

Mapmaker "Rusty Brick Wall Poetry"

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Tales were told by chlorine smells
And crow's feet next to blood shot eyes
You knew well that I could tell
A chance that almost lost its way
Among the sagas of that day
And fears of clichés ostracized
And it was under us

Down a corridor as long as love
As light as attitude
I walked head down below my neck
I caught a glimpse of you
You had your eyes set on the rooms beside
Fluorescent rays caressed your figure

She had nothing to lose by talkin'
She accepted our blues by walkin' away

[Chorus]
Can we lightly escape
Dress casually like a troubled artist
Onto a blank page
She knows what hell is gonna be like
Can we lightly escape
Dress casually like a troubled artist
Onto a blank page
A surrealist like her knows too well

Late night eyebrow raising
With the hum of transit tracks between
A silly jingle and a masterpiece
You're on the other side of
Heaven mixed with busy streets below
Creating rusty brick wall poetry
She was surfing the city
Her imagination took pity on her

[Chorus]

Hum of machinery
A step from the stoop, no sound
Plaid creations bring her figure to a

Vibrant state of unpopular anarchy
The only real idealist
Loved by a scattered counter culture
Throughout her neighborhood
Doors open, steps are taken
Cherishing the noise
That has warmly caressed her
And tucked her in
On nights without the
Bursting anxiousness
Of homecoming weekend
And it was under us.

[Chorus]

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