

Orange Glow

Jolie Babineau

My skins crawling
 And i no longer want to be inside
 There's something about the past that makes me itch

So i'll ride between the lines of what's past and present,
 Of course with the intent that hopefully the wind might soothe me

Pushing and pulling for something that will satisfy me
 Satisfy that kid searching for something
 Something warm around the corner

Every pretty hydrangea filled alleyway turned dead end,
 Every so called companion fallen off their iron horse
 And yet here i ride.

Searching.

Searching for what never was,
 Searching for what never has

Selfishly searching for something, searching for the same
 And yet
 Here i still ride

The orange glow of the lamp post
 The only warm thing guiding me home.