

Semidelinquent

David Keenan

I saw you at the foot of the hill
All dressed up in your furs and beret
There's an immediacy in your gait
You'd bring a tear from a stone on a dry day

Semidelinquent, how wonderful you truly are
Semidelinquent, we've a decent stretch of time before you lose
the plot
Go now to the third floor with your ambitions and your dreams
We've made a bed in a home for former lost boys and future queens

Meet me on the corner of Fitzroy by the tube
You mugged me off and so I feel like a mug
I am a solitary soldier flung upon
The horse drawn cart of failed rebellion
The sign carrying men witnessed it all
They saw the body language spill upon the street
They saw a dislocated look upon my face
Drawing the curtains now another day in paradise
Another stoic day in paradise with you to love

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Red lights disturbing sights you recite homemade lines which give me life
I don't feel so astoundingly alone in this moment anymore
The more I see the more my eyesight fails me
The more I touch the less I feel ashamed

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