

Writers Wronged

Renaissance

This time, you said it all, it's there in black and white
The years of struggle fade in the end, the words felt right
All worries are gone, you've been for so long, another writer wronged

Fame suits you well, you hardly can tell, you're another writer wronged

You hid from shadows in the attics of the world
Sheltered the truth, it grew and at last your voice was heard
The pen was your sword, you've even been called, another writer wronged

Fame suits you well, you hardly can tell, you're another writer wronged

Here I sit as we dine at the country club
I am wondering what to do now
I can write but it doesn't seem logical
Money has a strange effect somehow

Critics look, loved the book
The plot had such a clever hook
Life is blasÅ©, this is how I pass my day
With friends as yet, some of which I've never met

I've been spending more time on the yacht
While I wonder what to do now
I'm too young to write philosophical
Money's had a strange effect somehow

Critics looked, loved the book
The plot had such a clever hook

Worries are gone, you've been for so long, another writer wronged