

Ossining

Mike Doughty

Put my faith in the price of mud
And my Lord shall match the pounds
Ten thousand days and a night spelunking
Kill my years in the lightning round, confound it

Why not seek Ossining
These threes and foursomes abounded?
Why not seek Ossining
This time around?

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No, not a maze, but like blazed-out inner star
Disclosed completely in a plain film canister

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