

# 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.