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.

O0000.