

City-Crazy

Bridget St John

I'm a little city-crazy
It is getting out of hand
I need to change my rhythm
For the rhythms of the landLiving in the city's grip
I feel I lose control
As she reaches for my body
She is hoping for my soulThere's a wilderness of buildings
That are swallowing the ground
They tie us to their chaos
And they try to drag us down
People chasing hours
Cannot laugh away the years
I'm bewildered by the city
For she turns my fun to fearI am tired of rushing nowhere
I've been dusty far too long
I need to leave and go
Where I can feel that I belong
I need to sleep on shingle
Yes, I wish to step in sand
To move in time to tides and winds
And things I understandOn the sand

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