

Halfway down the road to nowhere

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Silence,
quiet,
tranquillity, and a moment in time.
Your eyes.
Your eyes oh, how they gaze into mine.
Say something.
Say something,
say what you like,
say it tenderly,
for it is such a thought,
that flashes through my mind.
Say something,
say something,
but you do not,
and there is nothing,
yes, no words at all,
and you, you reach out to me,
and you kiss me, and you cuddle me,
and how great is the sensation,
and the emotions inside,
emotions and feelings and love.
Yes, with a kiss and a cuddle and no description is needed,
for the feelings,
and the emotions are far better than all the words,
in all the languages of the world,
of which could have been employed,
to describe these wondrous feelings inside.

Temperance

Temperance is good when it comes to temper,
temperance is good when it comes to drinking,
but after a night down the pub,
I forget to remember,
and temperance,
temperance goes out the window,
when I angrily put my household bills in a blender.

Your eyes

In your eyes,
such a glimpse of the happiest of times,
and such wide awakedness,
and alertness that springs from your mind,
a mind so beautiful and so intellectual,
for with your wit, you make me smile so many times,
and in your eyes,
your eyes,
I could happily drown a thousand times.

In our lives

In our lives,
on each steppingstone,
how many choices there are to take,
and how many directions we can turn,
because in this world,
it is such a complex place,

and our choices if displayed in mathematics,
would be incalculable,
and are not something that we are likely to ever learn,
and we will probably never learn it all,
because we are not so cold in our emotions,
that we try to live our lives by numbers,
and as humans we feel in our hearts,
and search our minds,
and we weigh up the options,
and of our destiny,
we are the masters of our own concerns,
and of our own designs.

You took what you could

You took what you could,
you took what you needed when you disappeared,
over the horizon and I was left bereft,
but I did not know why you had gone,
because there are so many questions unanswered,
and they are as long as the day is long,
and I wish I had known that something was wrong,
but you never showed it upon your face and in your eyes,
because nothing seemed amiss, but now, I am alone,
and wondering what I had done wrong,
because I loved you like the sun,
and you brought such warmth to me,
and then without warning you vanished,
and now I feel cold in this winter,
for snows have so badly frozen my heart,

and I pine for you like I have never done,
and with my shattered heart so brittle,
and filled with icicles,
I try my best to carry on,
and on reflection with such tears in my eyes,
how cruel love is sometimes,
and you vanished without a warning over the horizon,
and now my world is shattered,
and now, now, your love is gone.

Doctors and nurses

In the doctors and the nurses, I see the worry,
I see the tiredness in their eyes,
and the system is stretched and overloaded,
and I sympathize,
and in the nurses and the doctors,
I see the dedication and the skill,
and I see the determination to persevere at all costs,
because saving life is incredibly challenging,
and with their years of training,
and with their iron will,
so, they battle on with weary eyes,
and they fight the diseases,
that malevolently destroy people's lives and that can kill,
and in the doctors and the nurses,
I admire the hours that they put in,
and I admire their strong hearts and minds,
for what great achievements they achieve and so regularly,
and because of their passion and compassion,

the amount of lives they saved is a miracle,
and in them I truly believe every day,
because they are worth more,
more than the celebrities on far higher salaries,
and without them where would we be?
And without them, how much poorer,
and how much iller would society be?

Your perspective

Your perspective on things is not what it should be,
Because you with your jaded ways,
you fail to see clearly through your hurt,
and through being so jaded you are in captivity,
and your perspective on things is skewed,
by your choices and through the tragedy of your history,
and you, you used to be happy,
but now you are as bitter as an icy wind,
and you cut right through the heart of me,
and I will try my best to leave you be,
because how you are now,
how you are now is no good to me.

Where the soldier lays

On the beach where the soldier lays,
as the waves come gently in,
his life ebbs away,
where the soldier lays,
and he thinks of his mother and his father,

and his sister and his brother,
and as the blood flows from his wounds,
he sees the vision of the man who has killed him,
and wonders if when he gets to heaven,
and if the man who's killed him gets to heaven,
of what the man will say.
On the beach where the soldier lays,
he takes a look at the clouds and the sky,
and questions the choices in life that he has made,
and without an answer as the gunfire continues,
into the eternal night,
into the internal night he does permanently slip away.

We all go to school

We all go to school.
Because we all learn something every day,
but is it useful at all,
and of ways of earning, we have so many tools,
from the libraries to the books,
and with the television, the radio and the newspapers,
and the gossip in the street,
we all go to school, but is it useful at all,
because there is so much information in the world,
and it fills us with fascination,
but what good is education,
if it is of a vacuous subject,
yes, it really is no good at all,
but still, every day we all go to school.

In the arrogance of the times

In the arrogance of the times,
what is better than yours but mine,
in the arrogance of the times,
how people belittle each other,
with their one-upmanship,
and with their ego,
but me, I stay away from it,
and tonight,
I pay it no mind,
in the arrogance of the times,
at some point,
you will be hoisted by your own petard,
and I will not over it be one to cry,
because it is good to be brought down to Earth,
and humbled,
and manners,
manners cannot be bought with wealth,
and there are no manners,
without manners being taught well,
and in the arrogance of the times,
I will wish you well,
for you can buy anything and everything,
and I will carry nothing,
and travel far away,
but still,
I will wish you well,
I will wish you well.

Such stillness in the night

Such stillness in the night, a delicate light,
the moon in the sky, shining so bright,
and the stars hanging there in the heavens,
twinkling in the eyes,
oh, such stillness in the night,
and a cool breeze that brings such refreshment,
as you look up and wonder how distant they are,
and how many there are,
but oh, how great is the light that travels in time,
and what a wonder it is,
the time it takes to travel so far,
yes, I wonder this all the time.
And as I stand and stare,
There is such stillness in the night,
and the stars, are so elegant and effervescent, and colourful,
and in their billions how magical,
and how powerful are they in the universe,
because from nothingness, they were thrust into being,
to enchant our eyes,
oh, such stillness in the night with magic on our minds,
and in the fresh air how incredible the shooting stars are,
as they pass on by, yes, oh, what stillness in the night,
and what a night to remember in our dreams,
and what a night to remember in our minds,
a night to remember of such creation,
in its spectacularity so fine,
spectacularity that the universe has created and revealed,
in the uniqueness of nature, in the uniqueness of time.

In the bonfire of your soul

In the bonfire of your soul,
you cast out the memories that you used to hold,
the memories that you had grown tired of,
the unhappy times,
the memories of people,
that you used to love.

