

Man Made Lake

Calexico

Man Made Lake I'm gonna walk these streets
Of cold concrete
Like I'm a ghost
Searching for its grave Then I'll dwell by the edge of this man made lake
And descend into the city
That holds no place for me But the streets
With no stir of life
And all the houses on the streets
Are wholly submerged
Then I'll gather the leaves from cell phone trees
And return them
To their place
And pretend someone's calling for me

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