

CARRY ME HOME

Down the far end of a long, long day, dark as dusk and twice as grey.
Nothing's new on the front page. I shut and locked the door, fed a dog end to
the city floor and watched it fade. Turned my collar up against the tail wind
off a pick-up truck and asked the moon to tag along.

Would you carry me home ? You could carry me home. If you'd carry me
home, I'd carry you too.

31'll take you way 'cross town (sometimes you figure for the long way 'round)
might catch an eye, might make a sound. I saw your face through an open
door but couldn't pick myself up off the floor so I passed on by. But the big,
black dog had laid down, didn't make a single sound. I turned my face up
towards the sun...

Written by TK Berg © 2015