

## Don Fardon

### "Facing That Void"

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[Lateef]

Problems of addiction, for some can be different,  
different people

But for Joline, lemme break it down like this

See it started when she was an only kid  
4 5 6 when she noticed it  
That look of surprise up in her momma's iris  
When she smiled wide-eyed as that fire hit  
And the way that it fed all the tiredness  
Right after it starved all the wiredness  
And the crazy shit that jumped off and issues that  
jumped up  
When Joline lighted it  
And the way she always was hiding it  
To herself and others, denying it  
Even after the doctors had told her to stop  
Cuz it was robbing her soul and she'd die from it  
But she cursed them all in their holiness  
Called 'em frauds, practicing phoniness  
So she'd lay in her bed, smoke filling her head  
Curled up with her little ball of loneliness  
Even tried to pick something new to get  
Something that's a little less self-destructivish  
When she felt the seed of that need her mind got  
greedy  
She gave in and nourished it  
Told herself that she loved all the flourishes  
And the people around her encouraged it  
So what the heck another one to the neck  
And got more depressed losing control of it

[RV]

Facing that void (x2)

[Lateef]

Joline's usage got rampant and out of control  
The fix hit was worth all the money and gold  
The anesthetic for her problems and a singular dose  
And without it she was doubting she would ever be  
whole

The amount she used to take would just make her feel  
cold  
Wasn't enough now, what she needed was MORE  
It had been a long time since she'd gotten some  
clothes  
And the drain on her pocketbook was starting to show  
And her eyes in her sockets they were starting to bulge  
All the muscle tone gone, just skin and bones  
And she'd talk about the same old rigamarole  
At any given time break out shaking and jonesin'  
Strange stories about her begin to be told  
About what she would do if she wanted the dough  
Even her friends said she's at an all-time low  
Lost her job, her dog, then lost her home  
Last time that I seen her she was all alone  
So high that I thought she could probably have flown  
She recited some weird strange haunting poem  
then laughed at a joke that was solely her own  
I had to walk away and leave that girlie alone  
Cuz I knew her type that same zombie clone  
Hope she finds what she's looking for  
And fills that void before her mind is gone

[RV]

Facing that void (x2)

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