

marekp, My Reality

Take me home,
Don't leave me here.
All alone.
Cause it's so cold
And I don't have,
A place to go.

And I haven't chosen it.
And I don't want to be here.

So, take my hand
And help me please.
Take me home,
Don't leave me here.

Oooooo,
When we were young
And we were friends
We could lean on.
Now you turn around
And walk away
As if made of stone.

And I can't believe it's real
That a friend would leave me here.
So, take my hand
And help me please.
Take me home.
Don't leave me here.

No one cares,
If I'm alive.
No more friends.
Just empty streets.

No one cares.
Even if I'm free.
Left alone
To my own device.
Left in cold.
To my own device

In the empty streets.
My reality.

Ooooo.