Morningleaver

As Friends Rust

Morningleaver starts her day.
Morningleaver's got her way: never stay.
At a loss for clever entrance lines,
the room's just the same once you're in.
Feeding from a trough of pins to truly test the strength of gin.
Where do we begin, when you're already at the end?
The nightlife leaves us dead, the going-out turns you in.
Woman, are you going home?
Packing up and going home?
Would it kill you (just once) to stick around for a while?
Break the rules, stay past dawn.
Hang out with your clothes on.
Get to know the day-time me.
Do you always have to fucking leave?
Get to know the breakfast me.
Do you always have to fuck and leave?
Woman, are you going home?

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