

Crying

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These are some sad poems of sorrow and my stories of times when i don't feel a full as i should be...

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Chapter 1 - SOMETIMES	2
Chapter 2 - WONDER	3
Chapter 3 - My Other Life	5

1 - SOMETIMES

SOMETIME

Sometimes I think of when time started
Sometimes I think of the day I would die
Sometimes I believe the one you love is the one you will die with
But sometimes you believe, your heart is broken and your hands are cold
When you love someone in a way that you cannot put in words
When you throw a curveball, and don't get it back
But when you take a feeling like love in your heart, you want to hold it for life.
Like a time of sorrow, when you feel as bad as I do
Like a place where you want to be, but just can't
Like a planet that rotates around and suddely stops
But who you like, might be the one you hate, till life as we know it, ends with the devil's sake....

2 - WONDER

WONDER

I sit herer in my class today
only cause my birthday is in May

I wake up every morning having more to say
just to end up saying okay

I try to find out what to do with my life
but I feel my heart is under a knife

But i ask, and I ask myself how i am going to cry
to this day,.....whwn will I die?

But no one can feel the way I do
and the way I feel is horrible too.

But as I sit here in class right now
I think of our life, and my heart goes WoW!

I love you with a desire to know
my love for you is a wonderful show

But when I talk to you
you beat me down with your shoes

And when I ask myself if you are the one
I remember how much me and you had fun

Cause my love for you weights more than a ton.
And when I talk to you, I feel like I have won

But I must let you know that I am over your laugh
and sometimes I give myself the shaft

That one day I hope you plz forgive me
I need you to move on, but hold the key

The key to your life, and the key to my heart
The very key I hold in my special cart

But as I wake up everyday, having more to say
The day just ends in one word...OKAY!!!!

3 - My Other Life

Life is weird in different morals

when i cry, I sit there and lie

in the one place i want to die

and the time you look at me....

i want to cry, cause in some ways

Life is wierd in different morals

when i die, I sit there and fry