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Happy New Year

The last night is here,
reminding me of the days of past.
Days of joy, days of pain,
memories are all that remain.

Next year will be much better,
that is what I'm telling myself.
I really don't believe it,
next year will probably be shit.

I am lying here all alone,
on the floor in my living room.
My champagne is my only friend,
it's a relationship that will never end.

Those I used to call friends,
they have a party next door.
I wasn't even allowed to take a peek,
because I'm a f*cking freak.

I am hated and used by everyone,
why, you may ask, why?
What have I done that is so wrong?
The story of truth is quite long.

I am not as straight as they used to think,
I am rather gay in every single way.
That is enough to make people hate you,
but I got accused for rape, too.

It was no rape at all,
I misread some signals.
I made an innocent move on this guy,
He said "I'm not gay, don't rape me! Bye bye!".

All I did was touching his face,
and he accused me for rape.
Now I am a freak hated by everyone,
just because this innocent act I have done.

My champagne is my only friend tonight,
lying here beside me, comforting me.
I am counting down the seconds from here,
Three, two, one. Happy new year!

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Jimmy Olsson med Poeter.se id #34722 innehar upphovsrätten