

# Farewell

## The Yardbirds

Looking at the world around,  
For the very first time.  
Never seen it all before,  
Hope it's not all mine.

On Monday morning all alone,  
I woke within my house of stone.  
I ventured forth unto the day,  
These things I saw upon my way.

Trees and flowers were wrapped around,  
With people's castoffs on the ground.  
Roads and noise of glass and steel,  
And people snared within the wheel.

Tuesday looked into the sky,  
Where birds in peace were left to fly.  
Thunder rolled and lightning flashed,  
I watched the world as people dashed.

Friday's sadness began to creep,  
Upon me like the deepest sleep.  
It seemed that only I could see,  
Just what my world would finally be.

On Sunday back inside my room,  
I draw the blinds, 'tis afternoon.  
I let my mind find its own ways,  
Farewell to future days.

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