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## A RIP OFF!

By Debra E. Jones © 2013

I traded in a good job, to being unemployed,  
I traded in my fame, to my reputation being destroyed.  
I traded in my 97 sunfire, that was full of beat,  
traded in my nice hair cuts, and nice shoes on my feet.  
I traded in my hobbies, to laying in a small cell,  
I traded in bowling winning money, to going straight to jail.  
I traded in time with my family, and being with my son,  
traded in being a family man, to being a arsonist on the run.  
I traded in my goals of fire fighting, to striking a match,  
traded in a fluffy mattress to this so called mat.  
I traded in all my good things, and traded them for bad,  
traded in all my jewelry, to things that make me mad.  
To me it's a rip off, because I traded all my dreams in,  
I went from being known to having enemies, and not friends.  
I traded in all the girls, I had sex with on the street,  
traded that pleasure to inmates in the dayroom who sweeps.  
I traded in my freedom, to a do not pass go sign,  
I traded in my dignity to tell the truth, instead of lying.  
I traded in my home, to being in a medium security prison,  
I traded in wisdom for foolishness, because I didn't listen.  
I traded in buying expensive things, no matter the cost,  
traded money in my pockets, to money on my books new that's

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