

## **Aislars Set "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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