

David Fonseca, Playing Bowies With Me

One more strive
Of the drink and drive
With the crashes within

One gets hound
The other one rebounds
And no prize to win

You trip and stumble
As you try to juggle
Those staged worries

Like papercuts
They just build up
One slower defeat

What is there left to prove?
Is there something left to lose?
You've been playing bowies with me
Tell me who are you supposed to be
'Cause I don't know you anymore

Rabbits out of hats
The amazing trapeze cats
It won't do it for me

Because can perceive
The tricks up your sleeve
Your magician days are gone

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