The spectrum wide from young to old, rich to poor, one loves, one’s cold.

The rain falls at the peak of night, the cigarette smoke flying high and

The stars may shine like the oil on the street, blood, sweat, tears and elbow grease.

McDonald’s glows bright, drawing in teeth like a light.

While the homeless are staring at the streets,

Mournfully watching the pigeons, pecking at their feet.

The blackest cloud of smoke, no forest full of oak.

There is the homeless mass, the diesel smell of gas.

We drown in depression, as traffic piles up.

We get hit with cigarette smoke, just our luck.

The car fuel and garbage burns up our noses.

Why can’t it smell of flowers and roses.

All of the colours, all we see is grey.

Stop! Watch the weather, while in Stockport today.

The trains and buses head for their destination,

While the new parks and places are blessed for their creation.

All the people walking by, hear their souls, hear their cries.

All the kids with technology need to study Biology.

Animals left on their own, guys getting friend-zoned.

In Stockport summer never comes, while we’re at SGS doing sums.

On our calculators using our thumbs. Calculate this, people in this world are living in slums.

The 192 comes soaring in, like an old ghost train that sounds a sin.

Smells like litter and cigarettes, I can’t stand the lack of cleanliness.

The traffic, the buses, horns harassing hearts.

Flurries and flustered feathers, not worth the scars.

Polish and grease, of hats that used to be.

Weather won’t let out the snow inside of me.

Pollution filled smoke, mixed with train track beats.

The guy at the shop, always handing out sweets.

Monochrome towers, obscure the starry skies.

Cigarettes on the corner, school children sighs.