

Silence, Runalong

You may cast off your skin
Make believe there's wind
in your hair
You've found so many ways
to bribe that smile you wear
But it's no use
The weariness remains
The stale blood in your veins

You take the footsteps at hand
and follow
You know the pill is too big
to swallow

So you run along

Mr. Body and Mrs. Mind
They grow older at different rates
So part of you
is always running late
Trying to compensate