

# Dala, Count To Ten

On a bus and staring out, and all these people move without

A clue

I have the time to wonder if, it matters much and all of this

Is beautiful

We bring up children hoping they, will grow up to do good some day

Like us

But whats the point why should they try? Were all the same we laugh and cry

And when it reaches for our door,

the rich will lie cold like the poor,

Each moment spent for good or not,

And all the lovely things weve got,

The sweetest child, the worlds worst jerk,

The pointless jobs and heart-filled work,

And all awards and talents lost,

we all are blank and so the cost of life is

(one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nineten)

I wonder how the ones survive, believe in only whats alive

Why wait?

I hope my joy will help me when, I close my eyes and count to ten..

Im gone.

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