

"Sad Puppy Eyes"

Sometimes faint voices filter through my door
Hoping someone would come by & poke me
Just to see if I'd like my head petted
Like those dogs they advertise by human society
maybe they would if I had sad puppy eyes
I pace back & forth depressed then angry
How to become stable - I'm a junkie for thought
Looking to stop playing a blame game
And leave it in the grave
There's good in all of us - I've heard
I know bad thinking is a death bed
It is a place where anger has its final rest
Sometimes the victim's voice echoes
And then I'm able to separate - Positives & Negatives