

PERSONAL LAMENTATIONS

heavy was the weight that tied me down
the day i thought that i might drown,

sharp was the arrow through my eye,
so damn sharp i thought i'd die;

thick was the jungle where i lived,
where i took a lot but would never give;

weak was the strength i thought i had
when i tried like hell to make good from bad;

lonely was the life i shared
when more for life than folk i cared;

but this i say and this i said:
there is a heart beneath this head.