



## Lady of the street

*Terence Jeyaretnam*

With her head upon her knees  
She sits on a dark corner of a street  
Her eyes are closed, I know not what she sees  
But I think she knows every life on this beat  
And I don't know when she leaves  
Or tonight what she hopes to eat

Something tells me that she's in pain  
Something tells me she's at peace  
Something tells me good times have gone by  
Something tells me she has tears in her eyes  
Not a world of her own  
But that cold dark corner where she lays

Her body contoured to miss the spit from the  
wheels  
But the splash wets the soles of her feet  
I know not how she deals  
With the cold winters, and the sleet  
To our world, she has no keys  
But in another world we both shall meet

When one day an empty corner she leaves  
No signs of the life she left behind  
People walk by with no memory of her  
Just another corner on another street  
I wonder in which world she now lives  
For it must be more real than what we have