

# 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

