Dark Companion

Tuxedomoon

Another round for my dark companion The view from here is crowded now I raise my glass My doppelganger smiles at me From across the room

The great social issues mean less than nothing; two-dimensional pests On my T.V. screen

I will wear only black and white and hide in the alleys On saturday nights

The endless prattle of politicians Rings in my ears The rain makes my mascara run

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