

## Oliver Clark "Choice"

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A choice I couldn't make  
A choice I couldn't take  
Between being with my wife  
Or being with my son.  
I couldn't make a choice and so I had to run  
I grabbed my case and a handful of clothes  
I don't mind and I don't care which ones I choose  
My wife's crying, my dad's wailing,  
Why can't everyone stop complaining?  
I go down the stairs with my case behind  
Taking my belongings all the ones I can find  
Old photos, cds and Walkman to.  
I'll need them in the car to keep me amused.  
I say goodbye to my family with a tear in my eye.  
I can't show my fear, I can't let them see my cry.  
I open the door, the town watching me.  
There I am feeling as small as can be.

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