

Carry You

Dispatch

Green river flows
like grass melting
later it will flow back down it's track
into an ocean.

She stands on the bridge
dimlight on the backSomeday
I will carry youI want to float higher
above waves of electric wires
stare down onto the street
see a drunk witl kiln-glazed eyes
telling me about a girl I should meetSomeday
I will carry you

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