

Publicerad 2011-08-02 20:09 av Silverflowerpoet

*Ibland blir jag så trött på "vänner"... Ingen är äkta, känns det som. Eller har jag för höga krav? I don't know...*

### **Some kind of friendship...**

I know this is insulting, but I don't consider you my friend

You're just a face from the past I see now & then

You see, it's like I don't fit anywhere, 'cos I don't feel connected to anyone

I'm lonely as the moon; circling round the earth, looking at the sun

Like in a song I've just heard, there's only people I know

Noone to really call a friend, or am I judgemental somehow?

It feels like I give & give & give, but get nothing in return

Sometimes I can deal with it, but right now it makes me burn...!

The burning sense of sadness, or a silent kind of anger

I usually focus on solutions, but this one...

it's too hard to handle

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Silverflowerpoet med Poeter.se id #38115 innehar upphovsrätten