The Modern Age

Sleeper

She is a statue in the park
She is a wooden figurine
A Noah's ark

She is invisible as ink
Left in the rain
And now her lines are indistinct

Count the days she lost her ways

No, you can't have it all
But everything you got is beautiful
Love in the modern age
Sometimes it's a cradle
Sometimes it's a cage

There was a dress she used to wear
It matched the colour of her eyes
But not her hair

And it was lined with sex and hope
And now the only scent
Is ancient laundry soap

Count the days she lost her ways

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