Memories and experiences,
that were only causing you distress,
because the relationships you had had,
had been broken and shattered,
upon such jagged rocks,
and had cut up your heart,
and had thrown the pieces into a black hole.

Yes, in the bonfire of your soul,
amidst the flames,
gather your thoughts,
and strengthen your mind,
and move forwards,
with a freshness in your step,
and rise, rise, and rise again.
And though life has been tough,
and caused such anxiety in your head,
move forwards with a smile,
and come out fighting,
and create new memories,
new memories,
memories that you never ever wish to forget.

Amongst the dew drops

Amongst the dew drops in the grass,
there lays a leaf that has lived,
and in this moment,
after the fall from the tree, it has lived its last,
amongst the dew drops in the grass,
how beautiful its colours look,
and how incredible the pattern of its form and shape,
a shape created at such a slow evolutionary pace,
amongst the dew drops in the grass,
the time of its life is ending,
and it will go back to where it was at the start,
part of the soil that gives birth to so many beautiful creations,
that we love

Sit

Somewhere in time.
Time in a new space,
a new space of mind,
somewhere new,
somewhere new every time,
and what a grand design the mind,
and what great things thoughts,
purloined seemingly as if from the air,
and oh, what great works can be defined from the mind,
and how beautiful the time is when you spend time there,
far away from daily life in a world of your own,
how it satisfies the soul and nourishes you,

and how much brighter the day,
than when happy, and plucking thoughts out of the air,
and how fine are they,
those thoughts that illuminate the eyes with inspiration,
inspiration found in the mind,
and in this time,
there is no time,
but just being there is the best feeling that there could be,
and I will always be happy,
and content wherever I can think,
because creativity is all I need,
and in the mind,
I find unlimited inspiration there,
I find unlimited inspiration there.

Dying

Dying embers of the fire,
tired eyes,
tired mind,
tired heart,
sick of caring about myself,
sick of trying,
sick of the day that the sickness did start,
sick of the light,
wanting the eternal night
sick of being sick,
sick of cancer,
sick of dying,
dying embers of the fire, rising up,

tired eyes,
tired mind,
tired heart,
sick,
sick of cancer,
sick of life,
sick of cancer ever having played such a sickening part,
sick of chemotherapy,
sick of radiotherapy,
sick of the family suffering,
sick of the world,
and from the world,
from the world,
wanting to depart.

Run down

Run down to the garden to collect the firewood,
and put the coals on the fire,
and strike a match and set it a light and retire,
retire into an armchair,
your favourite one and read a book,
and at the end of the day when the work is done,
something relaxing and something not too taxing,
something a little fun,
something to take your mind away from the pandemonium,
and as you read you warm yourself,
and let your imagination run,
and the evening when it comes, there is nothing finer,
nothing finer than being here and watching the evening fall

after the setting of the sun,
and so, take time out and let your mind unwind,
and drink a little wine,
and rest your weary feet and let your spirits rise,
because life is so nice by the fire in the evening time,
so far away from the crazy world,
and with such a peace of mind how great it is,
and how time flies by the fire,
and how soundly you will sleep,
and pay the working day no mind,
oh, that long wished for desire.

Loud

Loud, loud night, somewhere where I don't mind,
somewhere by the river,
in the summertime,
somewhere with peace of mind,
somewhere with the sunshine in my eyes,
somewhere under the clouds and the bluest of skies,
somewhere watching the world go by,
as time it sails away,
and life, well it is the same,
and for it to be any other way it would be a shame,
and I, I cannot complain,
and the music plays, and we dance a little,
and we kiss and we drink a little wine,
and under the stars,
how beauteous is the night,
and how beauteous it is with just you and I.

Life

Life is not all roses and chocolates.
Life is tough and torturous,
and there are more stresses and strains in this world,
than there have ever been,
in the whole history of humanity,
and you,
you have to have a tough mind,
and a strong fortitude,
and a strong heart to be true to yourself,
and to be yourself and to exist.
And you have to have a strong mind,
to not give in to the pressure of the world.
You have to have a strong mind not to commit suicide,
for so many people are driven to the edge and over the edge,
and so many people break upon the wheel of life.
And you have to have a tough mind,
to exist upon the Earth.
You have to, despite the stresses and the strains,
have the will to truly live.
And there are so many in this world who don't.
There are so many in this world who have reached the end.
There are so many who have been broken,
so many who have been through so many stresses and
strains and who have reached their end.
And sadly, there are so many dead.
and so many families grieving.
And so many families,
who will never see their loved ones again.

Too long

Too long has the time not been right,
too long this talk between you and I,
because you are free to go your way,
and I am free to go mine, but we should at least try again,
because there is love still in both of our eyes,
and I do not want to part,
and I do not want things to get worse,
because we have not crossed the finishing line,
and so, let us fight these tears and try again,
and let us reconnect instead of disconnecting,
because the time is now,
and there is no time like the present to make amends,
so, let us grab a little wine,
and sit down and discuss our feelings again,
because I love you,
and no matter how long it takes,
and no matter how many hours,
and no matter how many days and nights,
let us put things right for we have a chance,
and I know the mending,
of broken hearts and minds is not a quick thing,
but together if we try hard enough,
we can make things right again,
and, in our discussions, hold no bitterness,
and I will hold none myself,
because we have been together for quite a while,
and though the road may be a little bumpy,
and our hearts a little weary,

it would be a shame to see our love die,
with a permanent sigh,
and you have to fight,
fight with all your might,
fight for love and no matter the season,
and no matter the day or the night,
fight,
because love, if it is true,
it is worth fighting for,
and by not trying at all you will only regret it is true,
and so, if we,
if we, me and you, we talk a little while,
and try and understand each other's points of view,
we will find a path I am sure through these darker days,
because I love you,
and I still love the qualities in you,
and you are compassionate and caring and kind,
and you have been an angel to me a million times,
and you are in my heart as the warmth of the sun,
and no winter has set in, and no Ice age has begun,
so, let us talk by the fire,
let us talk of our pains, let us talk of our misunderstandings,
let us talk of our desires,
let us talk, let us talk until things are right again,
let us talk and persevere until the end,
and let us talk because our love was so strong,
and it is only a little bump in the road, I am sure,
and by trying to understand and listen,
we can do no wrong,
we can do no wrong, I am sure.

