

# Nico

## Alan D. Oldham

My mind wonders with no map  
I have no route no point I daydream  
My mind wonders with no map  
And real life colours seem washed out  
My eyes see things of a secret nature  
I resist from trying to understand  
I tear the pages of my past To recall what you think you thought you wanted  
Every yesterday is empty  
And no tomorrow will hold  
What you carry with yourself today  
I carry with myself today  
No route, no point, no map My eyes see things of a secret nature  
And I think if I find a word  
I will unlock the past  
As if a morning  
Could wake up some side of me  
That's plain and rich full and lovely and hidden  
Plain and full of colours  
'Cause I have all the words in me  
Words I've never heard before  
I try to pick up what sleeps  
I try to pick up what slips through your mouth  
And find that my own words are so dull and empty  
I desist, I quit, I don't know  
Answers to questions you  
You make, you wait

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