

Morning Streets

Ari Hest

London woke me up
From a comfortable sleep
With the screech of a tire
And a monotonous beep
I pulled back on the blinds
And took a one-eyed peak outside

The sun was catching a ride
On an innocuous cloud
Out on the morning streets
The Friday late-night crowd
Heading home from a night
Of tasteless jokes and alcohol

I am aware that I haven't been here for long
I am aware that I haven't been here for long
I don't feel the need to call you up
I'm good

I decided to walk
In the direction of north
Where I saw two kites there
Dancing back and forth
Never knowing where next
They would blow off to or how long they'd fly

And after hitting the park
I continued on
To a bank where
The machine said I was overdrawn
By a hundred or two
Doesn't worry me like it used to

I am aware that I haven't been here for long
I am aware that I haven't been here for long
I don't feel the need to call you up
Wouldn't want to go and interrupt
I don't feel the need to call you up
I'm good

I am aware that I haven't been here for long
But this moment is rare, I want it stay so long
I don't feel the need to call you up
Wouldn't want to go and interrupt
I don't feel the need to call you up
I'm good