

# Echoes Of The Lonely

Scott Matthews

Last night I woke  
Nothing familiar only feelings that I was alone  
In a room in the dark  
What if the dreamer dies?  
Tomorrow's sky will abandon every piercing light  
And hang like smoke in a closed room

The tube light in the street flickers away  
I pocket every flash and place it somewhere safe

As I drown in my sleep  
The hotel room echoes of the lonely  
As I wane under stiff cold sheets  
The party thrives from the copious amounts of binging eyes  
Unlike mine that are trying to find you

It's 4am and the dirty room's stained  
The door closes as the creek of the hinge  
Spills me out of my bed ache  
So I go wandering  
Downstairs smells of damp cigarettes  
And all that's dispensed is a thought from the vending machine  
Telling me I need to bar the obscene from the remainder of my dream

The drunks that slur the street trickle away  
As they pocket one night stands in a dim lit place

As I drown in my sleep  
The hotel room echoes of the lonely  
As I wane under stiff cold sheets  
The party dies and the copious amounts of sadness  
Hide in my eyes until the alarm wakes me...