

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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