

# Her Thoughts to Me

## Weather Pending

I wait here on the corner, I wait here on the corner, maybe Ill find out where Im supposed to be today, today, todayIll build an ashram in India, Ill live with the horse people on North France, and when Im come home Im going to save the city from itselfSave it from itself. . .Im going to rock rock rock on the corner, with the people that call themselves angels, maybe theyll let me know where Im supposed to be today today todayI suspend my dreams under black sunbeams, and the city screams and the city screams, death was a question I forgot to ask, and life was the answer that was in the past. My body breaks down and the system breaks up, these people all around no one can fill my cup? I drank too much never prayed for much, couldnt hear myself, can you help myself, can you hear myself, can you hear myself, can you hear myself, can you hear myself?They never came back to see see, all the mountains I moved with my dreams dreams, lock me up with myself toss out the key, forget walk on today todayI suspend my dreams under black sunbeams. . .

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