Conversation With Dr. Seussicide

I Hate Myself

Under a red sky, I told her, "I want to die."
And how I cry with no concrete reason why
and have bad dreams every night, or every other night.I feel sickly, like I am lost at sea.
And all the girls I used to know are high on ecstasy,
and they're much happier than me, I think.She told me things would pass,
like the girls who smoke the grass,
like huffing gas out in the dried-up meadow grass,
uer stars that shine like glass in the sun.And she said, "Would you shoot me in the head?"
We shot the breeze and had malt liquor instead.
Passed out together in the shed or the bed - I don't recall.I said: "What better way to put myself in my place?
What better way to get out of this goddamn place?
Sometimes I feel like I'm stuck, stuck in this fucking place.
What better way to put myself in my place?"She said: "Broken hearts are easy to hide.
Broken hearts are easy to ignore.
see, when you break your heart, nothing really breaks.
Look at me, and look at you:
18, and dead - at 16 you were almost dead.
Just sleep with me in my bed,
and don't say those things you said."

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