Exhile

Modern life is filled with stress,
so, exile from here,
and clear your mind,
and take some time, take some time,
and smell the flowers in the summertime.
And take a walk in the fields,
and see the beauty, and unwind,
and exile,
exile a little while,
and clear your mind,
and enjoy the greenery,
and enjoy the fields,
and enjoy the mountains,
enjoy the rivers, the oceans, and the seas.
Enjoy the breeze,
Enjoy the rain.
Enjoy the snow,
enjoy the sunshine,
and take your time, but mind not where you go,
and just be happy wherever it is,
for that will be the best place to be,
the best place for inspiration,
so, find peace wherever you go,
for where there is peace is a happy heart, and a happy mind,
so, exile, exile a little while,
and take your time,
and may you be happier in foreign climes,
that you did not previously know.

Angelina

Angelina,
Angelina of the coast,
you waved at the sea and your loved one you waved to he,
you waved to him in his boat,
and you have forever since looked like a ghost,
because he disappeared over the horizon,
and he went to a foreign land,
and he sent you a letter,
and he gave you his house,
of which you could not understand,
and then you saw it,
the rest of what he had written,
and with tears in your eyes oh how you cried,
and inside your heart and your mind how you died,
and you were never the same again,
and in the letter, all that he wrote was,
I am going away forever and a day,
so please do not think bad of me for it was not to be,
for my mind and my heart had considered everything,
and my feelings for you had sadly disappeared,
over distant seas,
and though I still love you,
for who you were,
you changed and that was no good for me,
so, please find inside my engagement ring,
that I give back to thee,
because my love for you has died, I am afraid,
and my heart and my mind have disappeared,

over the horizon to a foreign land,
and I will never be coming back,
and I know it will not be,
of much comfort to you,
but in the long run,
you will have a roof over your head,
and the bills,
I will pay them all,
and though I do not love you like I used too sadly,
I give you the house in love,
for it will be better in time,
and do not think of it as anything,
anything that you do not deserve,
because I give it to you with love,
because of how you treated me,
and because of all the things that you did for me,
and because of you,
and because of your love please take it,
and in time your heart will heal,
and I wish,
and I hope that you will be happy,
so, please,
please do not think too unkindly of me,
and though I will be overseas,
I will think of you,
upon a tropical breeze,
and I will think of you,
with a smile on your face,
and that will be the best thing for you,
and the best thing for me.

Give

Do not give up, do not give up,
no matter the obstacles in front of you,
and do not fail to see,
that any obstacle cannot be overcome,
if you approach it correctly,
and do not give up, and think about things a little while,
and in time you will see there is no obstacle too big,
because every obstacle is all in the mind,
whether imaginary or physically,
and so, if you think about it,
if you really think about it if there is a problem,
then there must be a solution,
and with perseverance, and logic and common sense,
if you apply your mind, you will overcome it,
because a mountain, is not a mountain if you think clearly.

Head

Head for the hills,
And get your thrills away from the city,
And breathe in the air and feel better there,
and take in the sun,
the sky and the sea.
And take a picnic and some drink,
and watch the world pass by in front you,
and watch the seagulls fly and watch the boats upon the sea,
and watch the people swimming,
watch the people each talking happily,

and watch them relaxing,
and relax yourself,
and breathe in the fresh air,
and watch the waves,
and feel the breeze blow through your hair,
because in nature's beauty,
what more calming a thing could there be,
so, head for the hills,
and get your thrills away from the city,
and in the fresh air with a clearness of mind,
you will I hope, find some sanity.

You danced

Fred Astaire,
in your heart,
you danced,
you danced with a piano,
you danced over the tables,
you danced upon the chairs.
You danced on the dancefloor,
you let down your hair.
You danced with a piano,
you danced over the tables,
and you danced upon the chairs.
You danced on the dancefloor,
and you danced upon the ceiling,
and if you could,
you would have danced in the air.
You danced in the sun,

and you danced in the rain.
You danced in the snow,
and you felt happy dancing,
wherever you would go,
and in your mind,
you danced again and again,
and you danced through your thoughts,
and you danced your way through the day,
and you danced your way through the night,
and you danced through the spring,
the summer,
the autumn,
the winter,
and you danced,
no matter the time of day,
and you danced in the fields,
and you danced upon the mountaintop,
and you danced on holiday.
You danced through life,
for life was much better that way,
and you danced until you went to sleep,
and then in your sleep,
you probably danced too,
and you danced in every way,
and you danced,
and you danced into your grave,
and I would not be surprised,
I would not be surprised,
if you are still dancing in your grave,
right up to this day.

You seek solace

You seek solace whenever you can,
you with your tearful eyes,
and your waylaid plans,
you seek solace wherever you can,
hurt by women,
hurt by men,
you seek solace but you have cut yourself off,
but if you gave me a chance,
then I would try to understand,
and of your sensitivities and shy ways,
all I can see and all I can understand,
are the tears in your eyes,
tears you cry,
and over what and who knows why,
but all I see is the wreckage inside,
reflected by the teardrops in your eyes,
and as I sit here alone,
and you try to hide amongst the broken pieces of your life,
I hope you will get better soon,
and may God speed the healing of your heart,
and of your mind,
because I have been there,
been there a thousand times,
and everyone is so different,
and life is so complex,
and what a work of art is the heart,
even in the darkest of times,
and what a maze is the mind,

for in it you seek solace with your tearful eyes,
and my smiles are yours,
and I hope they soften you,
and bring you some kind of peace of mind,
because I would do anything for you,
to bring you some sunshine and to lighten your mood,
because better are the days,
better are the days,
when we share our burdens together as one,
together, under the gloriousness of the shining sun.

Daylight sunshine

Oh,
daylight,
sunshine,
light upon the water that sparkles and glistens,
and inspires the imagination and the mind,
what a life is this under the fluffiest of clouds,
sat upon the rock,
where I daydream away the times,
daylight,
sunshine.

I wait and I wait in nature,
in the warmest of climes,
and I feel the warmth of the sun on my skin,
and in its rays, I awake,
and I float away in my thoughts,
and my heart, it beats with the rhythm of the times,
day light,

sunshine,
that has travelled millions of miles,
to flicker about thine eyes,
and in its gloriousness,
how beguiling the light,
that dances so lightly,
and effervescently,
and inspires rejuvenation,
and stirs the soul and the mind,
and in it I am alive,
and I live to create,
in the wondrousness of nature,
where I in happiness do spend my time,
and I walk the Earth,
with a lightness of mood,
for it colours me and because of the light,
it gives me strength and fortitude,
and I walk on,
I walk on into the sun,
for the sun it helped create me,
and I walk towards it as if my mother,
and I embrace it and together we are one,
and without it, there is nothing,
and oh, what spectacular creations are wrought,
in the elements of the universe,
where unseen hands,
with their many plans,
create heaven in its place,
for humanity to try to wonder at,
and to try to understand.

