

entre - Stand 10



on via Tamnaherin

Monday to Friday

Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout

Saturday

airport Roundabout
airport Roundabout

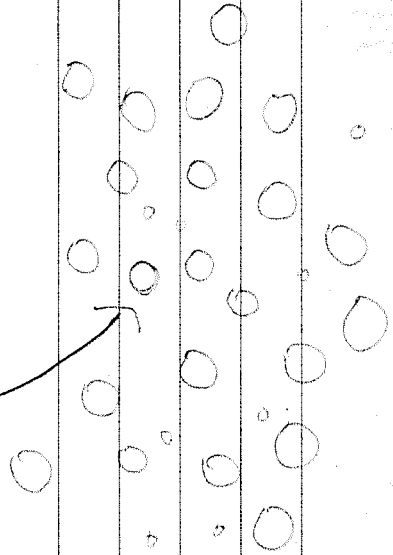
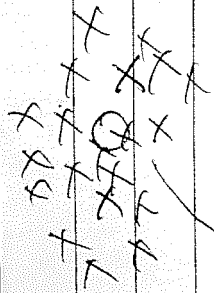
On

Stop Ref: Foyle Street Buscentre - Stand (070000013214)



Approaching a Rejection of
Conclusion:

Robot Peak Hour Ripple Effect



I take a look at the driver next to me, he's just the same, is that from a christmas song? To serve a service, to do anything really, Im driving home to something. Wish my feet were on holy ground, so now I sing for something, for my supper maybe and I don't really mind at all.

falling falli
stumbling down
are you writin
ld kiss me bet
anyway? Let al
ne. Getting or
not bitter, I
ex every again

on lo ni y se eo
is w r b l c d p i n

his to y of tin his joy tha ly the Why fr ent. W wat

use tel wri . T ed ray eat er h. Or ete mes g t

recently I had started working at this big gal-
lery and I couldnt wait until people asked me in
6 months what I was up to now and Id be like aw
I'm in this big gallery and they'll be like wow
thats amazing how great what are you doing there
thinking I'm in some show and then I'll just say
20 hours a week yeah.

Because I couldn't fit anymore all those other people's feelings in my head and I just wanted to be alone.

Sit below a tree just before dark

finally off my wheel, mutated back to a human rather than a rat.

Weird dude below a tree just before dark.

On my own below a tree just before dark

Watching the sun hit the kids in the park. Light smashing against their faces and bruising paleness in to a healthy glow.

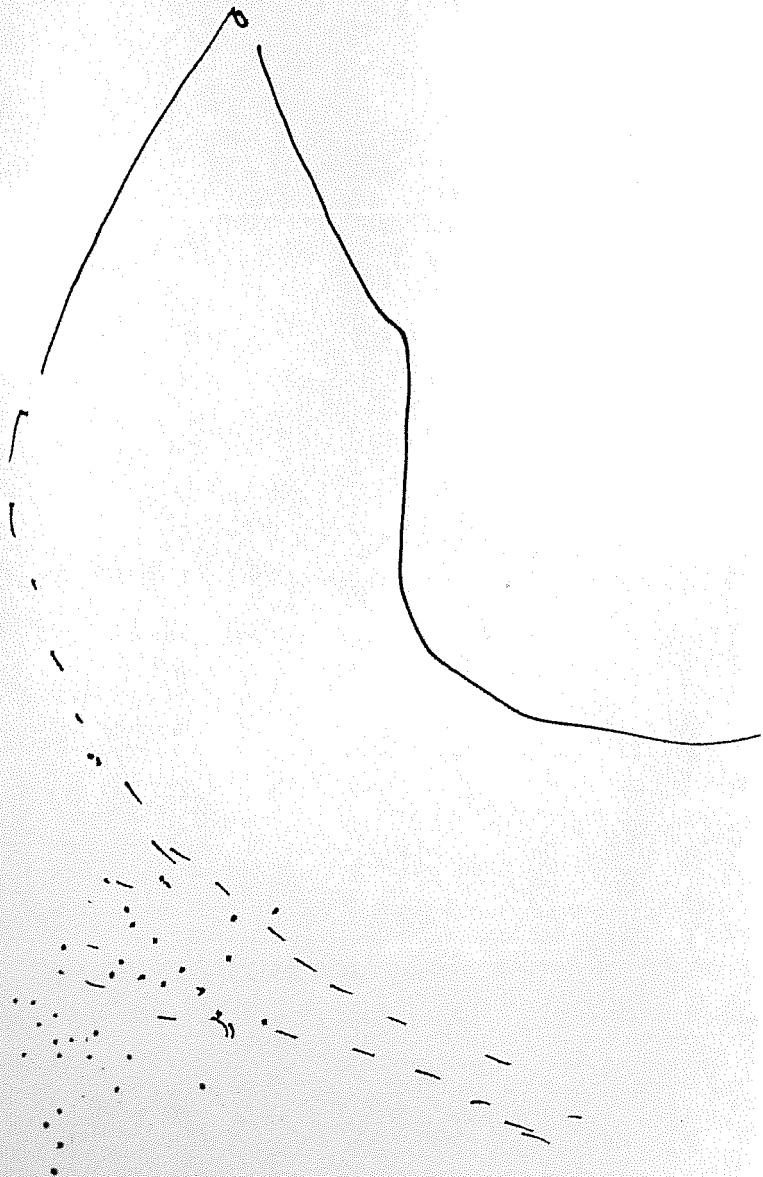
Then I did that thing where I stare too long at something and it just seemed really sad.

I thought home would be a good idea and remembered I didn't have a room there anymore. I don't even have a key for my own house at the moment. I left it out for someone and it was gone.

I wondered why people stared at me as I walked back

Finally maybe they'd notice that I didn't fit in my skin. The cockroach dude from men in black was the only similar person I felt like. The way he sort of creaked around

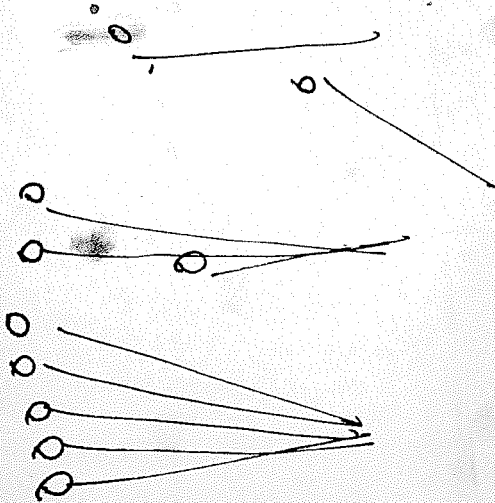
Sometimes if you're close enough to a person you can hear what he sounds like when you touch their skin. Sometimes it sounds sort of scratchy. Bit like writing on a chalkboard. I remember this sometimes and feel sort of weird when I'm stroking someone then or whatever.



I hope I hadn't let anyone down but I didn't know what they wanted me to do since I never was good at doing what people said.

Leave me alone to sleep now on my own below a tree finally after dark.

It's only ever one prob





dog. baby why CA
in our

close to

