

Elegy

Hey Marseilles

We would like to resign somewhere along a wide mountainside.
Sleep the street and sound of marching feet away or hide.

We'll give up on this town, the people who fill the air with their sound.
Hear the noise of girls and boys abound. Rejoice.

I love you for your wit, not for the shit you spout in your dreams.
Brace the ground and love you finally found in me or leave.

The wind won't wait to blow you down.
And leaves can change only so slow
So keep your legs on the concrete ground.
The truth to find is in what we don't know.