

# The Night is Never the Same

**Shreeang Kumar**

The night is never the same  
when people are around.  
The metallic clunker of the horns  
The people obsessed with dresses crowding the restaurants

The neon lights of the shops  
That splinter away the night  
The night is never the same when people are around.  
The noise and the growl of the engines drown its beauty  
It is a mad hatter's asylum  
in which you find yourself.  
The night is never the same when people are around.