London Madrid

The Aislers Set

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 ill 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.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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