If Wishes Were Horses More Beggars Would Ride Them

The Chariot

A bullet to the sun.
Erase everything we have done.
Please, like a thief, won't you come?
Put an end to all of this fun.
I will see you in a Broadway year,
a New York second, a Wall Street minute,
A Hollywood moment.
This is it.
Why does not, this world just stop?

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