

# The Streets, The Escapist

All these walls were never really there,  
Nor the ceiling or the chair.  
I'm eking weeks of peace at the beach  
I see the breezes weave the trees,  
These walls, you'll find, are yours and mine  
Defined not by them, I  
I'm in times that lie behind my eyelids,  
The sunset still the rising silence,

(Chorus)

I'll not feel no fear  
Cos' I'm not really here  
I'm nowhere near here

There's no rain on roof that grates and beats me  
My favourite tree breaking light to pieces  
Sprinkling, sharded light on me  
Throw a stone as hard as you can  
And hearing with hand not here at land  
Nothing taxi, dusting sand  
My window world spins and twirls,  
The walls then fall, I recall the sort  
White clouds white wash faded spotless  
The weighty shadows, ranges of rocks  
The cold is all illusion thought up  
Stroll on the shore, snooze and explore  
All possibilities in each new morning,  
til satisfied reaching out, yawning  
Fish in a big dish, some rice and spice,  
Salt over shoulder, never salted so tight  
The truth I have told was silence sometimes  
But who's soul does not hide any crimes  
Wrapped in walls, encircled by work  
The walls fall - the story occurs  
No barrier, no boundary or low us ID's  
The freedom to stay off straight  
Be fiend or friend, cause no harm but charm - the peaceful end

(Chorus x2)

Pale, ancient woods, strew white sandy bays  
This ugly room pales away today  
I'm swimming in the ocean  
I sink slow motion  
Fingers, toes, floating  
Every year til yesterday  
I see the eternal setting sea  
I compare all this to me,  
It's all fleeting momentary me  
I blink my eyes, this is reminding me  
Life lies in the blink of an eye  
The old die for reasons, new tides for seasons  
New life born is like teasing  
All these walls were really never there  
Nor the ceiling or the chair  
I'm eking weeks of peace at the beach  
I see the breezes weave the trees  
I am not here at all,  
You are dearly fooled,  
I see bristling trees, the shush at the sea  
Mischievous  
Fluttering seagulls  
No.  
I'm not trapped in a box, so I am glancing at rocks

I'm dancing off docks  
Since this stance began  
That's where I am

(Chorus x2)

So done.