

700-1000
The celebrated

Sometimes i wish
I was one of the celebrated
The one that you read about in the barber's magazine
The one who makes heads turn when he steps onot the scene
I guess that's one of the reasons i keep writing these songs
Composing these tunes
As if somehow, magically, from out of the ruins
I will become one of
The celebrated
An imagined hero in an average person's clothes
A face and a name but i heart nobody knows
Or when they find out
Who i am
They tell their friends
No need to hold your breath for this one
No need to follow his falling star into the setting sun
Once he is invisible his life will be undone
And off he will run
Run
To the next two arms
That want only to hold
The celebrated