

To Be

To be that girl with the troubled past
Who chose a life of virtue,
By taking a scenic look at life
Then living it anew.

To be that man with the sunken eyes
That twinkle in the dark.
He shot his life all up his arm
Then found his long-lost spark.

But to be me, the dreaming one,
Who watches others' lives.
What could they say behind my back?
So cruel how life deprives.

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