

## From the Stars

White Lies

I saw a friend that I once knew at a funeral  
He took the time out to be seen  
His eyes kept glancing to the hour hand  
On the gold watch  
That he'd been given by a magaze  
He didn't cry when the priest gave the sermon  
Just pulled up the woollen collar on his fleece  
Crossed his arms gave a sigh and checked the time again  
As he sat inches from the wife of the deceased

He catches raindrops from his window  
It reminds him of how we fall  
From the stars back to our cities  
Where we've never felt so small  
Raindrops from his window  
Making puddles in his hands  
He sees how quick the water's rising  
As another raindrop lands

He took a chuffeur driven car back to his hotel  
Passing through the city streets where he was born  
He said "Driver what's happened to these buildings?  
They all look rundown and so forlorn"  
He took a shower in the bathroom of his penthouse  
Put the 'do not disturb' on his door  
When the maid came in the morning  
She found him shivering on the bedroom floor

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