

## Her Life and Thoughts

Pipes And Pints

Self discussions in her head  
when she walks the streets at night  
Survival code counts in every way  
A broken home left all alone  
She's hooked on drugs to find a home  
Unwritten future everyday

Doesn't wanna talk!  
Doesn't wanna listen!  
She's cursed by one wrong decision  
She plays the play, takes the pay  
Doesn't realize she could pass away

Lowlife thoughts and clouded visions  
plague him threw the day  
Pills of suffering make him scream  
Minutes turn to days, hours turn to years  
Homeless, hopeless, day to day

All their life they walked without  
any kind of real direction  
Never thinking that they  
could end up dead  
They came and saw  
They come and gone  
All there life there on the run  
Never realizing what  
they could be missing