

Small Brown Bike, Trains All Talk

The trains all talk at once
and the cars will walk to work
The night is where we started,
and this night is where we'll end.
A thought that brings no comfort to our mess.

You say, "It's always this way";
We can help our fears be faced.
You say, "It's always your face";
"It reminds me of my hate";.

This is the past that I have known for years.
We separate our lives from all of the books.
Thinking faster than my body goes,
but no one else will know.
You've given me a place to call my home.