**Old Walls**

*January 22, 2015*

These Four Old Walls Are 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. Walked Out.

I Lost You.

This Old Floor Is Only One Who Hears My Heart.

As It Pines For You.

Cracks. Aches. Breaks.

Only One Who Cares Each Time Raw Flood Of Teardrops Start.

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.