

Thank-You Note

Butch Walker

As she woke up for the final injection
The sickness was hard
When there was no one around
And it spread to her hands
And it spread to her legs
And they felt like the mud from the pond on the ground
That she played in as a kid
What she did to deserve this
While her friends were at parties
She was on the floor, with a mixture of blood
Sweat and tears by her head
That's when she said, can I be dead?
Yeah I've heard that before

So as I'm writing this thank you note
There's just one thing she wanted you to know
Just before she had to go, she said that she liked you

Just hung the painting that we found of London
I never saw the beauty of that city before
As it sat in our basement next to board games and year books
With a faint smell of must, dust and dog food on the floor

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