# Diary

## Useless ID

It's a weekday and I cleaned my room again,
of endless moments I thought we once shared.
An open book, read every single page.
Naive enough to think that help is on the way.Rise and shine a day awaits,
watching clear skies turn to grey.
It's a dead end road and I want out,
there's no return.
Let me know when will it end?
If only you were my only friend, I'd be fine.A direction split right from the start.
I'm picking up the pieces to this broken heart.
Move over and make room for someone else.
Mabye a smile will find itself right on your face again.Another empty sleeping bag. A broken speaker plays out loud.
An Elliot Smith song for those who can't move on and on.
A tour to write you home about of how I'm doing. Pretty sad.
You're not here and all my letters are lost in the mailbox for good

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