

Bonfire Pickets, (Bit)

I had a problem
It couldn't be fixed
We had to sort it out
My feelings were all mixed

I know I'm better
Since this came along

Now I am peaceful
Hoping for a song

Back in the store room
Hidden with the lies
You can see my scapegoat
She just sits and cries

She has been used up
Abused by my way

But now, I am peaceful
Forget her in a day

I, have recovered
This, my inner self
I think that I'll be fine now
So leave me on the shelf