

Sue LaVerne Christian  
Morehead, Rowan County

## **WHERE I AM FROM**

I am from six and more generations of Kentuckians.

I am from a Dad who couldn't read or write

but always had a job and always wanted more for his children.

A Dad who went alone to a foreign land (Ohio) to find work.

I am from a Mother's DNA that takes me to Asia, England,

Italy, Spain and more.

I am from a people they call Melungeon, a people who has

struggled to become.

"A proud people" according to author N. Brent Kennedy.

I am from the first generation to graduate from college

in my family, to teach.

I am from many peoples and many lands.

Where I am from we carry on.

*The following poems were submitted by students and their teacher from Morehead Youth Development School*

### ***Where I'm From***

I am from pretending,  
From dirt and grass.

I am from the house of actors,  
(who believed it was ok.)

I am from the Lily in the Valley, the old pine tree that I liked to climb every day.

I'm from arguing and bipolar,  
From Jessica and James.

From don't tells and it's alright,  
I'm from the drugs and alcohol.  
I'm from house to house.

I'm from Magnolia and LG&E Street,  
Bread and butter.

From the death of an overdose,  
To scars from abuse.

I am from photos of importance scattered place to place and the future before me and the past behind.

Chamberlyn, Larue County

# Where I'm From

I am from a bicycle with no brakes  
From Apple products and Victoria Secret.  
I am from cherry pie candles  
(When they were burning they smelled good enough to eat.)  
I am from the withered roses from funerals that I lay under my bed  
and the morning glories my granny planted that grew up the fence.

I'm from backyard barbeques and tough love,  
From a mother who became sick and a father who abandoned me.  
I'm from the sky is the limit and patience is a virtue,  
From struggles to stay sober and the courage to get along.  
I'm from the miracle of another day after three days of death  
And God is my Father.

I'm from the big city of Louisville and everybody's favorite place Newburg,  
Brownies with ice cream and chocolate syrup and homemade loaded potato  
skins.  
From the 12 step narcotic anonymous meetings,  
To trust in good orderly directions.

I am from photos in a box under my granny's bed, I looked at them a lot and  
thinking about being and living in that moment, when people looked happy, and I  
wanted to be happy, just like I am wishing for happiness now.

**Chelsey, Jefferson County**

## Where I'm From

I am from shattered mirrors,  
from Cover Girl and Mary K.  
I am from the desire of money,  
(Popping a rubber band sent chills down my crooked spine.)  
I am from a diamond on every wife's hand, the rebel of forbidden fruit.

I'm from tight skirts and determination  
From Dana and Eric.  
I'm from fast money makers and jailbirds,  
From struggle and earn it.  
I'm from the Book of Jezebel, someone you wouldn't want to be.

I'm from the streets of Louisville, Cecil and Greenwood,  
Honey and vinegar.  
From the dying grounds of struggling survivors,  
To the unstable homes and broken glass left to destroy someone else.

I am from the picture of a face, young and beautiful, who lived long and fast. The shadows that follow the glare of her eye that indicates tired.

Daiyah, Jefferson County

# Where I'm From

I am from baby powder,  
From Semilac and Huggies.

I am from the weird little house,  
(The one with the ramp.)

I am from the holly bush and the cypress tree whose knees helped it to breath just like you  
and me

I'm from cookouts and straight teeth,  
From Shelia and Antwain.

I'm from the hot-heads and the smart-mouths,  
From push yourself and you will succeed.

I'm from the Lord is my shepherd I shall not want,  
And seven reasons not to worry.

I'm from Louisville and the Downs',  
Fried potatoes and lemon meringue pie.

From the gun shot that wounded my great grandmother received from my great grandfather,  
To the fingers of my Pop Pop lost at work.

All around the house were pictures, a trophy case full of awards and diplomas.

I am from many missed memories of family members who are here one day and gone  
tomorrow.

Juanita, Jefferson County

## ***Where I'm From***

I am from the projects,  
from drug deals and break in's.

