

Dark Companion

Tuxedomoon

Another round for my dark companion
The view from here is crowded now
I raise my glass
My doppelganger smiles at me
From across the room

The great social issues mean less than nothing;
two-dimensional pests
On my T.V. screen

I will wear only black and white
and hide in the alleys
On saturday nights

The endless prattle of politicians
Rings in my ears
The rain makes my mascara run

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