

This one was written in 1992 or 93. I was having one of my many self-pity parties. Just as I was about to fall into the chasm of despair I received a letter from home.

“WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY”

The days, the hours slip quietly away,
And suddenly I can't remember the day
You last got a letter or I one from you,
I feel really lonesome, are you feeling it too?
You hear on TV of stabbings and fights,
Hopefully, you start to wonder if I'm alright.
A friend was stabbed, we've spoken of him,
We were close, my thoughts are so grim.
What is this torture, God why me?
Some peace and tranquility I so long to see.
It seems that my chances are all so high,
I oftentimes sit quietly and cry.
So quickly I write and put in the mail
A letter to my daughter from a far distant jail.
I count the days as they slowly go by,
I patiently wait then comes your reply.
We got your letter, Are you okay?
We all miss you, what else can I say?
So I know that you care for this one day,
Its a wonderful feeling, What else can I say?