I am from the piles of dirty laundry  
(Smells of mildew and musk.)

I am from the fragile rose bush that never grew many roses,  
the stump where the tree I loved to climb used to be.

I'm from overly decorated Christmas trees and pretty brown eyes,  
from Crystal and Clifton.

I'm from the determined and the independent,  
from quit asking and we don't have the money.

I'm from love thy neighbor and keep thy faith.

I'm from Evansville and East 19<sup>th</sup> Street,  
From home fried chicken and fresh picked greens.

From a mother who didn't care to be around  
to a father who was always there.

From storage rooms, burnt down houses, and places unknown.

From tears of a hurt mother, broken father,  
and a girl who needs more than just a picture.

I am from the long nights spent crying wishing I could see you again.

Kaylee, Christian County

## **Where I'm From**

I am from backwoods,  
From wintergreen and Redwings.  
I am from the staining of a walnut  
(Smearing on my hands like coal.)  
I am from cherry trees, and aloe plants that kissed the burns on my  
skin countless times.

I'm from smashing cakes and family musicians,  
From Jamie and Michael.  
I'm from the "suck it up" and "rub some dirt".  
From quit mumbling and talk slower.  
I'm from the Fruit of the spirits to live by,  
And New Testament books I can say to myself.

I'm from Starfire Hill and Oil Springs,  
Deviled eggs and macaroni tomatoes.  
From the stroke that took my grandpa's life,  
To the ache of nana's back when it rained.

In my closet is a weary, faded blue suitcase,  
An old fashioned lock holding memories in.  
I am these moments ones I long to remember and  
will soon forget.

Makayla M., Paintsville, Johnson County

## Where I'm From

I am from cell phones,  
From Facebook and Instagram.  
I am from anger and tension,  
(When you walk through the door, heads hang low.)  
I am from roses, the red ones representing a touch of love.

I'm from family gatherings and cancer,  
From Susan and Greg.  
I'm from the sit down's and shut up's,  
From get a job and move out.  
I'm from going to church every Sunday and praying for the ones I love,  
To now questioning my faith.

I'm from Germany and Waco,  
Ramen Noodles and pizza rolls.  
From the time cancer took my papaw away, leaving me and my brother abandoned to deal  
with this cruel world alone, because everyone else was too busy,  
To my nana losing her eye sight and couldn't afford to pay, and her stating her days were  
slowing fading away.

I am from shoe boxes full of precious photos from under my mother's bed,  
often thought of, but never looked at, as if to forget who we were.

Makayla R., Madison County

## **Where I'm From**

I am from Tricycles,  
From Bratz Dolls and Barbie Jeeps.  
I am from the Paper Birch  
(Whose bark amazed me as I peeled it.)  
I am from the boulder that stood out in the front yard, my sisters used to call it the "Thinker"  
it is where I used to cry and think of happiness.

I'm from pecan pies and eyebrows,  
From Tiffany and Damisi.  
I'm from the closed-minded and the home of the braves,  
From quiet mouse and McFly.  
I'm from For thou is the kingdom,  
And singing in church with my granny.

I'm from Conyers, Marietta, and Madisonville,  
Hot water cornbread and fried chicken.  
From the aunt I lost from breast cancer only leaving a rose to my mother that she hands to  
me and my little cousin in a sleek marble filled vase,  
To the cries and the heartbreak of a loved one confused begging for someone to bring my  
cousin back to her mom, an ongoing lie filled with anger, hurt and despair.

I am from a scrapbook, a mechanic Pinocchio and frames that hold a specific memory of my  
Great Aunt Betty that we will never redo, but relive her by the love in our hearts.

**McKaelyn LaShawn Murphy, Rowan County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from abandoned houses,  
From open doors and boarded up windows.  
I am from the dark streets,  
(Where it is easy to find trouble.)  
I am from some bad thoughts and some bad ways, but I just  
went ahead and took it all with a grain of salt.