O,o

What can there be,
what can there be the matter with me,
O,o,
I feel ill and I am developing every malady,
O,o,
what can the matter be with me,
let me look in the mirror and I shall see what I shall see,
O, o,
what can the matter be with me.
I ruminate and I cogitate,
and ponder my condition,
whatever it may be,
O, o,
maybe I will have to find out,
by going on one of those self-help talk shows on TV.

When the winter has gone

When the winter has gone,
cautiously,
after your heart has melted,
and there is no bitterness in the air,
you will love again I am sure,
a little more cautiously than before,
a little more cautiously,
and when the winter has gone,
and your heart has melted,
and you have begun to thaw,

you will love again I am sure,
for you are not so cold as the winter,
and maybe a little changed from before,
but you will love again I am sure,
as sure as the sun rises,
and the night falls,
for love is eternally wanted by most,
and the hurt from before will disappear,
as the darkness falls from your eyes,
because love is the ideal which we strive for,
and when the winter has gone,
and your heart has melted,
you will I hope,
be less discontented than before,
and love, thy will be done,
and brought to thine eyes and heart and mind,
and the magic of love shines bright,
and eternal in humanities feelings,
that are to be repeated and repeated,
in the symbiosis and the synchronicity of two,
and so powerfully,
as powerfully as the waves,
the waves do crash upon the shore,
and love to me,
love means so much,
and for eternity I wish,
and I hope you find it again,
when the winter has gone,
and your heart has melted,
and you have begun to thaw.

She was lucid of thought

She was lucid of thought,
she was clear of thought she was sure,
she thought through everything,
and she considered life,
life after death in a morbidity of a time,
but where time wandered,
she was never sure,
and she was lucid of thought,
or so she thought,
for she considered it a million times,
but time slipped by,
and she was never decisive,
and she daydreamed her days away,
and philosophised over everything,
and never achieved much,
but judging by the smile on her face,
she was happy,
happy I am sure,
because what great art is conjured the mind,
and what great thoughts lie in so many people,
that are never spoken out loud,
and what great plans and solutions to the world's problems,
may be laying in wait in the brain,
only to be forgotten,
and replaced by some other thoughts,
that seem more important than the one before,
thoughts that may have changed the world,
but we will never be sure.

Oh, lonely tree

Oh, lonely tree, how are you,
are you as lonely, as lonely as can be,
lonely tree,
what do you see, do you wish for company,
do you get bored, bored by what you see despite the beauty,
or do you feel as one with nature,
and no matter the season are you happy?
Oh, lonely tree, gazing at the sky,
and looking at the sea.

Eradication

Eradication of all ills through such pills,
may seem like an obvious choice,
but it can probably be avoided,
well, it would be nice,
but we get so used to relying on them these days,
but there must be a much better,
and a more natural way,
but with all the advertising now nature seems unnatural,
and I am out of my comfort zone,
looking for something that will take my ills away,
and I have got pills,
I have got pills that take them away,
and I have been on them for so long,
it seems like the only way,
and if I am paying out for pills, I must be ill,
and I should probably go to the doctors right away.

In the little lanes

In the little lanes,
in and out of the rain with an umbrella in hand,
on the way,
on the way to a ferry to Spain,
oh, what a glorious thought to be so far away,
so far away,
far away from the grey,
for a week, a month,
and come what may,
no matter what in the sun all my worries will be eased away,
and sat upon the beaches the waves will crash,
and the time will pass so quickly,
for oh how glorious will be the day,
because it has been far too long,
and, in the sun, I could quite happily stay,
forever and a day,
and in my footsteps on the way to the ferry to Spain,
oh, the Spanish sun,
the thought of it,
it makes me feel better straight away,
and I like to live in the light,
and forget the darkness and the grey,
so, any time of year,
give me the cheer of the sun upon my skin any day,
because it nourishes me,
and inspires me and I feel alive,
and much brighter is my mood,
wherever in the sunshine I may stay.

This angel

This angel she walks with me wherever I go,
she walks with me,
and I carry her in my heart through the spring,
the summer,
the autumn,
and the winter,
and as the sun shines,
and the rain and the snow does fall,
this angel,
she walks with me,
and she walks with me where others will not go,
for she is a memory in my mind that stirs so greatly,
my heart and my mind and my soul.
Yes, this angel,
she walks with me wherever I go on this journey,
to where I do not know,
on this road that I walk and that I tread alone,
feeling stronger with her inside me,
she gives me the courage to persevere,
no matter how rocky the roads,
and my heart is brightened,
and the weight of the world,
upon my shoulders is lightened wherever I go,
and when the times are tough her eyes and her smile,
they fill me with such warmth,
no matter the winter or the desolate thoughts,
that through my mind like the wind doth blow,
and this angel she walks with me,

and I remember the touch of her skin and her smell,
for it is as fresh as the flowers of summer,
and she gives me such inspiration,
and she will always be an angel I know,
guiding me,
no matter how difficult life,
and no matter how difficult the road,
and I will carry her inside me,
and be all the better for it,
and I will honour her and her memory and her life,
because she was the love of my life,
and I will carry her in my emotions,
and in my heart wherever I go.

Stand still a little while

Stand still,
a little while,
let me see your eyes,
let me see your smile,
please, stand still a little while,
as the wind blows in your hair,
and I admire your style,
please, stand still a little while,
but do not think me shallow,
because your beauty is so wonderful to see,
and although I am taken aback,
I want to know you for who you are inside,
and time,
time will have no meaning in your company.

The night has fallen

The night has fallen,
but what is it to be,
do you step out into the moonlight,
the moonlight so bright,
with the air so fresh and clean,
and will you venture forth,
venture forth,
seeking company,
or will you seek solace alone?
Maybe you will sit in a bar,
wherever that may be,
because night has fallen,
and maybe a devil or an angel is calling,
and the night has fallen,
and you have been given your calling,
to dress and to express,
whoever you wish to be,
and of such great places,
and of such faces,
and of such great inspiration,
from joyous occasion,
whatever form it takes,
the night is young,
and when your mind is bursting with opportunities,
we must make the best of life for life is short,
and we should enjoy our time upon the Earth,
because life is precious,
and what is better than being happy.

