

Publicerad 2008-08-19 01:58 av The One

*Utan egentlig titel.*

*På engelska.*

*Utan stavningskontroll.*

*Utan något större struktur.*

*Låter som Yoda på flera ställen. With it, deal.*

### **Ett stycke ensamhets poesi såklart**

Reality is not always cold

But even at it's best it's bold

The commercials just keep on airing

The lack of judgement with its prescence often flaring

When you feel that loneliness is your king

Remember that you always a friend can ring

Your phone, try not to get rid of that thing

Artificial cool air at you may fly

Towards your eyes and make you cry

Then the warm sun can your tears dry

When in a new place you can be shy

Or just say things to make people go "Oh my!"

Never must you fret

'Cause your eyes got wet

When you your new friends have met

To feel happyness, you yourself must let

Go of your fears, new and old

Or else reality might be cold

With this new chapter about to unfold

You have to your life, start to mold

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren The One med Poeter.se id #15276 innehar upphovsrätten