Berkeley Pier

Tilt

I guess sometimes I'm lucky when I go, for whole days at a time without = thinking about you, and ask myself why, but then I find I'm traveling, = traveling down, that same old piece of road and wind up down by the = water. Whatever happened to our walls on the pier? I cry myself alone = all the way down to the end, I drink my bottle dry and heave it across = the bay, to the city, smashin' outside your door. Oh now there goes the = Romeo, hand in hand with his punk rock Juliet, they remind me of two = people I'm trying to forget, I can hear their sweet nothings on the = wind, as I hurry to get by, diverting my gaze, to the Oakland Bay = Bridge. (Could that be you honey, way over on that side? Flashin' a = signal to me, down by Pier 39, 'cause if I only knew, I'd jump in that = water and swim right across, drowning in my relief). Maybe I should warn = them, should I say, "Don't do something that you'll regret. Now you have = no recollection of heartbreak you don't have yet." I could give them an = earful, but I don't know, they must find out on their own, and the = thought of that is chilling me to the bone.
Submitted by: Mel

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