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If I wrote a song for you, it would be swanky and smoky and melancholy. It would be whispered. This would be it. This would be it.

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Brenna Moloneya

I like where I’m staying.
The bed is soft and the ceilings are high.
The light is just right
And the windows are wide.
I open them
And look at the trees
And the tops of the buildings across from me.
I hear the sounds of the tires
As they roll in the street.
I hear the sounds of shoes walking
And carrying feet.
I hear the train going by
And its sound is so lonesome.
Yes, I like where I’m living.
It suits me,
just fine.