

The Kite

Lycia

Standing in a field flying my kite
the string slips out of my hand
the kite, it drops out of control
tangled and trapped on the telephone wire
please help me, don't walk right by
the angel's wings are trapped in telephone wires
and nobody cares, they go out of their way
standing on the street watching the day
a car stops in front of me
a gun, I drop out of control
I feel my blood, seeps warm out of me