

Dreaming on a train

I'm sorry, July. I failed you.

One summer day I'll step aboard the bullet train in Osaka and head West.
The dream boy you tried to save is sleeping like Superman
and you never liked someone like him, unless he was dreaming.

I'm so thug you're the only one I'm dreaming.
I hear the trains coming, and the drunkard singing on the street, and the fan
on the ceiling
and feeling that things would be better with you.

The smell of you in every dream.