

# Marchtown

Emma Pollock

Let's walk down to Marchtown  
Before it became home  
To the solid you built on  
And the factory gains  
To the lands of Westfield  
Where they sit and they wait  
And the break and a new ground

No squalor in Marchtown  
Where the center abandoned  
To the station dismantled  
Then the gates we reclaimed  
Through the bushes and trees  
On which we called our names  
All limbs entangled

She lost the fight in spite of crossing bounds with silver  
And neither system of the valid fish could save her  
And the fence of a adulterous squeeze

It's goodbye to Marchtown  
What have they done you done?  
They've crowded and they caught you up  
Pushing in the people while the sirens ring  
Hands over their ears  
Cause the walls are too thin  
And change makes a strange sound

She lost the fight in spite of crossing bounds with silver  
And neither system of the valid fish could save her  
And the fence of a adulterous squeeze

It's goodbye to Marchtown  
But I'm seeing signs that I'm losing my mind  
Stuck in here so sublime despite every day  
Just light every day

So much real, what a wonderful scene  
What is it that I only see right today?  
Got to get away

In this pocket of plenty  
A rescue from Roman  
I have surely lost count of the houses alone  
But this one I count on  
Cause this one is home  
No more running on empty

She lost the fight in spite of crossing bounds with silver  
And neither system of the valid fish could save her  
And the fence of a adulterous squeeze

Is goodbye to Marchtown?  
To Marchtown?