Wanting

Wanting, wanting, wanton,
Into the rain,
and the grey as the raindrops fall,
wishing for the sun with such a mind so ever full,
full of little hope into the rain and the grey I walk,
and I look for you in the autumn as the leaves do fall,
for you are a solitary thing,
and are rarely seen at all,
yet my heart it calls for you in this country where I walk tall,
but love it usually finds you,
when you are not looking at all.

Deep inside

How special are these feelings so deep inside,
feelings so colourful and magical,
that upon the body the mind doth rise,
and how special are these feelings so deep inside,
because they burst forth from out of nowhere,
with such delight,
such delight that bursts,
from out of the darkness into the light,
and oh, how special are these feelings,
that are effervescent and jubilant,
that from the heart does arise,
and I wonder, but not for long,
of how they came along,
because in simplicity,

and complexity is the power of love,
and in the power of love wonder is described,
and in you,
there is a gentleness and a compassion,
and an intellect and a wit,
and there is a heart that beats so strong and true,
and in your eyes,
there is only one word,
for the feeling that I can describe,
the feeling of love,
love,
a simple word that I delight in,
because you to me are an angel,
and you shine brighter than the sun,
and in your eyes, all the heavens,
and all the galaxies do arise,
and in you there is such a beauteous wonder,
and from the visions of you,
and in my feelings for you,
they bring such joyous feelings to my eyes,
and in you I am happy,
so happy and I revel in the wonder of you,
for the magnificence of the world has nothing on you,
and the magnificence is magnified a million times,
and in your eyes,
there is such delight that inspires me and guides me,
and shows me the way like a light,
through the darkest of nights,
and like the sun on the most beautiful of days,
what an incredible wonder you are to me,

and intertwined in your arms,
there is a warmth and a bliss,
like the tenderness of your kiss,
a kiss, that I could live through,
over and over again a billion times,
because with you,
I am complete and oh how special are these feelings,
these feelings so deep inside,
because in you what a passion there is,
and oh, how powerful and glorious,
and how elegant are you,
because you shine like the stars in the sky,
and I, love you,
I love you more than I can express,
I love you and blessed are the joyous tears,
that fall from my eyes.

Celebrity

You wanted to be famous no matter what it took,
or you married someone famous,
and didn't understand how difficult life would be,
if that was the path that you took.
You looked up to people who inspired you,
you went to every event willingly,
or you were dragged to every event,
to be supportive of the one that you loved,
no matter what it took.
You promoted yourself anyway that you could.
You promoted yourself by your talents,

and with your looks.
You made your own way in life,
with your own talents.
You had a little success,
and persevered no matter what it took,
and you succeeded and bit by bit,
people began to notice you for you, and for your talent,
and you continued to promote yourself,
and you persevered and continued to succeed,
and glowing comments were made,
and then people began to hover around you,
like vultures and saw from you a profit could be made,
and then they began to invade your personal life,
and your family's personal life,
and you were never the same again,
and photographs were taken constantly,
and your personal space was invaded every day,
and stories about you were sold countless times,
and the stress it began to mount and mount.
And then, in the street and on the radio,
and on the television and in the newspapers,
and in the magazines,
and in books and on the chat shows,
and online people talked about you,
and discussed you and wrote about you,
and then the negative comments came,
and at first you tried to pay them no mind,
but they came again and again
again, and again,
and as they piled upon you oh how life changed,

and how quickly you began to deteriorate,
how quickly you began to lose weight,
and you began to self-harm,
and you began to drink far too much,
and you began to use drugs far too often,
and your relationships suffered,
and your family life suffered yet you continued working,
trying to balance life and personality,
and home life and home life reality,
but whenever you left your house,
you could never get any peace,
because your celebrity never switched off in the public eye,
it never switched off in the public eye,
to everyone except you,
because you were just you,
and you tried your best to continue,
but your work suffered,
and your relationships suffered,
and your family life,
and more negative comments were made about your work
and you,
and people judged your relationships,
and romances and discussed your intimacies,
and your sexuality in the street,
on the radio stations,
on the television stations and in the newspapers,
and in the magazines and across the nation and the world,
there was nowhere to hide from your celebrity,
nowhere to hide except in your own house,
and even then, there were the photographers outside,

photographers and journalists trying to pry into your life,
some even invading your property,
to get the scoop of their lives,
and the pressure continued to mount and mount,
and there were the continual break downs,
the self-harm,
the drug use,
the alcoholism,
the nervous breakdowns and countless rehabilitations,
the hounding,
the hounding,
the hounding,
and the suicide, caused by those whose entertainment,
came above your suffering and your pain,
now, who is to blame,
the radio stations,
the television stations,
the newspapers,
the online websites,
the public,
will it ever change,
probably only through new regulation or it will always
continue the same,
and the society who live vicariously through you,
will continue living vicariously through no matter your pain,
and society will continue no matter what to voraciously
gobble up every little story so happily,
despite your suffering and your pain,
and you despite your complaining,
and despite you trying to protect your privacy in the courts,

and life under such duress it drives so many to suicide,
and it has happened again and again,
and even after death your privacy invasion will never end,
because on the radio stations,
and the television stations,
the newspapers and the magazines
and the writers will continue to discuss your life,
and will continue to profit from you,
but after your death for your family,
there will never be peace,
and for you even in death,
there will never be peace again.

