

Shapes In The Sky

La Strada

the beggar king twists his story
into glory after glory
telling tales to strangers
dying for category
he straggles through the city
with a burning cigarette
opening red doors
the lucky man is dying to forget. red lights on broadway avenue
there's a chalk man on the scene
it could have been a fun day
but he flew to be a king his mind a toll booth he couldn't pay fee
so many open doors it hurt to see across the burning ocean
arabian sands are pearl white
with the dreams of the dying
wishing their brothers to the light wind blows quiet when man is sleeping
once he arises the fire burns again an azure dusk in december
the month of the 'remember'
overlooking pacific way
and wanting fly away is like a blue eve in brooklyn
by a busy intersection
struck by a magnetic direction
that left me spinning when there is nothing but cold dirt and sky
there's nothing to live for but shapes in the sky there's an arrow across the river
life is for the living
are you going to stand and follow it?

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