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## **The Flood Gates Fill**

Written by Frank Cook

The flood gates fill  
The farmers till  
Can you feel  
The breeze change  
as we climb the hill  
Lined by barbed fence  
Doesn't make a bit of sense  
The stars are out  
Coon dogs shout  
as the mooooo comes out  
My mind fills with verse  
as I stare at the universe  
Rhyming trite  
could go all night