

Area 7 "Soul Stomper"

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Counting time with cigarettes & coffee spoons,
You wish the weeks away, but the weekends over too
soon.

The television's not your friend it make things worse.
You'll never see your opening night, instead you just
rehearse.

Days drag into nights - there's nothing said nor done.
Your soul destroying lethargy can't be really fun.
Everyone around you seems so vital, so alive.
So often they will warn you that you never even try !

She spoke to you; anticipation in her eyes.
She seemed to say "How about it?" as you gazed up at
the sky.
When they told you later, you pretended not to care.
Then decided to yourself that life just isn't fair.

One by one they disappear you never even stir.
One day when you look, you'll see that no ones even
there.
Is it too late to regain the friendships that you've lost...
& are they so important that you never count the cost?

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