

Brazzaville

"Motel Room"

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Night is here in my veins
Iâ€™m losing again
And not much remains

Come
Lay down next to me
Iâ€™ll tell you a bit
Of who I used to be

I was a handsome
Golden boy you see
Full of summer
Morning poetry

Dawn
A soft winterâ€™s day
A room full of dope
And cheap lingerie

I love you my friend
And though we just met
Youâ€™re at least as lost
As me
So letâ€™s close the drapes
And lose the new day
And see how dark
We can be

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