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Reid

Taylor Hastings

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Reid

Sometimes when we come to your grave
Mom and Dad hold hands
You were never old enough to call them that
But I'm sure you knew it somehow

Reid,
When we came on our way to New York City
The cemetery was covered in snow
And
We couldn't find you

Everyone was laughing
Until I tripped and fell

Reid,
It was you
And I should have seen it coming

Your first snowball fight
And I'm sorry for the way we killed the mood.

[Taylor Hastings]