

Union Chapel

William Ryan Key

An old stone road
Beneath a London sky
It's colder out this time
And you're not here

A smoke filled room
A crowd of songbirds still
I listen carefully
And you're not here

A grim hotel
With empty rooms to spare
I crank the window closed
And you're not here

A restless bed
An early morning call
I take the stairs instead
And you're not here

An old stone road
Beneath a London sky
It's colder out this time
And you're not here