Peer pressure

You didn't want to be famous, but you wanted to look cool,
you wanted to be respected,
you wanted to feel good,
you wanted everyone to love you,
so, you listened to your friends, and you talked about what
was cool,
you talked about what was fashionable,
you talked about how it could attract the opposite sex,
you tried to be you and you tried to feel good,
you wanted to look good,
you wanted to be admired,
you wanted to be seen as beautiful,
and you were spoilt for choices of products,
and everyone,
absolutely everyone was trying to advertise to you,

trying to advertise to you on the radio,
and on the televisions and on the chat shows,
and on the beauty shows and the contests,
and in between the celebrity's television shows,
and on the celebrities shows,
glamour was thrown at you.
You must have this,
you must have that,
you should look this way,
you should look that,
and you felt at first,
that you should buy this and buy that,
because you wanted to look good,
and then your friends,
they bought the same things,
and over and over again, you paid the money,
and you felt the most beautiful that you had ever been,
and then, with so many things to choose from,
you bought something your friends did not do,
and went to places your friends did not,
and then you were criticised,
and picked on and you felt stupid,
and felt that you weren't quite fitting in,
but then you tried to rationalise it,
by thinking it was their fault,
then you had a change of heart,
and so, you bowed to peer pressure,
and bought what they did,
and went where they did again,
and then at times you struggled with yourself,

and you wanted to dress like you again,
and you wanted to go,
where you wanted to go again,
and then they criticised you again and again,
they criticised you out loud,
all over town,
they criticised you online on the social networks,
and friends and ex friends,
they criticised you behind your back,
amongst their friends,
and they criticised your relationships,
and you began to self-harm,
and you began to drink too much,
and you began to take drugs,
and the criticisms continued,
and you couldn't take it anymore,
and in your own bedroom,
amongst the fashionable clothes that you had bought,
and amongst the beauty magazines,
and the beauty products,
the games consoles,
and the posters of celebrities,
you hung yourself,
you hung yourself,
and whilst you were dying,
you were glad you were dying,
because you would never face criticism again,
and just before dinner,
dinner with the family that you loved,
your life came to a rapid end.

In the city

In the city the night couldn't come too soon,
for the day was ragged,
and the day was full of fools and buffoons.

In the city,

In the city the night couldn't come too soon,
and sat at the table you relaxed your weary feet,
and you drank regretting the day,
because it was an abomination,
and you were sore and sick headed,
from the hours that you spent dealing with idiots,
with nothing to lose,
and in the city the night couldn't come too soon,
because the day was written off,
by those morose imbecilic loons,
and you watched the light depart happily,
and welcomed thoughts of werewolves,
werewolves to eviscerate those you had to deal with,
on a daily basis for they came at you unknown,
the wingers and the complainers,
the slightly deranged,
but at least you got paid,
and here in the city as the evening came,
you drank a little,
you ate a little,
you watched the smiles upon the faces,
you enjoyed the company,
and you appreciated the sanity,
and wondered why you had to deal with,

the insane people every day,
people with nothing to say,
people nothing to say,
get away,
get away,
get away on holiday and let the werewolves roam,
let them take the lunatics away,
for I am done in this city and here I am losing my brain,
and if I stay here much longer,
I will end up dead in the gutter,
and my family won't appreciate that,
so, get away,
appreciate the lights,
the sights,
the beauty with the blonde hair in front of you,
with the beautiful smile and the button nose,
the beauty with eyes as wide as heaven,
and stay here a little while and talk to her,
and maybe get lucky and while the night away,
and talk to her,
talk to her,
and forget about the day,
and go on, buy her a drink,
go on, you know you want to,
for you could do with a little company,
for lonely and crazy is the day,
and much better Is the city at night, for it makes more sense,
and there are no loons, and it is a classier place anyway,
so, go on buy her a drink,
she's looking at you,

she's smiling at you, so, go on,
go on what have you got to lose,
for it has got to be better than the day,
and the way she looks at you,
well,
fingers crossed,
here goes,
I will introduce myself,
Yes, I will buy her a drink and get to know her a little,
and if she falls in love with me, well damn, I'll be lucky,
but it sure will be better than the loons and the buffoons,
those insane people that I'd rather forget,
and looking at her they are gone in an instant,
and there is beauty and life in her eyes,
and a beauty that I could never forget,
so here goes,
I get up from the table and walk towards her,
with a smile on my face, and what will be who knows.

Failed

We have failed to be humane,
we the human race,
we have failed to be humane,
we have been cruel and uncaring,
and unkind for far too long,
and the deaths of innocents have plagued the world,
in incredible numbers,
and there have been countless wars,
there have been people sent to their deaths,

far too many times,
and there has been poverty on a daily basis,
and homelessness,
and there have been countless famine and droughts,
and millions of lives lost,
and countless money wasted without solving anything,
and there have been countless outbreaks of disease,
with drug companies charging far too high a price,
and there have been shootings,
and stabbings and gun crimes,
and acid attacks,
and bomb attacks,
and terrorist attacks,
and there has been countless trauma,
and countless tears in humanities eyes,
countless tears,
but what will it take to eradicate these problems,
and how will we eradicate these problems,
if humanity has lost their compassion,
after seeing it happen so many times,
because is there such futility in the minds of society,
and belief,
that the humanity from humanity has been erased?
And is there hope for the human race?
Well, I hope there is,
but we need leaders,
we need leaders who can inspire,
and reinvigorate the worlds compassion,
leaders that can make us see,
that what we are doing to each other,

is not the solution to peace,
and the advancement of our times,
because this uncaring, unkind,
largely uncompassionate global society,
and the governments of global society,
they have not been as compassionate,
as they should have been for far too long,
and we need new leaders with positivity,
who say what they mean and who mean what they say,
leaders who aren't all talk and full of hot air,
leaders who actually accomplish,
what they say they are going to do,
leaders who stand up for what they believe in,
and don't change like the wind to suit popularity,
yes, we need more leaders like Gandhi and Nelson Mandela,
and John F Kennedy,
leaders who stood up for what they believed in,
and who put their lives on the line,
we need a change of mind,
the human race,
we need to take some time to reflect,
on how horrifically wrong global society has gone,
we need to take some time because what the hell have,
we been thinking,
because we have destroyed whole species upon the Earth,
we have destroyed,
and damaged the environment, countless times,
we have had countless financial corruption,
and corruption by politicians,
and corruption in governments and government

departments worldwide,
and we have indoctrinated people,
with ill thought-out belief systems far too many times,
and people have been persecuted far too often,
and there has far too much racism and hate and intolerance.
There has been far too much religious hatred and greed,
and we have kidnapped people,
and we have raped people over and over again,
and we have tortured people in so many sickening ways,
and we have murdered people on a daily basis,
and we have started so many wars,
with well over a billion deaths,
deaths caused in so many brutal ways,
isn't it now time for the end of these days,
and isn't it time for a change,
and isn't it time for humanity,
to put more humanity back into humanity,
because if we do not that may very well be,
the final end of the human race.

In the mind

Close your eyes,
and take some time in the mind and unwind,
because the body lays on the floor still warm,
yes, take some time and pay it no mind,
blood everywhere,
yeah,
yeah, blood everywhere,
bits of the human brain,

and a wallet with rolls of money in,
fella will never be the same,
fella will never be the same.
So, take some time,
because you made a lot of money today,
and smile a little because it is over,
and there is no one around here for miles.
So, take some time,
and think of the beer down at Suzy's bar,
and think of her face and her smile,
and think of the smell of her perfume.
Think of her in bed,
well, it has been a while.
Now, breathe a little,
breathe,
and take some time.
Fella went down real easy,
but I don't mind,
because it is what I am paid for right?

