

I know a kid who is out of control
Took too many drugs, and it stole his soul
Sitting on the porch watching days and years fly by
Something needs to change, but he won't even try

As he sits and lets his body rot
I want to teach him things that I've been taught
Judging by the pale color of his skin
It may be too late for this to sink in

It doesn't matter what he has done
It doesn't matter what is said
I'll always be his friend
Even when he is dead

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