

We're floating over the district
I'm buoyed by winsome esprit
The stone arch bridge and the skyline
A tilt shift blur to the scene
Some headlights highlight the driveway
But she doesn't turn to see
The details in our periphery
While shadows swell and recede

Droll city blocks and curbs
They all leave my head unnerved
Things felt that probably were
Thoughts I would say to her

But all lightrails motor fast
One glance and a moment's passed
View life through tinted glass
Left with one printed pass

And now it's me and the satellites
Halfway home at night
Fly from my line of sight
I'm sad but it's alright