

Sober

By Michael Vance

The twisted look on my face
Is the words I don't know how to say

The tears that roll down my face
Are prayers I forgot to say

The intensity of my stare
Is proof that I still care

The rain assaults my face
The wind will plead my case

My heart pounds in my throat
And that's what floats my boat

Some people call me nuts
Some people hate my guts

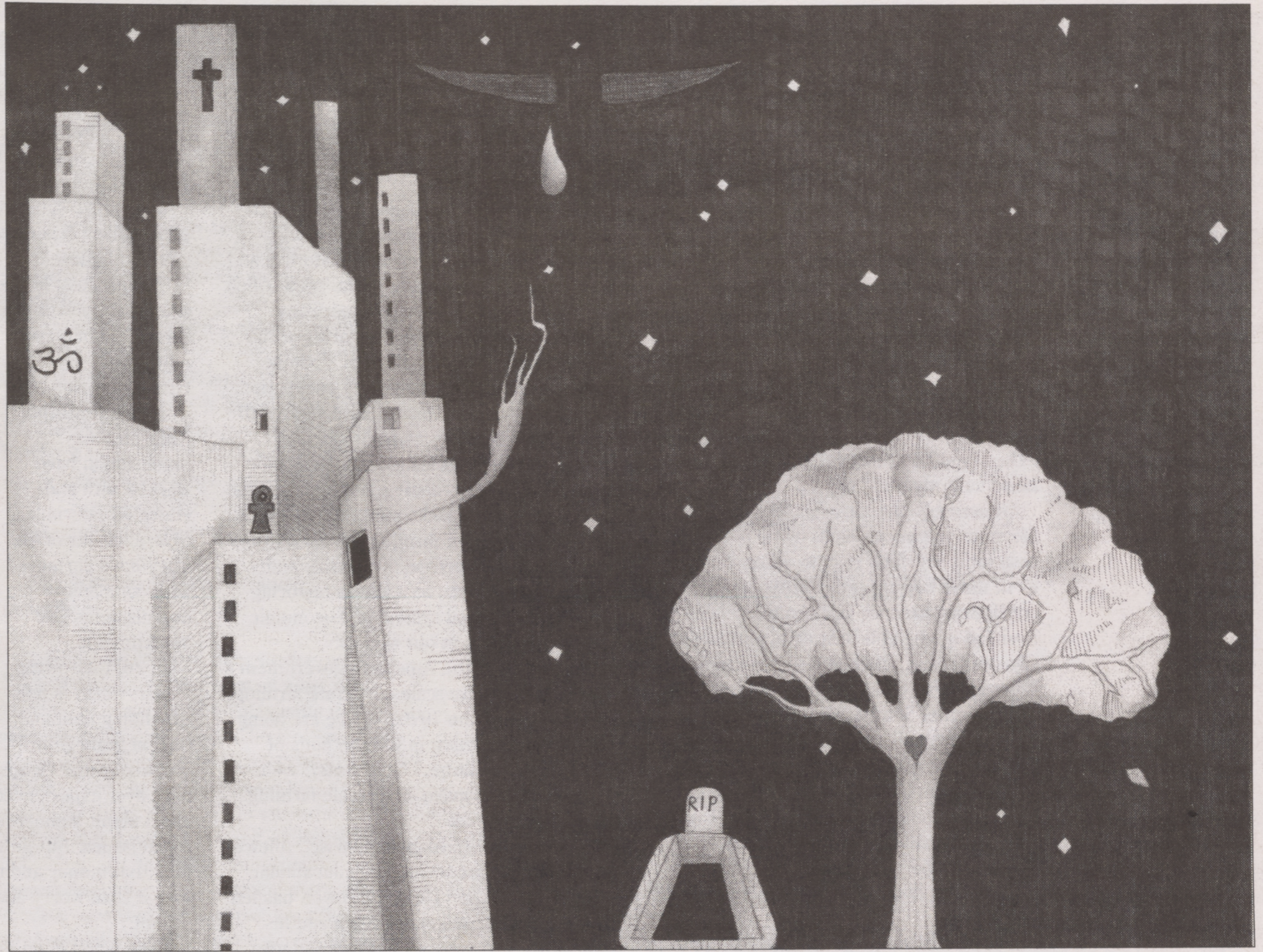
The Lord is by my side
I have no need to hide

I made it through the day
They can't take that away

I still can't get it right
But I won't quit the fight

I put the bottle down
Cause I'm not gonna drown

This is what I pray
Lord grant me one more day!



BY JONATHAN CORNELISON

"The love of money is the root of all evil"

Let's get Medieval on greed's ass.

By Lindsay Starbuck

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**Foreclosures (2012 Robosigning and Mortgage Servicing Settlement),
The New York Times 2 April 2012.

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