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ACROSS THE WORLD

here am i
across the room
not even worth a glance
you like young
goodlooking guys
so i wouldn´t stand
a chance
and even if i would
i´m far too shy
to say a word
i´m just no good
this situation is absurd

i am forced to live my life
in this old straitjacket
overpowered by pain
caused by the passion i can´t get
if i ever had a love shack
it is full of worms
love is like a one way street
and it´s always on their terms

i´m like some illiterate and i can´t read my lines i can feel the chill of insight climbing up my spine i´ve received my sentence there´s no mercy anymore love went on and on until it found an open door

LARZ GUSTAFSSON October 26, 2008

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