

Northwestern Skies

Tired Pony

It's not like it was before.
There's a beauty in slamming doors.
And the lightning plays in your eyes.
As it cracks through North Western skies.
Girl you were beautiful before.
But in the cyclone I love you more.
There's a pause in the faintest smile.
As the storm rages on for miles

There's no answers in the tempest.
Just a million other questions.
So just let it take you over.
So that we can learn our lesson.

And this has just got ridiculous.
Cause it's burned through the both of us.
In the crumble down cinema.
We can hide where we always hide.
On the blank screen project our lives.
Me as husband and you as wife.
And as the storm outside dissipates.
The screen wipes to ticker tape.

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