“Walking” by Christopher Anselmo

The streets of the city are humid in the summer, but I’m winding up to fight the scent. My legs are weak and my eyes are tired and every cent I own is spent.

The streets of the city are hot in the summer when the sun has made its timed ascent. The chosen ones are cool inside a higher shack for higher rent.

I’ll keep walking...
I’ll keep walking...

The streets of the city are slick in the summer. I’m sick and tired of the sweat stained shirts. My feet are weak from repetition, but it’s walking alone that really hurts.

So, I’ll keep walking to the, walking to the...
I’ll keep walking through the, walking through the...
I’ll keep talking to ya, talking to ya...
I’ll keep falling — I’ll keep falling, falling, falling...

I’ll keep walking...
I’ll keep walking...

The streets of the city are pretty in the autumn. The colors fade from green to gone. The heat retreats and the kettle whistles. The summer sting still lingers on.

The streets of the city are better in the winter, so there’s something here that’s worth the wait. The white of the winter’s blank and cold. We’re losing touch at a faster rate.

The streets of the city are pleasant in the springtime. It’s been a while since I’ve heard your name. Ever since you walked away, every day has been the same.

So, I’ll keep walking to the, walking to the...
I’ll keep walking through the, walking through the...
I’ll keep falling for ya, falling for ya...
I’ll keep, I’ll keep, I’ll keep...

I’ll keep walking...
I’ll keep walking...

The streets of the city are humid in the summer, same as it is every year. The days pass fast, and I’m still walking. Nothing’s new when you’re not here.