Sometimes I Feel

By John T. Wurzer

Sometimes I feel like if I let myself feel I’d just break down and cry

I couldn’t get by; I’m not allowed to find any place to hide

Whenever the day starts to wear me away

I grow much thicker skin, hold my feelings within

I’m bound to fight the devil deep inside

Bulletproof emotions, crossing seven sprawling oceans full of lust, conceit and trite, creative, greed

Chasing down the dollars, I hear a homeless widow holler, saying dollars aren’t what I need.

Looking for the reasons for the changing of the seasons

From summer sun to winter grey

Tomorrow is like a threat, whispered once that I can’t forget

And it makes me wish that I’ve already passed away

Because it feels so cold

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I build myself a fortress in this forest full of choices and I’ve locked myself forever safe inside

I live here with my missus and a set of matching dishes but my adolescent wishes have all dried

They’re now a scattered mess, born of wealth and of success

All unimpressed that I can never quite come clean

If there’s an answer to my prayer, I can’t find it anywhere

I don’t know how to share exactly what I mean.

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Sometimes I know that if I let myself go, I’d fall apart at the core

I couldn’t take it no more; I’d drown here, in this river full of fear

Sometimes I fear that if these walls disappear you’ll see me naked inside

Stripped of my pride, and down to

Down to my last tear.

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