

Find me a home

Natalie Duncan

Crestfallen machines,
make me a pantomime,
dark disease.
Watch my old friends leave,
now I have you to keep me down.
I travel, no light rests
in the night watches as I roam.

The church with its tower,
pain in the power,
hears my every stumbling sound.
Taxis that run at the amber light guns,
and this city hangs so breathless and shadowed.
All of you devils are cracked and dishevelled,
oh god please find me a home.

Oh god please, find me a home.

Pennies in a purse,
your scribbled notes for a poor fool.
I never did dream to be alone
and suffering heavy.
I break in no light,
restless the night beats me as I roam.

Church with its tower,
pain in the power,
hears my every stumbling sound.
Taxis that run at the amber light guns,
this city hangs so breathless and shadowed.
All of you devils are cracked and dishevelled,
oh god please find me a home.

Oh god please, find me a home.
Find me a home.

Church with its tower,
the pain and the power,
hears my every stumbling sound.
The taxis that run at the amber light guns,
and this city hangs so breathless and shadowed.
All of you devils are cracked and dishevelled,
oh god please find me a home.

Oh god please, find me a home.