

Motel Room

Brazzaville

Night is here in my veins
I'm losing again
And not much remains

Come
Lay down next to me
I'll tell you a bit
Of who I used to be

I was a handsome
Golden boy you see
Full of summer
Morning poetry

Dawn
A soft winter's day
A room full of dope
And cheap lingerie

I love you my friend
And though we just met
You're at least as lost
As me
So let's close the drapes
And lose the new day
And see how dark
We can be