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my time

Bydwin E Jones © 2012

Still stuck in this prison, but my time will come,
release date approaching, now I can finally see my son.
I look in the mirror, and still don't like what I become,
need to be a better man, need to take care of my mom,
I hear my father's voice, feeling the effects of the stroke,
how can you mend a heart, that always stay broke?
Can't be there for them so all I do is stress
even though I'm down in the dumps, I'm still blessed.
I try to smile every day, and feel like giving up now,
it's really hard to smile, when I been like this for awhile.
one day it will be over, and I'll go back to being me,
but with a different mind set, taking care of my family.
People come back to prison because they never learn,
my release date is near, it will pretty soon be my turn.
All I have is memories, when I was having bad luck,
it's almost over because, God has lifted me up.
The tattoos on my body, remind me of where I been.
of what not to go back to, missing my family and friends.
walking a thin line, next time I won't be so lucky,
facing my 3rd strike, and a lawyer whose job is to dump me.
So to avoid that, I'm gonna get my mind right
follow Jesus every day, because that path is always bright
But until then I gotta have a positive state of mind,
prepare myself for the street, because it's almost my time.