Everything Changed

John Vanderslice

I heard the sound,
dull smash of shatterproof glass,
everything stopped in the parking lot,
for a little girl face down on the ground,
we all knew that she gone,
all came near, no nothing was said,
I had never seen somebody dead,

for me everything changed

understand I was very high,
I just quit my job, no I just got fired
the day she died for me everything changed
could've been the shame of not even trying,
could've been the blood in her matted hair,
or how regrets of the dying are added to the air

for me everything changed

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