

Bankrupt

"Losing Daylight"

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Another day, it's poetry.
Write it, spill my heart out to her - but I'm no writer.
Just bad rhymes and some confused sentiment.
It was love, she's done with me.
I'm no good here in this world to no one,
I watch the window.
Count cars, not a new thought in my head.

And I sold my hopes to closing doors.
Left to die in the snow, getting old and getting bored.
I color inside the lines of days with blue
Since we drove up to Bunker Hill and you
Said "I can't take a winter one more year.
If I don't leave now I'll die right here."
You got aboard on a train headed no place.
Took a seat by yourself - we all need space.
Passing towns with no names, no lit streets.
From wet and cold to dry and heat.

Dozing off, nest in your arm.
Rumbling through desert night, cling your overnight
bag.
Train jerks, voices float, the engine wails.
When the station emptied out I dragged myself down
to
Franklin Ave where the sleet it hit me.
New dreams resting on some old street rails.

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