

Platform

Jonathan Wilson

People on a platform
They are taking each other for a ride
A needle drip, Dilaudid
I have found my cruising range
Let the savior sing again one more time
I remember the lines creases, shades
I remember the sounds
Demons laughing in the night
Lord I hear them all the time

The country house
Splendid set of rooms
I may not go back there
I fear if this fog it never clears

People, lost and lonely
Feet and cheeks are cold
They are running from the heat they've never had
A needle drip, Dilaudid
Once I sang and I danced
Though the penthouses erected in my mind

I remember the lines creases
And the shades
I remember the sounds demons
Accapella in the night
Lord I hear them all the time
The country house
Splendid set of rooms