

relax, poor mind

by **Jeremy Simmons**

now I lie, a thousand times a day
and no one knows, no one knows
I call on a sea of dreams to wash over me
but none can come, none will come

what do people do when odds aren't stacked their way?
wait for trains, wait for signs to come
making paintings of a life that's passed you by
what can you say? what can be said for that?

stay alive, stay alive, that's everyone's advice
doesn't really matter why, doesn't really matter what it's all for
as long as you stay alive

so I sit and watch the sand seething down
too many miles, in too short a time
let's say it was a good run, let's say it was a blast
and in peace it can go, in peace let it go
and no one knows a thing