

Miller, Mares
CH Reeves

DRUGS DID IT!

Pain and all its forms that are too numerous to name,
The powerful sting that comes from words that are profane,
The screaming emotions behind the smiles of the mundane,
The agony of someone tripping in the middle of the finish lane,
But the pain I want to talk about is the pain associated with drugs,
And the deadweight it forces us to lug,

I grew up in a family of six,
Can't exactly say my childhood was bliss,
As a matter of fact my life was more difficult than most,
Imagine the most you have for dinner is toast?
Imagine waking up, the poorest kid in school,
The only one that has holes in his shoes,
And going home to hearing parents scream and fight,
Watching your father hit his own wife,

He was once the best officer the law ever had,
Long gone are the days to be proud of my dad,
His partner died and he turned to drugs to ease the loss,

With his ties with his family as the cost,
I don't hate him for what he chose,
I hate him for what he did,
He hit my mom and was never there for me as a kid,
He eventually died due to excessive drug abuse,
They invited me to his funeral and I refused,
He had my sisters crying to me every night,
Saying why-"why do mommy and daddy have to fight",
And I had to hold them and tell them everything's ok,
And do my best to protect them in my own way,
Drug use is never okay

Take into account your family and financial situation,
Illegal drugs can damage the lungs and other vital aspects,
So do your body a favor,
Treat it with respect,
A person that doesn't do drugs has a better chance of longevity than someone
who does,
Regardless of whatever ethnicity or background the person has,
Drug abuse can affect plenty,
So decide...
Will you be part of the few or the many?