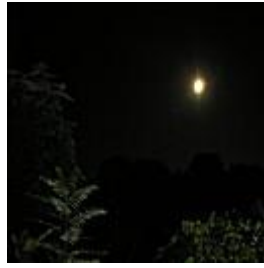


Mp3 Harold Haller - S/t



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Bonnie Prince Billy meets Beck's "One Foot in the Grave" recording style. Less is more. 10 MP3 Songs

FOLK: Traditional Folk, FOLK: Gentle Show all album songs: S/t Songs Details: She was a friend of a friend and I was done being alone. We stumbled around the city talking like blind people walk. Sometimes I would lead, and sometimes I would follow, but I was never absent. I was always there, with her, in the moment. Her eyes would meet mine in a short smile; I offered her dinner. First, we stopped at an Indian restaurant. With all our stumbling, we had arrived too late. That was the thing about us; we were untimely people. The host said, You can get take out. I didnt give a fuck. I wanted to go home. This city never suited me. But we came for a sit-down meal. That is what she wanted, and I wanted her satisfied. Next-door was a bourgeois restaurant. Without looking at the menu, we entered. We werent planners either. In a dimly lit corner, we had our meal. I felt at ease. She was the peace that I was waiting for without knowing it. Many nights, I spent pondering something sweet like this succulent meal. Little did I know how bitter she would taste. We left the city and made it back to town, traveling through bars like bookstores. I was not drunk but she may have been when we finally arrived at my home. Talking the blind, we found our night, our time, to continue. The sun about to rise I said, Do you want to spend the night? without knowing really what that meant to her. Soon there was kissing and I was on my way down, to my knees. I could feel my pride evaporate. I looked at her like a well-known painting of a popular revolt and she saw me for the un-compassed sailor that I am. She had known me before. In a different bar, with a different face, maybe different words, but she knew me, or thought she did. I was every man that ruined her. I was all their false promises and immaterialized futures. All is well that ends well, people sometimes say, but I believe that any ending will do. We found ours shortly. I sought a woman and found only a girl. We both sought relief and found little but trouble. What better way to characterize this life? If I could relive

that night again, I wouldn't change a thing. Some paintings move you because they are hard to look at; it doesn't take from their beauty. We were beautiful and blind, but at the time also unaware. We both thought we could see what cannot be revealed in an evening. I retired again not knowing the meaning of regret.

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