

Stay the Same

Bonobo

A night train.
Midnight.
Bags gathered round my feet.
Possessions,
some lessened,
to carry with me.
Heavy
and soothing.
Like a gentle symphony.

I rest my
head right
back upon my seat.
It's hard and
cold, though,
the best thing for me.
This train is
movin'
but my heart is stationary.

Seasons change,
it will never be the same.
I'm hopin' I won't stay the same.
Reasons strange..
Why we all must play these games?

I left it
with you,
a note that was discreet.
I made sure
I put it
upon the cellar door.
It's hanging,
hoping,
will you read it while I weep?

Last time,
the last time,
it flickers through me.
So vivid
it rushes
from my head down to my feet.
We're laughing,
joking,
through a dance to my defeat.

Seasons change,
it will never be the same.
I'm hopin' I won't stay the same.
Reasons strange..
Why we all must play these games?