Paid to kill,

Paid to kill,
having the time of my life and you know how it is,
got kids and an ex-wife,
got kids and an ex-wife,
and here I am sat covered in blood but after a couple of beers
later I'll be alright,
so, take some time,
and throw the body into the incinerator and my clothes,

and then have a shower,
and warm myself by the incinerator afterwards,
and pour petrol on the car and watch it burn,
and drop it into the hole,
and pour some acid down there and watch it go,
watch it go,
and then have a cigar,
a little smoke,
and then,
I will fly outta here in the plane and blank my mind,
blank my mind,
and when I get home kiss my kids' good night,
kiss my kids' good night,
and then after I will go see Suzy,
Suzy yeah, she's alright,
yes, she's nice,
and now what will she wearing,
well, it doesn't matter to me,
she always chooses well,
and she's a real delight,
so that is the plan.
Buy her a meal after her shift and relax,
and drink with her all night and give her a kiss,
you know how it is been a good day's work at the office,
money in the bank,
and blank of mind,
a vision of Suzy in front of me,
and what could be better,
money and Suzy,
the love of my life.

Cheesecake

Cheesecake on the table.

Pie in the oven.

Coffee,

going somewhere,

going somewhere nice.

Going on vacation and I will not think twice.

Bags packed and I will be leaving to the sound of mice.

I will be going to somewhere tropical,

somewhere with sandy beaches,

somewhere that makes me feel alive,

because I got my suntan lotion on and my sunglasses,

and I am going to go swimming in the oceans,

I am going to see all the little fishes,

I am going to lay under the sun and the clouds,

I am going to play a little roulette at the casino,

I am going to drink,

I am going to get really loud,

real loud under the neon lights.

And I am going to flirt with the hostesses,

and I am going to stumble out into the street,

and look up at the stars in the sky.

And I am going to find my hotel room,

and feel like I am going to die,

and I am going to lay there in my drunken stupor,

whilst the radio plays and the room it sways,

and away from the world and its frantic pace,

what a relief is relaxation these days,

for relief from modern stresses is far less than we wish,

so, I am going to take my holiday now,
and as soon as I can because death comes to us all,
and far too soon,
and I am not ready for a permanent holiday,
I just want some time to myself.
I want to explore for in modern life,
life is often a bore and what for,
you got to live you know.
You have to enjoy yourself for what good is wealth,
if you all you get is stressed,
so, I am going to go on holiday a lot more,
because I will not live a short life if I can help it,
that is for sure,
because happiness in this chaotic mess,
that we know as the world is not for me,
and so, I am leaving permanently,
and I am going to go and enjoy myself and be myself,
and do something I enjoy,
because what good is the point of living a life,
that is so full of stress and weary and dull,
there is no reason,
no reason at all,
and I will not remember the place that I have left,
I will not remember those nameless faces of people,
that I have worked with,
and whose names,
I have never remembered to remember before,
and I will not remember the town that I lived in,
because it means nothing to me,
and I will never think of it again.

For I want to be a new me,
free from the old me,
free from life's daily grind and its misery.
So, I am going to go on holiday,
and go to the coast and the mediterranean sea.
I am going to go to Rome,
Athens,
Greece,
Italy.
France and Sicily,
I am going to go wherever I can relax,
I am going to go and eat the local food,
and drink a little wine,
and learn some languages and take my time,
and visit the art galleries,
and I am going to listen to the traditional music,
and meet the people,
and talk as best as I can in their language,
and see their smiles and be welcomed into their homes,
and also cross the mediterranean on the ferries,
enjoy the views,
and maybe fall in love but we shall see,
we shall see.
But no matter what and no matter how far I roam,
and no matter how many miles I will walk,
it will not matter to me at all,
for all that matters is that I am happy,
and all that matters is to be far away,
from the stresses of my old life,
far away from a place that I did not enjoy living in,

and far away from those who I do not care for,
and closer to my family, in the mediterranean,
and in the mediterranean how great it will be,
love,
joy,
inspiration and happiness,
far away from the old me.
Yes, a new me I will be,
and there I will sit,
there I will sit reflecting contentedly,
by the beautiful blue sea,
by the beautiful blue sea.

In the mystery

In the mystery of you and me,
we in ourselves,
we are never of water free,
and though a fish we cannot be,
we are never out of water,
and we are full of the streams,
the lakes,
the rivers and the oceans and the seas.
And we in our tears we have cried,
many oceans I am sure,
and what is more,
though it is rather strange in a way,
strange in a way to think of it of course,
because how many of people's memories are contained,
in the water,

in the water of tears that live in us,
and I wonder about the water of life,
and how many times it is recycled,
because this magical water that flows in us,
and that has flowed upon the Earth of course,
it is all powerful and the most powerful force,
and in the mystery of you and me,
how beautifully emotions are wrapped up in us,
in the tides of the water that inhabit us,
and that contribute to our emotional feelings,
and our thoughts,
and how far they travel is an incredible thing,
because from a tear,
a single tear,
how glorious and how short is its life,
as it falls to the Earth to be absorbed,
and how quickly it says hello,
and how quickly it says goodbye of course,
and how quickly raindrops fall and enter the seas,
and how quickly they are sent back into the air,
for in the mystery of you and me,
how could we be,
how could we be without water,
because without water,
how as humans could we exist of course,
and how could life exist of course without it,
and tears are fine by me, because there is a stream in me,
yes, there is a river in me, there is a lake in me,
there is a sea in me,
there is an ocean in me, and it ebbs, and it flows,

and it comes, and it goes,
and with you my love there will be tears of sadness,
tears of joy and years of emotions,
and years of great feelings that move me,
that move me as a lake,
with the surface moved by the breeze,
feelings that flow as a stream to a river,
that flow as a river to the sea,
that flow as a river to an ocean,
because the water of life,
it flows in my emotions and in my feelings,
and with you I know all my life it will flow,
for how strong it is,
and it will always flow,
because with all my heart and my mind I love you so,
because these feeling are as,
of all the lakes and the streams, and the rivers,
the seas and the oceans combined,
and because I love you,
and I will cry tears of sadness,
and I will cry tears of joy,
and I will be happy and sad,
but I will always be with you,
and always will treasure you and your love,
and treasure you in the smiles and in the happy times,
and I will treasure you in the tears of sadness and joy,
because they are both equal to me,
and as true and as real, and as beautiful and as precious,
as precious as the raindrops that fall from the heavens,
and the skies that bless me.

