

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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