# The Reflection

## Sonny

I'm tired, sick, and sad,
of these lonely nights and cloudy skies.
And these "so-called" bright stars
that don't seem so bright.So now I'll walk from lamppost to lamppost,
just to find the brightest one
then sit and wait for you to come.And it's this darkness that gets to me.
With this light I hope that you can see,
me from the corner of your eye
as I sit waiting.With saying this...Rain seems to be
coming oh so quickly.
So hurry to my aid
and pick me up off the ground.
So we can run away from this oh so bitter town.A couple hours have gone by
and I've seen my share of cars.
The moon is getting lower
and the sun is rising quick.
My arms are getting tired (from holding myself up).
And now tomorrow seems to be
closer than you will ever be to me.

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