

## Charlie "Little Whites"

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It's scary when your mumma cries, from watching your  
slow decline get faster and stronger, sees you lose all  
control, you know your pain is killing her. All  
reasoning's are gone now it's not just you, she looks  
you in the eye and says she just can't do this much any  
more, it's just not right, please give it a try. Little white  
saviours, I swear to you I don't need to be saved.  
Bruised knees, from begging you to let me walk away.  
Can I do this alone? Little, little, little, little, little whites.  
Can I do this alone? It's scary when you've got no  
choice, with the doctors and in your head that voice,  
telling you you're unstable but you're ok, they're bad  
for you as he signs away, a little piece of paper that  
could change your life, a script for a hundred of them  
little whites. A cold glass of water, they go down fine.  
At once you're addicted to the little white saviours. I  
swear to you I don't need to be saved. Bruised knees,  
From begging you to let me walk away. Can I do this  
alone? Little, little, little, little, little whites. Can I do this  
alone? It's scary when you sit in that chair and you  
plead to him that it is not working. Your lips start to  
tremble, your chest is tight, your mind isn't coping with  
the little whites. He writes on his paper says you need  
more time, a script for a hundred of them little whites.  
A cold glass of water they go down fine and you're still  
addicted to the little white saviours, I swear to you I  
don't need to be saved. Bruised knees, from begging  
you to let me walk away. Can I do this alone? Little,  
little, little, little, little whites. Can I do this alone? Can I  
do this alone? Little, little, little, little, little whites. Can I  
do this alone?

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