I'm from street smarts and bad attitudes,  
From Ricardo and Menesha.  
I'm from noise makers and dream breakers,  
From the feed yourself and hold your owns.  
I'm from I believe what I see, religion wasn't really for me.

I'm from dark alleys and shady streets,  
Andy's chicken and Burger King's burgers.  
From not sitting at a kitchen table,  
To eating with the tips of my fingers.

I am from unphotographed memories but pictures burned in my mind.

**Ryan, Jefferson County**

## *Where I'm From*

I am from blankets,  
From Downy and Tide.

I am from the quiet room filled with a sweet melody of my mother's voice  
(Strong and bold yet sweet, like my father's coffee.)

I am from apple and the oak trees I swung under in the light summer breeze.

I'm from parties and happiness,  
From Darrell and Diana.

I'm from the you're too quiet to the you're too loud,  
From the you are strong to the your too smart for your own good.

I'm from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,  
with devotionals and scriptures whispered to me daily by my grandmother.

I am from Clarksville and Germany,  
Steak and Whiskey.

From the loss of my uncle to a drunk driver on a windy autumn night  
To the arrival of my little brother brought here by the stork I've never seen.

I am from the golden hat box stored in the darkest corner of my closet that no  
one can see full of special things just for me of everything I've lost to what I've  
always hoped to see.

Shalimar, Christian County

# Where I'm From

I am from the streets,  
From the hoods and gangs.  
I am from fights, guns and drug sells  
(The things that get you into trouble.)  
I am from Angel Wing Caladiums, the angels that never gave up on me.

I'm from loyalty and riders,  
From Brenda and Ruben.  
I'm from the south side and the shootings.  
From the say something's and the pipe down's.  
I'm from Beauty and the Beast and the real world.

I'm from Scott and Southward,  
Fried chicken and BBQ's.  
From the date of my daddy's death  
To the memories of us happy, the day before and the day after 11:03:12.

I am from photos and memories you left us here with, to learn and be happy from. I am  
from this  
life that you made for me, that I want to keep living. It is my time to shine.

Sierra Scott, McCracken County

## ***WHERE I'M FROM***

I'm from cloth diapers,  
From Ivory soap and Prell shampoo.  
I'm from the shuck beans hanging in the window  
(When dried they were music to my ears.)  
I'm from the daffodils signaling the sign of spring,  
the weeping willow's long swaying branches reminding me of rain.

I'm from homemade birthday cakes and high blood pressure,  
From Robert and Susie.  
I'm from the not now's and the can't afford's,  
From the clean this and the wipe that.  
I'm from The Lord Is My Shepherd when walked home from school plays by  
myself  
And reading the Bible to my mamaw who never learned to read or write.

I'm from Tolliver Addition and Brinegar Road,  
Soup beans and instant coffee.  
From the hornet that hit mammy between the eyes, knocking her off from her  
mule  
To the fingers of my dad drawn tight from rheumatoid arthritis to the point he  
could no longer write.

Photo books in boxes and trunks, holding photos of times long gone by.  
Colors faded, family members gone and some I no longer remember and not sure  
I ever knew.

I'm from those moments polarized in an instant, one-tenth of a second that  
I sometimes long to relive and yet other times so glad they have gone.

Ms. Jones, Carter County (Morehead Youth Development School)

*The following poems were submitted by students and their teacher from Rowan County Alternative School*

### **Where I'm From**

(Inspired by George Ella Lyon)

I am from the banjo strings  
bouncing under my daddy's fingers,  
Gently lulling me to sleep on a cold winter's evening.  
Sprawled on his soft bed, fist under chin,  
Fighting sleep—wanting the moment to last.  
*“Mama's little baby loves short 'nin, short 'nin,  
Mama's little baby loves short 'nin bread.”*

Bacon sizzling in the old cast iron skillet,  
The aroma of fresh coffee wafting through the house,  
refrigerator humming gently against my bedroom wall.  
Soft, comforting voices of my family washing over me  
In the new morning light,  
As they gather around the old kitchen table  
Giving voice to the new day.

