

## If Wishes Were Horses, More Beggars Would Ride Them

The Chariot

A bullet to the sun. Erase everything we have done. Please, like a thief,  
won't you come? Put an end to all this fun. I will see you in a  
Broadway  
year, a New York second, a Wall Street minute, a Hollywood moment. This  
is it. Why does not, this world just stop?