

Echoes Of The Lonely

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Last night I woke
Nothing familiar only feelings that I was alone
In a room in the dark
What if the dreamer dies?
Tomorrow's sky will abandon every piercing light
And hang like smoke in a closed room

The tube light in the street flickers away
I pocket every flash and place it somewhere safe

As I drown in my sleep
The hotel room echoes of the lonely
As I wane under stiff cold sheets
The party thrives from the copious amounts of binging eyes
Unlike mine that are trying to find you

It's 4am and the dirty room's stained
The door closes as the creek of the hinge
Spills me out of my bed ache
So I go wandering
Downstairs smells of damp cigarettes
And all that's dispensed is a thought from the vending machine
Telling me I need to bar the obscene from the remainder of my dream

The drunks that slur the street trickle away
As they pocket one night stands in a dim lit place

As I drown in my sleep
The hotel room echoes of the lonely
As I wane under stiff cold sheets
The party dies and the copious amounts of sadness
Hide in my eyes until the alarm wakes me...