I am from breaking beans, towel over my lap,  
Mom's steady rhythm helping me keep time,  
As she relives the stories of her childhood,  
The Great Depression in a land so poor,  
The people barely noticed.  
“When the soles of our shoes wore out,  
We cut insoles out of cardboard and stuffed them inside.”

I am from the wind in my hair,  
Bedecked in long, lazy daisy chains  
Bird's toe picking in the grave yard,  
and gentle spring rains bringing life to the hills.  
Redbud's and Service like lace on the mountain,  
Cold springs in the hills pouring down like sweet fountains.  
Morels pushing themselves through the brown rotted leaves.

I am from flowery meadows, and gently rolling hills,  
Hot summer days with cool, shaded creeks.  
Craw dad hunting, cane poles in hand, hooks, and a bobber,  
And some string in my pocket.  
Dew dripping on the old grey tent,  
the smell of hickory smoke gently serenading my senses,

As the camp fire pops and crackles,  
And dances before me.  
Fred softly strums the guitar, his voice gently serenading the moon,  
*“She walks through the corn leading down to the river,  
Her hair shone like gold in the hot morning sun.”*

I am from soft, beautiful quilts,  
Sewn by my family from the clothes of my relatives,  
wrapped gently around me like memories from the past,  
As I lay supine on the porch swing  
Reading a book, watching the rain drip from the gutter,  
Eyes growing heavy from the gentle rocking of the swing,  
And the steady drip, drip, dripping of the cool summer rain.

A world where summertime snacks  
Were provided by God—grapes on the old wooden fence,  
Mulberries in the field, apples in our yard,  
And the water hose curled around mama’s flowerbed.  
A lazy time of foraging and play, cowboys and Indians,  
Red and black felt cowboys hats bouncing on our too small heads,  
The smell of cap guns filling our noses.

Dusty dirt roads, tasting gritty in my mouth,  
Priming the old red hand pump to wash away the taste.  
Walking the rough wooden bridge across Troublesome creek,  
Cracks so big I couldn’t make myself look through them,  
Waiting for the ogre to pluck me from the wooden beams,  
Bottle of cold, Orange Crush, brandished in my hand—  
My only weapon against this imaginary foe.

I am from the morning dove cooing in the crab apple tree,  
Foggy mountain mornings, “The groundhogs are  
brewing coffee,” my mama would say.  
Heavy dew in the hollers, softly dripping from the leaves,  
Bedecking the spiders’ orbs with diamonds.  
I am from tough, strong willed women, and soft spoken men,  
from these ancient hills, where time is always moving,  
But much remains the same.

Malissa Delgado, Rowan County Schools

## Where I'm From

(Inspired by: George Ella Lyon)

I am from cornbread and chicken.  
Cynthiana, where my momma and daddy grew up,  
and started their family.

Daddy singing Eminem songs to Bug and I.  
And momma singing, "Baby Girl" by Sugarland.  
Singing sweetly until we drifted to sleep.

I am from four wheeling and muddin'  
in daddy's big, black blazer.  
On the farm next to Robinson Dam  
Daddy driving and momma playing Kid Rock on the stereo.  
Swinging off the old rope and into the cool river water.  
The dogs jumping in after us.  
After the sun kissed the sky goodnight,  
we would start up a bonfire---  
tiny sparks dancing like fireflies in the night sky--  
and roast marshmallows while momma told us stories.  
Bug falling asleep first and then me.

I am from deer chili and steak dinners on cold winter nights.  
Then laying on the coach next to momma and daddy and watching  
*How The Grinch Stole Christmas.*

My parents always welcomed people for Christmas dinner,  
and they would say, "If you come in our house, you're a part of our  
family."

Then we would eat a meal fit for a king.

