

# Most of the Time

*by* Darryl Price

I'm just kicking around this restless feeling.  
The same one I've had since I was a  
small kid. I used to like your smile because  
it suited your face perfectly. Sometimes  
life is when everyone's gone. Send a good

thought my way. What happens when there are more  
rainy days ahead yet you still open  
your weary eyes? A thought doesn't always  
have such good things to say. Shadows shrink and  
fade, but this lonely feeling seems to linger.

Most of the time, I'm alright or I  
don't know what's wrong with me. It's not a laugh.  
I've cried enough. I'm just kicking around  
this idea of any kind of love  
still leaving its lump in my throat. Why me?

Most of the time, my black flag stands by what  
I said. Sailors never stop sailing to  
the places where there's a possible map  
to their dreams. I'm not here anymore. Most  
of the time, I'm undisturbed by my own

disappearance. It was time. I'm not here  
means I will be there only when you offer  
me room in your truest heart. Until  
then, most of the time, silence resigns itself  
as the hardest part to finding peace.

