

Stephen Covell, Lay To Rest

This life it feels like a bus stop
People they come and go as they please
Some days you'll get lucky and meet a new friend
Some days you find only disease

This life, well, it feels like a novel
That look only 3 days to write
And I could waste all my time writing down rhymes
That'll never end up sounding right

But that's real
This life
And I feel
I'm doing alright

This coast is covered in wonders
Curled up in a blanket of fog
Poets and dreamers they made their way here
Only to find that they were still lost

This town has turned in to a graveyard
Where my childhood has been laid to rest
Like the birds in trees I grew up underneath
Some hopes soared some fell from the nest