

16th Avenue, 06.18.06

I remember when, the shock set in,
and knocked the wind out of me,
like it was yesterday.

The look of an empty chair, mom's still there,
dinner's prepared, the usual, can I be excused?

Lay me down, and I'll pull you through,
When I'm underground, I'll mean more to you,
when you can't sleep at night, I'll make it alright,
Live your life, as I watch over you.

And no one understands, the life we live,
we live to love, then lose it all. Where are you now?
Why'd I have to go, and lose one of the two things
I needed most? I'm sick of this.

Try to get some sleep, numb from head to feet.
All these restless dreams, lie inside of me.

A broken lonely boy, with nowhere.

If I could just go up, but I'll never know.

I left a note for you, and I got yours too.

Hopefully it helps what I'm going through.

And in it what was said right after your dead.

Was how much of myself I was going to miss