

5am

Leith Ross

5am in a city that I don't know
Wet hair from swimming in normal clothes
The smell in the air right before it storms
Old feelings with "Pardon me, I'm just stoned"

Lying down in the middle of childhood streets
Not quite recalling falling asleep
The first day of fall 'cause it makes you breathe
The odd time you're tired
But you like how it feels

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