

Novena

Creeper

Humble moon, what now do I do?
A restaurants' plastic glass,
At house party with your hip flask.
Has he kept you precious like a locket?
The pale night alive. Through your jeans tight,
Cigarette box outline in your pocket.

We're in the bathroom and you perch on the sink.
I begin to infatuate, exasperate, resuscitate.
By day the cat sleeps, but at night how he moans
Through the windows perspex. We sit and talk about sex
Because it's all we have in common, don't you know.

And it's youth, ever fading youth.
Would you have lived differently if you had known
This life was on loan?

I recall the blue first night I met you,
And gaze through the passing time.
Your hair was henna and wine.
The contrast in what I dream and reality.
Took you back from the club while your friends all did drugs,
We never spoke about love, just mortality.

And it's youth, ever fading youth.
Would you have lived differently if you had known
This life was on loan?
And it's youth, ever fading youth.
Would you have lived differently if you had known
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All of these nights you just trawl the same streets.
Tell the same stories, you count the heart beats.
Obsess with the death of the miracle days.
I can feel all your dreams start to flicker and fade.

And it's youth, ever fading youth.
Would you have lived differently if you had known
This life was on loan?

Youth, ever fading youth.