

Donald Reid

"Suicidal Friend"

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I see you in a grocery store. I think of you I can have no more.

My nerves are battered and my knees are weak. I feel sick, I can hardly speak.

I was down on a rolling turn. Sweat paid no return. I had no use for remedies, or preachers preaching memories.

My patience torn my hopes were gone. Nothing to offer life at all.

No love from your brother. My blood feels so different now.

My blood feels so different now

I've lost all senses now, My joy is nothing to my suicidal friend.

I've never seen you like this before, you abuse and cry, you don't laugh no more.

It's something I don't understand, But you say it's you and don't expand.

All the happy smiling faces. Hopes I had are all mutated.

My colours are changing, my age is rearranging.

The straw is drawn the smile is worn. All hope has fallen.

All things are different now. My child is different I, Can see the point of no return. I thought my life was something more

I want to see my baby, My child to met my suicidal friend.

I was happy in nothing. At least nothing was something.

Now you're leaving me. Now you're weaving free.....

With our child...No art for my destructor. No smile for my thief,

no advice for my suicidal friend.

It's four seasons of bad luck. And all the poor misfits, looking for money or love

For my suicidal friend.

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