Dear Diary

Neil Mukherjee

Dear diary, what a day it's been
Dear diary, it's been just like a dream
Woke up too late, wasn't where I should've been
For goodness sake what's happening to me?
Write lightly, yours truly, dear diary
It was cold outside my door
So many people by the score
Rushing around so senselessly
They don't notice there's people like me
Write lightly, yours truly, dear diary
They don't know what they're playing?
No they've no way of knowing what the game is
Still they carry on doing what they can
Outside me, yours politely, dear diary
It's over, will tomorrow be the same?
I know that they're really not to blame
If they weren't so blind then surely they'd see
There's a much better way for them to be
Inside me, yours truly, dear diary

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