

Valley, Valley

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Valley, Valley 'neath twin-mound hills... why is your
dream so dark...so surreal?

Same-ol-same-ol dinky dau blues...blaze a rutted path
each and every night.

Why do you taunt me with your endless-mindless trail
looping back without end?

Why the same beginning in jungle-dark, and
absent the dawn, or wizard's lunar light?