

Feb 17

when the streets were empty  
 Someone <sup>came</sup> ~~look~~ to clean  
 Children come with their weapons and guns  
 and their visions of broken machines  
 Taking him off to their dreams

Meanwhile at her window  
 watching all below  
 Someone waits for her various fates  
 and despises that they come so slow  
 Whistling where he'd go or she'd go

It's not hard to complain when you take a run  
 What a waste ~~to~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~streets~~ <sup>streets</sup> ~~confound~~ <sup>confound</sup> you  
 When the streets confound you  
 Got no hopes now  
 Lay out the ropes now  
 There's clearly not escape  
 Through these endless gates  
 when such scenery fair is obscured in our  
 own city place leaving us just with a face

credit to call up  
 something  
~~take on~~  
 lately we stopped  
 looking for a quiet  
 a country place  
 why are we there