

My Space

No, don't knock on my door.

Don't call my name.

I don't want to hear your voice, your sounds, nothing.

It's not that I hate you, I just want my isolation.

I'm a loner, what did you expect?

I like my space.

If I wanted to talk to you, I'd say it, I'd talk to you.

So why, why do you keep knocking?

Why do you keep asking how my day was, when you know the answer?

Why do you keep asking how I am, when you know the answer?

When you see the dead look in my eyes, why do you keep looking?

You obviously know why, but you persist.

Just leave me alone!

I'll talk to you when I want to.

There's nothing wrong, I'm okay.

Just leave me alone!

But I'm asking too much, aren't I?

You just knocked again and you said something different.

You said I have too much time alone, but for me, it's never enough.

I need my time just like you need your friends, but I guess I'm wrong,
for not being you.