

My poor friend me

Frank Turner

I know a man who doesn't have many friends.
I know a place he lives where trouble never ends.
I know its hard for him to read between the lines,
And his days are getting so much shorter.

He simply turns away and dons a bitter frown.
His world is crumbling, his ship is weighted down.
He doesn't care as long as he can wear the crown.
I know this man all too well.

Its my poor friend me,
A portrayal of the great dichotomy,
(a reminder of a tragic history).
Its my poor friend me,
And I'm running out of steam.

I know there are people who are cynical and vain.
They point their finger because they can't accept the blame.
They live their lives under a blanket of shame and their progen
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Crawl from underneath it.

Lately I've come to see the solution,
And it begins with me.
But I'm so fallibly human,
I've picked the lock but will not turn the key.

Of people running scared, we live, breathe and die.
Off to a world, our time is slipping on by.
We have solutions, but don't even try,
And I feel I know just who to blame.