

Brendan Hines

"Life Story"

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Life Story

I didn't have the money
or the clothing
or the manners
or the time
to convince her
or persuade her
that i»¿ all her parents gave her,
one way or another should be mine.

I lived at the bottom, of the hill
and she lived at the top,
moments some carried all the way down
but nothing could make her stop.

All those who hid behind your glory,
those fellows you'll never see,
they litter up your life story
and it looking acting and sound like me.
In low light, she was uptight
in the sun she went away ;
but I misplaced my rulebook
so you can't judge the way I play ;
turn left in to this tree
and i»¿ then go i»¿ straight to my head ;
the saddest part of all
I remember everything she said.

All those who hid behind your glory,
those fellows you'll never see,
they litter up your life story
and in looking act and sound ,like me

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