

Joshua Keogh

"Keepsake"

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We drove through the snow after dark,
Purple and gold, the shade of dusk at our backs

We coloured the cold winter sky, with flashes of anger
reflected in our eyes

We found grace in the dirt at your feet
In the soft sway of your step on the street

We found warmth when we knocked at your door,
Climbed through your window and slept on your
carpeted floor

Oh my friends, we may grow old,
But my friends, we're never alone.

Oh my friends, we may grow old,
But my friends, we're never alone.
Oh my friends we may sing love,
But my friends is that enough?
Of a keepsake me.

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