

perhaps

Goat Girl

Night taking over from the day
Enter into the haze
That's when the cars begin to melt
Once busy streets turn into mud
All of the pavements folded up
Street signs lay bare amongst the dirt

There's no more station barriers
Padlocks and chains have broken off
There's no more cameras watching us
Tightly shut doors have opened up
Empty blocks returned to homes
Cash machines in overflow
All the parks left to grow
From the seeds we have sown

See it in our lives
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