

In the tram

I didn't think
I could fall in love
with the smell
of a stranger
on the tram
and wanting that smell
near me
all the time
even though
it's a little suffocating

But I did

I think
I fell in love
with the smell
of a stranger
on the tram

Same old otter

It's been two years
Since I came here last
Sat down on this bench
Reliving something from the past

Though then it wasn't raining
I didn't have red in my hair
Then we weren't speaking
And the pain was too much to bear

Now we've grown
I'm not missing the same person
Now we're talking
But down memory lane we go again

Because our conversations will die
I can't keep up with weeks in between
You have no idea how hard I try
To not look if you've seen

My messages
My stories

My feelings

My love

It's been two years

And the bats are still flying around

But I don't hear ducks quacking

Even this place has changed

But just as I think that

A duck comes swimming by

And maybe things haven't changed

Only time has passed by