They say love
Love is a flower in a windy
Field of world full of war
Love is a way of giving things
To the poor
But tell that to the broken
Souls travelling north

I wish I could believe that we
All have a happy ending
But it would be stupid
It would be like mending
What isn’t broken
Like trying to get people to
Understand
Words you haven’t spoken

They say we
We were meant to be found
We were meant to be bound
Together
But I have a feeling your never
Might mean my forever

I don’t want to hate
I swear I want to trust fate
But we all know
Sometimes it can be late

So make me fall
I know eventually I will get hurt
But they believe it’s the truth
And I am scared of being
Alone in this world

All I ever listened
Was the sound of whiskey Lullabies
Meant to lead me to sleep
And now I want to have
Something to keep

By my side
I don’t want to hide
I wish I could believe we all
Have a happy ending
But it would be stupid
It would be like mending
What isn’t broken

THE STORY OF RICH

Once in some town,
there lived a man that was named Rich.
Rich was rich,
but Rich fell in a ditch.
''But why?''
you may ask,
well,
Rich was a snitch.
He was in trouble,
some bad people burst his bubble,
for they wanted revenge.
Y’know, Rich, had a friend,
and his friend was called Mitch.
And Rich was his friend,
until his money he’d spent.
And his first warning,
was on his car - it was dent.
The second warning - his house,
as always warming, but when
he smelled a strange scent,
it was quite alarming,
but there was a guy living
in his spare room,
don’t worry, he paid rent,
his name was Bill Kent.
Bill Kent was a guy
cooler than Bill Nye.
He then helped our friend Rich,
so he doesn’t die.
He was with him ’till the end,
and that’s how Rich’s story went.