

# Bronze Worlds

## Mike Adams At His Honest Weight

My memory fades, after very long  
I turn to notes dripping off my palm  
You won't pick up (What's that look for?)  
You spend your time getting under my skin  
You call me back (You called me out)  
You shine your light down the open end  
That's right when I'm getting into it  
Alone in line for the viewing room  
In mid-July, but the air was cool  
What do you love that is any good? (Don't answer that)  
The only bronze in a golden world

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

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