Cast the light

I cast the light,
I saw the shadows play,
I see her, the lady I love sat on the chair in a pensive mood,
I see the look of ponderance upon her face,
I see the look of distance in her eyes and a look of soliloquy,
a look of fortitude.
And now, smile, smile,
take it all in because she dreams,
she dreams of you,
someone elsewhere,
somewhere on the other side of the world,
and there she is in her mind,
thousands of miles away in another lifetime,
with flowers in the vase beside her,
all yellow and aglow,
and she has a bunch of flowers in her hands of many colours,
and she has her hair in ringlets,
and a lonely teardrop upon her cheek,
and more threatening to burst upon her delicate soul.
Gently,
fix the aperture,
gently,
button down on the camera.
Click,
click,
click,
memories frozen in time.
The life of a photographer,

a smile from me to her,
and she smiles at me and breaks out of the temporary mood,
and then gets up and kisses me.
The love of my life,
my inspiration,
my muse.
She kisses me, and she holds me close,
and the scent of her is so beautiful,
and I am lost in her,
and all thoughts of work they just go,
and she kisses me again,
she kisses me again and off to the restaurant happily we go.

Houses upon the hill

Houses upon the hill,
beautiful views but looks could kill,
because the neighbours aren't too friendly and are
distrusting of those that they see.
Yes, houses upon the hill looking down to the sea.
Fluffy clouds in the sky and small boats upon the beach.
Fisherman fishing happily,
as seagulls in the air fly without a care,
and how I wish it was me,
but it is not for me, for I am not so free,
and so here I am,
working in the coffee shop wishing I was heading overseas,
because these days they do drag so,
drag so much that I never feel alive from nine to five,
and misery is its own worst company,

and with only small tips,
misery is all you will get here,
at the coffee shop by the sea.
And the owner she is miserable too,
and that is why the wages are low,
and I would rather be,
somewhere else you see,
and maybe by the end of working here,
I will still be miserable,
and I will buy a house upon the hill,
but if that is the case God help me,
not that God appears willing today,
and is nowhere to be seen anyway,
and not much help it would have been,
with all these customers,
the angry and the irate
and the ones who have complained,
about every little thing,
upon their plate,
and the ones who spilt drinks and shouted,
and ranted and raged,
and the leery and the beery,
and the rude and the obnoxious.
The vociferous,
and the boisterous and the rapturous,
who tear apart the air,
with everything that they have to say,
and so, soon I will get on a plane forever,
and instead of being miserable,
I will be happy every day.

End of this

End of this thing that we call home,
and how much value do we put into it,
and how much it is really worth,
I will never know,
and am I sad to leave, not really, no,
and about bricks and mortar,
and a roof over your head,
aesthetically I do not give a damn,
and over the odds will be paid by everyone,
so, it does not matter,
and worrying about it is not a part of my plan.
So, I will go and find another place,
and probably I will complain about the price,
for monetary value, what is it in reality?
Because for a house now we pay far too much,
when building a house used to be free,
and what a shame it is,
that there are so many homeless people,
when the Earth is their home,
and everyone should have a home,
and everyone should have a roof over their head,
and be able to rest easy in their beds,
and be able to be warm and happy, b
because life these days is not as it should be,
and people struggle all their lives,
and waste decades paying off such a necessity,
and in my opinion to it all,
really, a house should be totally free.

The invective

The invective is defective,
and you have no directive,
to guide you in your invective,
for you are apoplectic,
and eccentric,
and no one pays you no mind,
and no matter what you say,
which is mostly rambling nothingness,
it is always night when it is really day,
and when you wear a smile, you are sad,
and when you are happy you are mad,
and every day you rue the day,
for it bears you angry malice or so you say,
and from happiness you walk away,
and you shake your fists at the stars in the sky,
and the heavens,
and you shout at them and laugh,
for this world,
has never made sense to you,
and success of your life,
it has never been a part
and you play the fool,
for that is your best art,
but you are not light of heart,
and you scare away the dark,
and I see you staring at the sun,
taking the sun to task,
but it doesn't reply and I, I just laugh.

Halfway down the road to nowhere

Halfway down the road to nowhere,
to somewhere, I had never been,
halfway to you feeling as if I was in a dream.
Halfway down the road to nowhere,
with voices in the air upon the breeze.
Halfway to nowhere with my emotions,
a torrent inside of me.
Halfway to nowhere with my mind in a haze,
and with my eyes looking straight ahead,
wanting you but not knowing,
how long it would take to get to you through the heavy rain,
and so tired and weary from life's stresses and strains,
so tired, because in my head all I felt was pain,
mental and physical pain from the day,
and from day to day living and such rain and pain,
and there halfway down the road to nowhere,
you never seemed to get closer no matter how far I walked,
and it seemed a million miles to me,
and it seemed as if in slow motion,
and I felt so worn out, and as if not me,
because life and daily living it rips out your heart sometimes,
and you only need nothing to make you feel better,
and no materialism, just simplicity,
and me, well I want you,
for your love has always been so good to me,
and it has always brought me out of any misery,
because you are so special to me,

and with you I am truly lucky,
because you in your beauty,
and in your intensity, and in your vivacity,
and with your good heart and mind, you amaze me,
and today, you grace me with your presence,
upon a winter's day,
and in life, with your love, you grace me always,
and you grace me with those incredibly dark eyes,
and you grace me with your heart,
and you grace me with your mind,
and you grace me with the kind,
and the loving words that you say,
and your voice is soft and light, and as smooth as honey,
and you, when you kiss me,
I am lost in bliss and my mind floats upon a cloud,
and the thoughts of you in my head are as if sunbeams,
sunbeams inside me upon a summer's day,
and in your warmth,
how great and how ebullient you make me feel,
and how delicate you are,
like a flower, which opens up in the sunshine,
reaching for higher heights in the hottest part of the day,
and halfway down the road to nowhere,
nowhere that I have ever been,
the thoughts of you they comfort me,
and they drive me on, and quicker in my step,
and with the thoughts of you in my mind,
no distance in this world will keep me,
keep me from being in your arms again,
no matter what is thrown my way.