If You Must Leave

By John T. Wurzer

Highways are highways and byways are passing me by

Your way and my way they chose different highways to fly

My road was littered with cigarette ashes and wine

With my eyes moving fast but attached to a thin dotted line

And if we must start to both start out to start out again

That’s quite alright I will keep you in sight ‘till I mend

And if you and I say goodbye, and I cry, please be kind

And if you must leave dear, then leave but don’t leave me behind

Life in the city is shitty and makes me uptight

Day after day keeps on slipping away into night

Words have no meaning, when leaning on meaningless thoughts

They fall on the floor, all bloody and sore, and for naught

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