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A Lifetime of Hurt.

By John Doe

There's a confession that I will like to make,
pull out your note pads, people pull out the audio + a
The anger I possess, sometimes takes over,
doing things on impulse, constantly looking over my sh
want to do good, but nothing good comes when I sit
I get talked about, and I turn the other cheek,
my spirit wants to do right, but my flesh is weak
but I don't know how long I can hold onto being
I really don't like the lifestyle I'm living,
want to be a friend, but like the grinch I'm a
people judge me most of the time, by my appearance
when I try to remain calm, there's some interference
that blocks my mind, and it's hard to relax,
I'll feel much better, if I had all the facts
so what is it that really makes me tick?
the anger, stress, anxiety that really makes me
if I find no relief, I'll be back for more,
going round in circles, in that damn revolving door
more time added, to my damn COE number.
this time it's gonna be longer, lord I'm going
I either find a way to deal with it and cope
or I'll be like a boat in the raging sea, with no
so it's time to find a remedy, a remedy that
because if not I'll add to this lifetime of hurt