

Statue Man Dance

I see the statue Man standing all alone.

My heart aches out for him, my mind is also prone.

He sees the east the west sees him, but neither one pay heed.

To hear a voice speak out to him, his want, his only need.

There is nothing I can do for him, his loneliness is pure.

There is nothing he can do for me, for mine's my only cure.

I watch the poor man cry at times, or so it seems to be,

His heart is strong, and very loud, and always speaks to me.

He turns to walk away from me, wanting my voice tone,

But you see, it's me that's he, the statue all alone.