

Outsiders

The Foreshadowing

The only ones that I remember, the outsiders
They called me on a winter day
And told me they just had been wandering, the outsiders
And came in for a change.

Once we had the right
To spend the days and fight (find?)
Showing photographs, now
We will need another train.

Once we were the night
And watched in black and white
Showing hurricanes, now
We will creep across the street.

And all of our thoughts in the water, the outsiders
Are lost in the ignorance
And all the seasons always changing, for the outsiders
It all remains unchanged.