It's Not True Rufus, Don't Listen To The Hat

This Town Needs Guns

Have some faith
Don't you know that this is not a race
And we are not contenders now.
So ask questions like
Which truth is the truth with which I chose to define myself
And bare all my insecurities?These cobbled streets and stone walls can't contain us.This knot in my stomach
Is the result of all I envy
And the route to my redemption.
It reminds me that I am a mess of bone and tissue
And a slave to my own ambitions.We can only be ignored for so longSo let's get back on that horse,
Take the road less travelled and get away from this town of claustraphobic creativity. Let's start afresh,
Leave the embers of this burnt out city to settle on the stunted seeds in which it has poured its misplaced trust.Let's see from a different perspective the sun, the sky, the moon, the stars, the sea, sand, trees, clouds, train lines, road signs, motorways and slip roads, postcards, dreamy days, winters end and spring beginnings, window seats, cats' eyes caught in corner glances, late night adventures, firesides and the dirt grey contrast of the high rise with lights calling us home; an orange glow snaking its path across green fields, towns and cities.Drawing lines across maps to open up new sights, sounds, and the infinite possibility of the horizon.

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

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