

1 To 7

Corey Cyr

I'm just sitting here on a rock
Just trying to collect my thoughts.
No one cares 'bout what I say,
So I go on livin' life this way. Smoke a pipe listen to tunes.
Passerby's get high from fumes.
Ponder the meaning of life in my mind,
Think about suicide from time to time Suicide is not a choice,
I won't be able to hear her voice,
So I pick up my guitar and play
A little mellow bluesy noise. Nobody cares about me,
Who I am or what I'll be
Leave me here sad and lonely,
But it somehow sets me free.

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