

## Fall

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The gambler's won the fight,  
Dirt turns to mud but it's still dry.  
When you're stuck there on the line,  
Can't see the street lights from the sky.  
You have to risk for real respect,  
So don't fear your lot companion.

Old friends are for a time,  
Full stops end the line.

Who would have thought I'd fall like I did?  
Fall like I should

Forget about the fault  
Or forget about the friend,  
Cause the younger lessons learnt  
Are strengthened on the mend.  
First it shrieks up on the board  
For students young and old.  
Repeat offenders loose their lot,  
But a poor girl can break her mold.

Old friends are for a time,  
Fools stop sending lies

Who would have thought I'd fall like I did?