

Satan Takes A Holiday

"London Madrid"

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I took a picture of a fountain.
Walked away instead of counting
All the hours I had left before I had to go.
Walking wanton a desperate city and the subway's cold
And filthy but the homeless men are not aggressive.
But I'm still afraid of them because I can't understand
the cold
And the language that he speaks is not as foreign as
the way
I treat him. Thousands of miles in one direction
Just to toy with my affection.
Emotional wayside will, I'm I'll and I want to go.
I slept on the streets of London.
Thought I had a friend in London.
Until the bright lights woke me up and I'm still here.
But I'm not afraid of him because I can understand the
cold. And the language that he speaks is
Not as foreign as the way he treats me.
Oh, and I want to go home.

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