

Berkeley Pier

Tilt

I guess sometimes I'm lucky when I go, for whole days at a time
without =
Thinking about you, and ask myself why, but then I find I'm tra
veling, =
Traveling down, that same old piece of road and wind up down by
the =
Water. Whatever happened to our walls on the pier? I cry myself
alone =
All the way down to the end, I drink my bottle dry and heave it
across =
The bay, to the city, smashin' outside your door. Oh now there
goes the =
Romeo, hand in hand with his punk rock Juliet, they remind me o
f two =
People I'm trying to forget, I can hear their sweet nothings on
the =
Wind, as I hurry to get by, diverting my gaze, to the Oakland B
ay =
Bridge. (Could that be you honey, way over on that side? Flashi
n' a =
Signal to me, down by Pier 39, 'cause if I only knew, I'd jump
in that =
Water and swim right across, drowning in my relief). Maybe I sh
ould warn =
Them, should I say, "Don't do something that you'll regret. Now
you have =
No recollection of heartbreak you don't have yet." I could give
them an =
Earful, but I don't know, they must find out on their own, and
the =
Thought of that is chilling me to the bone.
Submitted by: Mel