

I am consumed by delusions of grandeur
I'm fallen prey to the beautiful girl
I have seen romance in the obvious quarters
And I have painted myself into that world

I have constructed my own personal Babel
But many passages remain out of print
Leaving me in an unresolved sentence
Without an idea of where it went

I have developed an unnatural candour
In contradiction to all I hold dear
I think of myself as tall and silent
This little voice is all that I hear

Now the night's drawing in
I'm your unworthy friend
At the untimely end of a lifetime

Thinking I might hold on to my first marriage
I learned the language of the self obsessed
It was only later at the post-grad parties
That it rewarded me with great success

No longer waiting for my prayers to be answered
No longer waiting for my publisher's call
No longer charming in my reminiscence
Only immersed in a faint afterglow

Now the night's drawing in
I'm your unworthy friend
At the ungodly end of a lifetime