

None More Black "iScrapbook"

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Somewhere I cracked a smile down Harbourton Rd.
Now I feel all right.
Half past the minute before midnight came to carry me
home.
Like solid gold.
Half past that minute, it's gone.
It's gone to pave the way.
It's gone.
It's tucked away somewhere that I can't see.
Fingers riding wind.
Flickering life back to that body I forgot what that felt
like.
When twilight came, I swallowed it whole.
I'm beaming from moonlight.
Shining through.
Half past that minute it's gone.
One day I'll have a story to tell about the young
adventures that I had.
No one else knows how crazy I am 'til all the dumb
ideas that I've had all end up on the shelf.

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