

The Bowery

William Ryan Key

I don't shine like the others do
I'm so close, and so far
From the light you see them standing in
I'll come running if you tell me to
Upstate, I'm too late
And the Turnpike's choking up again

Who do I think I am
Rushing in where I can't win
And I am always
Crumbling beneath this
Heavy weight, much to say
It's this way always

Take me down to the Bowery
Break bread, you said
I'm a loyal one, I'm a lot of fun
Find a garden and we'll burn it down
Someday I'll say
I was wrong to feel so overcome

This is all dimensional
It's alternate, appropriate
Maybe it's a ritual
A sacrifice, a drink on ice
I am unconventional
And with this truth, I come to you
With this truth, I come to you

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