

This Song Brought to You by a Falling Bomb

Thursday

do you hear the jet plane
yawning miles across the sky?
hear the garbage truck
back down the boulevard,
setting off the car alarms as it passes by?
do you hear the static
of one thousand detuned radios?
shut the window, love.
keep the world outside.
I don't want to think about anyone

but the footsteps are getting louder,
drowning out the sound of the rain,
as it knocks on the windowsill.
I'm not answering the phone - let it ring.
lately I've been feeling like
a falling bomb.
the ground is getting closer
and the sky
is falling
down.

this song has been brought to you
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by a falling bomb.
by a falling bomb.