

## From The Desk Of B. Larsen

Spitalfield

We drove through the night  
Listening to Pavement on the stereo  
And wondering to ourselves  
Will we see the sun rise before the drugs wear off  
Cross so many borders that cease to exist  
And at this hour all fears and reservations  
Escape through open windows into the southern skies

And we're getting good  
At passing out in motion  
And our wandering hearts numb our blistered fingers  
And our burning throats

Tomorrow is the same;  
It's just another repeat of today  
The smile and the wave  
Can we stay above the surface without feeling blasé  
Can we climb that stage again  
To entertain the ghosts maybe ourselves  
And then pass out  
Our blood has mixed and we are one  
And we will get through this