

Admission

by Michael Tusa

I don't know how to tell you
That sometimes I'm just no good
I can't hold a job
I can't hold a hammer
I stutter and I close my eyes while I stammer
I look away and then I go away
I close myself off to sound

Sometimes I lie to you
Because I don't want you to know how bad I am
How hard it is for me to go on
How hard it is going around and around

I tell you I'm getting better but actually I am getting worse all the
time
You say I have a big heart as I hide in yours because it is twice as
big as mine

I have been waiting and waiting
For a free ride to not just anywhere
And I will shoo off dented cars
Rust buckets and rattling leather less cages
I am begging and going on choosing because I have not grown
any older since I decided to die

