

Tumbleweeds

Ohbijou

If I could see past these trees
that stand like sticks waiting to be burned.

And if these signs on these streets
lived up to their prestige then perhaps it
wouldn't get worse.

And tumbleweeds have come to sweep
This town to shreds

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The shadows have a glorious time
Creating myths of bustling lives
To make up for whose moved out

And with the curse of ghosts that roam in malls
And with a population stuck answering calls
Who can blame them for moving out?

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