All I do

All I say

Doesn’t Change

What I have to face

Third

Is unnecessary

If you are the third wheel

And I am

Hope stays

For a while

But leaves when

I need it most

Hard times

Aren’t right for Hope

I guess

Because wherever I look,

Hope hides

The drudgery

Of life

Is too hard for me to bear

Without hope

And

If life gets less monotonous

It’s rarely for the better

Instead

I'm jarred by worse news

Then

That sad feeling

Fades into my already sad

Life

And the drudgery

Gets a little bit

Sadder