

Boysnightout

"Reason Ain't Our Long Suit"

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We turned our questions into burning obsessions.

Some asked: "Why me?"

Others cried: "Why everybody else except me? Accept me!"

Answers proved aloof or elusive
and always seemed to be conducive to mood swings.
With tempers flaring we took those tattered chi's and
ideologies out of their vaults.

Our faults aren't our fault.

Now we're better than ever.

We drowned our problems in the whiskey.
The bottom of the bottle dripped as clean as our
conscience and we slept unconscious.
We smoked our drugs and cigarettes to cleanse
regrets, and always betted on regretting the outcome.
We did, and then some...
We rinsed our nicotine stained fingers double clean.

We dropped back to default. Our faults aren't our fault.

Now we're better than ever.

(1, 2, 3, 4...)

Regressions left our lessons laid out for our attention.
A tension left us open to change.
Three cheers for hoping!
Reason ain't our long suit.

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