

Little Piece...

This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb

i felt guilty just for smiling or for dancing.
i was frowning with my back against the wall.
a little piece of me had been washed away
and i didn't think it was worth looking for.
i'm looking for excuses to bring me back,
& i hope i find me one.
cause i don't like what i've become.
jaded, bottle in my hand, afraid to say a mumbling word,
cause who wants to hear another sad song? i
got some old friends, a sister & a mother
& some girls who once were lovers.
we call each other when we got to.
when were afraid that one of us may no longer be living.
that's when well get the call or make the call.
if we got the time. we will. i promise you i will.