

Thursday "Late"

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It's oh so late, are you asleep?
There's not a sound, so it's time for me to dream.
The window pane, late city scenes,
so far away from where I was weaned.

There was a girl so long ago,
all through the park at night we go.
All just as late as it is now,
two discontented, a young one's vow.

I'm here for you, only to adore you.
You mean everything to me.
And you're with me wherever I go,
and I miss you everywhere I go.

Well, goodbye to old friends,
I watched you go.
>From where I sit now, I still say hello.
All the memories gone by, those that I couldn't call.
An eternal divide, the distance too long.

Dead as a mackerel.
Dead as a door.
Dead as a nail, but never a bore.

Always good for a laugh.
Always good for a shout.
Always good for a memory when the lights are out.

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