

some trivial pursuit

Krystle Warren

I take the train station to station
Its one of my few luxuries
Besides my last sip of coffee
And eyeing the man across from meHe is lost
Lost in the papaer
Hes chasing some trivial pursuit
Some propaganda for your honey suckle dreams
That somehow grasp the dayI get off, take a step. Step, stop, look around
I cant find the time.
And theres a man holding court int he market and I cant conjure up a dime.
His cheeks are kissed with mid December chill
Like a gnome planted firmly in the garden.And then the sky puts on her make-up.
Shes in her evening gown
She coyly accepts the city lights
And wears them in her crown

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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