

The Hanks

"Lanewood Apartments"

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Lanewood Apartments :
I'm living through the sounds
of the apartments that surround me.
The human drama plays
all hours of the day, free.

And when I get sick of listening,
I pretend I'm part of the walls.
I'm not lonely, I'm not anything,
just the paint and the plaster you see in the halls.

I'm awaiting sleep,
with no company to keep me warm.
I trace my pillow seams
as all my coming dreams form.

But when I get sick of laying,
I pretend I'm part of the floor.
I'm not lonely, I'm not anything,
just the faded blue carpet you've walked on before.

Take me to the homes I knew
when I felt as young as you.
Peeling paint and those creaking stairs
beat the apartment air that I breathe

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