

# Myth

## Jeroen Tel

You built it up brick by brick  
Put your heart into this baseless myth  
Nurtured it like a child  
And dressed its wounds when it ran wild  
You stopped to fix your face  
Someone else stepped in and took your place  
Now everything you once knew  
Is running circles around you  
A car door slamming in your road  
It jolts you like a kick inside  
A year old message on your phone  
That catches you when you can't hide  
I see you in the service station sign  
I see you in the supermarket line  
I see you silhouetted on a wall  
But I don't see myself there at all  
This vessel of Balsa wood  
Is the fag end tail of amoeba-hood  
The busying cast confer  
And get their taste of the drama  
You stare through mindless daytime shows

And curse yourself for growing old  
The sterile scent of shaving foam  
Reminds you of another world  
I see you in the roofless sombre sky  
I see you when the lovers stop outside  
I see you silhouetted on a wall  
But I don't see myself there at all  
I see you in the sweetness of our child  
I see you in the supermarket aisle  
I see you when I'm kneeling on the floor  
But I can't see myself anymore  
Hard times got the upper hand  
Stole our feeble plans  
The faces, shot me, spin me round  
But I won't lie down  
Hard times shake me to the bone  
Face bruised, bloody nose

Shell shocked, crawling on the ground  
Still I won't lie down  
No I won't lie down  
No I won't lie down  
I won't lie down

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