Peterborough

Craig Cardiff

lonely at the only
clawing through the smoke
where the poets are so hip
they don't even write poemsand its lonely at the only 4 nights out of three
its not that i've been crying just that my eyes leak
if i knew what was wrong i'd let you know
buy me a drink; its no good to drink alonethere will be a getaway plan
from the boys with the paw hands
my beer smile meets your rye cheer
and who here's having the harder year?
(no one i guess)Do you remember when the water came?
do you remember when the flood
filled the basements up with water
covered windows up in mud
do you remember when the water came?
do you remember when the flood
filled the cellars up with water covered windows up in mudand its lonely at the only 4 nights out of three
its not that i've been crying just that my eyes leak
lonely at the only
clawing through the smoke
it's so hard to even knowif i knew what was wrong i'd let you know
buy me a drink; its no good to drink alone

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