

Another Lonesome Sundown

Twilight has come once again and the day comes to a close.
I'm still thinking of letters that were never sent.
I'm still thinking about days that have went.
Maybe I should move on or maybe I should stand in place.
I do all this thinking as another sundown graces the winter sky.
The cold climate teases to the bone.
I have the cut that has to moan.
For the western shores of you.
You were so contained but never rearranged and I watched you roll away,
with a week's pay into the sunset.
A pale frown followed you down the dirt moving forward to the coastal plains.
And I didn't even get a chance to wave my name.

