

# Them Waters

Ghostpoet

Sitting at the station  
Waiting for my train  
I can hear those voices  
Calling me again  
And I don't want to go down that road  
It's causing too much pain  
Take me out the flames  
And send me down the Thames  
Send me down the Thames

New day, usual  
But mind stuck in cubicle  
And top speed two-stepping over puddles beautiful  
And thinking of a plan but iBrain playing up and lunch break eating up with  
nourishment and need  
Then I seek a trusty steed to overcome the abbatoir  
Thoughts come regular but I'm wearing a large  
Maybe I'll just excel it  
Wrap it up and sell it  
Make a wish don't tell it  
And send it up to Mars

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Supermarket trails while I'm thinking about the mail  
That I got last week and I ain't even opened yet  
Old fears coming back, and knocking doors  
Start a palpitation that I can't ignore  
And sweat brow laughing now  
Cos if I stop to think  
It may open floodgates that no key can ever lock  
And treadmill never stops  
And running out of patience  
And running out of time  
My fate ain't having it  
But stopping is a crime

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