Enough to Get By

Deep Blue Something

listening, listening
and every hand is framed
that gang of hours
still call themselves a day.
call it shades and subtleties,
enraged, grey generalities, whatever
'cause I'll still call it plainI'd like to get enough to get bystring along and wave goodbye
a train will lull any soul to sleep.
you'll wake to find you're still alone
with every lie you know.
come with me and waste another hour.

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