

Kristen Barry, Foolishness

Go on big oasis
There's nothing left
We have wasted
The mother
Stands on broken bones
Bent on broken knees
She comes limping in with the morning

All is quiet
Except the gunshots
On the streets below where I used to go
But now I watch them fall
In threes and fours
And I don't feel anymore

It's been wasted by the foolishness

Tomorrow
Go away again
Go away again I will not regret
To find a guardian to watch me grow
But the shadows follow me where I go

Wasted by the foolishness
Don't get wasted by the foolishness