

## 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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