Ev- ry word you tell me, ev- ry word you say, takes me to the li- mit and ba- by by the

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wa-ay, ev-ry sin-gle ounce of you I'm mis-sing ev-ry morn-ing.