

Fleeting

My soul is a forty-something year old headhunter

Sitting at a bar long after midnight

Calling every city in the world his home

Feeling at peace in none of them

My body shows you a *nice*, twenty-something year old girl

One with not too many thoughts

One maybe a little naive

Tell me what I need to do

So people see the real me?

I feel so close to so many

But sometimes the world just feels so

Far away

And I feel like I'll forever be alone

And ok with it

Floating through the streets and houses

Floating through the people

While they live real lives

Their human, pretty, ugly lives

It's snowing outside

The little crystals reflecting back the light of my city

And I feel like I'm everywhere

And no-where

All at once