

# Clark Anne, Lovers Retreat

Look at your young faces  
They're growing older with each moment  
Harder and less beautiful  
With every word we say  
Stumbling over bridges  
And through the backstreets  
Waiting for some thing  
But we don't know what  
It could be a promise  
It could be passion  
Eternal life  
Or instant death  
Wading through rubbish  
And dodging choc-a-block cars  
Through the door and up the stairs  
We'll find some moments of happiness  
Between shets we've known so often  
The warmest place in this hostile town  
Afterwards, through dust and comfort filled eyes  
We can look upwards  
And almost stare at the stars