Old Walls

December 16, 2014

These Four Old Walls Are

The Only True Blue Friends Of Mine.

Cause They Will Keep On Listening

When I Keep On Talking Blue.

Tell'em I Am Still Crying

On Crying Overtime.

Ever Since The Day You Left.

I Lost You.

This Old Floor

Is The Only One

Who Hears My Heart.

As It Pines For You.

Cracks. Aches. Breaks.

The Only One Who Cares

Each Time Flood Of Teardrops Start.

The Only One Who Appreciates

My Sad Wasted Lonesome State.

These Old Windows

Just Won't Let In The Light.

Since Our Love Sun Set.

Went Dark And Down.

So All My Days Of Love

Have Turned To Night.

All I Can Hear Is Mournful

Cold Tragic Sound.

Of Winds Of Over.

As They So Sadly Blow.

Thorough Withered Barren

Love Trees Of My Mind.

Leaves Of Love So Fallen

When You Turned.

Said You Had To Go.

Said No. We Were Done.

Finished. For All Of Time.

So I Will Just Have To

Keep On Crying To

These Old Walls Friends Of Mine.

Walk The Floor. Shed Those Tears

Of Your Love Most Unkind.

Splash Windows

With My Cold Tears

Of Lost Love Pain.

Listen As Winds Of No Mas

Whisper We Will Never Twine

Agane.