

## Forlorn Leghorn

Crywank

The memories that bond us  
Are not always found in fondness  
And sometimes when we reminisce  
It's the nuisance that we miss

Well look at me now, I am a dullard  
Not much to say, not much to ask  
Much time has passed and I'm doing the same  
Staying indoors playing video games  
I'm on a website, I'm watching TV  
Dystopian sci-fi live life through a screen  
I am numb to the point of no return  
I work for this life style with what I earn  
One meal a day, eight cups of coffee  
One pack of biscuits, one pouch of baccy  
One drink after work, one bag of weed  
Two choccy B's, rent, bills, repeat

It sad to think of what I prioritize  
When I list what I consume to try and stay alive  
When I list the fruits of my labour  
When labour is most of my life

Sit and dwell, deconstruct teenage hippy dreams...  
And now you dream of wearing a suit to work? you suck!