

River

Nits

So many years
And the river flows down
So many
It is hard to count them
And so many years
I am standing there
On this stone bridge
Now

Like sand flows
Through my fingers
The water flows under me

So forgotten in the city smoke
So many years
I've tried to find a photograph
Taken somewhere
Here
It's a sad day

Sand through my fingers
Time

Sad old river
You smile