

In A Bad Place

Ben Weasel

In a bad place. In a sick frame of mind. In a bad way and you're
no friend of mine. Started counting when she first saw the lightning
flash. It's a sad thing, like a bitter little laugh. In a bad place
she watched the sun rise again. It's a bad break but we all have our
cross to bear. That night she lost count long before the thunder
crashed. It's a sad thing, like a bitter little laugh. Scars never fade