

# Suiciday

**Bob Schneider**

My friend got shot  
All by himself  
In the head  
Just last week He narrowly escaped  
Growing older  
Like the rest of us  
Will and are I don't miss him  
Very much at all  
'Cause I have lost  
The ability to feel anything at all And I've got problems  
Of my own, you see  
To deal with and you know  
That I hate you all

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