

I am consumed by delusions of grandeur  
I'm fallen prey to the beautiful girl  
I have seen romance in the obvious quarters  
And I have painted myself into that world

I have constructed my own personal Babel  
But many passages remain out of print  
Leaving me in an unresolved sentence  
Without an idea of where it went

I have developed an unnatural candour  
In contradiction to all I hold dear  
I think of myself as tall and silent  
This little voice is all that I hear

Now the night's drawing in  
I'm your unworthy friend  
At the untimely end of a lifetime

Thinking I might hold on to my first marriage  
I learned the language of the self obsessed  
It was only later at the post-grad parties  
That it rewarded me with great success

No longer waiting for my prayers to be answered  
No longer waiting for my publisher's call  
No longer charming in my reminiscence  
Only immersed in a faint afterglow

Now the night's drawing in  
I'm your unworthy friend  
At the ungodly end of a lifetime