

## Hey

## The Old Dead Tree

What a waste, I feel empty,  
Shamefaced, I am sorry.

I hate myself for being here  
Trying to forget a pain  
Coming from myself.  
Can't I wake up, get up, stand up?

What kind of man am I?  
Give me time to gather my thoughts:  
I want to collect myself!

But I think now, looking back,  
That my life's always been dark.