

# Morning Streets

Ari Hest

London woke me up  
From a comfortable sleep  
With the screech of a tire  
And a monotonous beep  
I pulled back on the blinds  
And took a one-eyed peak outside

The sun was catching a ride  
On an innocuous cloud  
Out on the morning streets  
The Friday late-night crowd  
Heading home from a night  
Of tasteless jokes and alcohol

I am aware that I haven't been here for long  
I am aware that I haven't been here for long  
I don't feel the need to call you up  
I'm good

I decided to walk  
In the direction of north  
Where I saw two kites there  
Dancing back and forth  
Never knowing where next  
They would blow off to or how long they'd fly

And after hitting the park  
I continued on  
To a bank where  
The machine said I was overdrawn  
By a hundred or two  
Doesn't worry me like it used to

I am aware that I haven't been here for long  
I am aware that I haven't been here for long  
I don't feel the need to call you up  
Wouldn't want to go and interrupt  
I don't feel the need to call you up  
I'm good

I am aware that I haven't been here for long  
But this moment is rare, I want it stay so long  
I don't feel the need to call you up  
Wouldn't want to go and interrupt  
I don't feel the need to call you up  
I'm good