I am from cherry surprise on Sundays after church.  
Momma and daddy taking us to Nana's house.  
She would make us cookies,

the aroma teasing our noses and wetting  
our tongues with anticipation.

I am from, "Dust it off and do it again."  
A family full of LOVE, despite our flaws---just like most.  
I am from Cynthiana, Kentucky---  
A small town where people have big hearts.  
Where despite our problems,  
we are all like family,  
and we take care of each other.

Ashlee, Cynthiana, Harrison County

## Where I'm From Inspired by George Ella Lyon

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I am from a perpetual state.  
Everyday things are continuous,  
never changing,  
and never stopping.

I am from a generation that uses women.  
A culture that uses females as advertisement---  
objects for making objects and boosting egos.  
A generation that uses women for invasive pleasure.

I am from a community where murderous crimes  
occur everyday.  
Where children are taken,  
raped,  
and thrown away like trash---forgotten.

I am from a world where laws are broken,  
and some are never justified.  
Where torture is sometimes the answer.  
Where people go missing and are never found.

I am from a nation where men  
are golden prospects of society.  
They are the higher power.  
with complete control over women,  
and children.  
Power over the weak.  
Power over the defenseless.

I am from a place where there is judgement,  
pain,  
despair,  
and a sense of uselessness.  
Where citizens are distraught everyday.

I am from a place where media defines us.  
A colossal untruth that teaches our children  
to rape, abuse, sexually offend, and self-loath.  
The message is to be easy, provide for men's pleasure,  
Prostitute ourselves, and stripping is the best way to earn a decent wage.  
Message received: be the absolute worst that you can be.

I am from a world of dubious,  
murderous,  
negative,  
lawless,  
unsafe,  
unrighteous,

self-discriminating behaviours.

I am from a place where pain is the best answer.

Where escape is all you could ask for.

I am from a place called oblivion.

Where people want to stay in the dark because they are afraid.

I am from a place where everyday,

we live in fear.

I am from a world and society

where no one is equal.

I am from a catastrophe---Perry County, Kentucky.

A place that leaves you lifeless,

and families that leave their children broken.

Children like me.

I am from a tragedy.

Caity S. age 15  
Hazard, Perry County

**Where I'm From**  
*Inspired by George Ella Lyon*

I am from the arousing smell of greasy bacon, fried potatoes, and eggs.

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I am from, "You better eat all your food before you move from this table,"  
because wasting is never tolerated.

I am from blaring old school jams,  
the only time you wouldn't even hear a door slam.

I am from, "You best to be getting out of this house---  
it's too pretty outside to be up under me."

I am from a house where there are a lot of handshakes,  
gang signs, and lingering in the streets.

I am from a lot of loving and laughing during the day,  
a couple of clear glasses and dark drinks  
and then the next thing you know a gloomy face.

I am from three A.M. screeches and loud banging,  
tossing and turning in my sleep wishing I was dreaming.

I am from a family of three including me,  
and it's still three even though the baby of the family is deceased.  
I am from a family where it's like independence is hereditary,  
and you have to stay strong even if you've been hurting for so long.

I am from a family where closed mouths don't get fed  
even if parents can read our mind's---  
it's like they like the sound that the voice embeds.

I am from a lot of getting together with delectable food,  
and even though it's your family and your closest friends,  
it's a lot of scattered attitudes.

I am from way more than just a talented mom  
and a hard working dad,  
and I think this had to come from grandpa's and grandma's on both sides,  
or their mom and their dad.

I am from endless memories I'll never forget,  
Times were and are rough,  
but I'm starting to get the better of it.

I am from what I can only thank faith for---  
that's how I got through the struggles  
and what others say a kid should never go through.

I am who I am because of seeing where I'm from.

I am nothing but thankful for my life,  
because look at the young lady I've become.

By: Cierra D. , Lexington, Fayette County

Where I'm From  
(Inspired by George Ella Lyon)

I am from a town with just momma and me  
Momma and me sitting on the couch,  
momma sewing lace on my socks,  
“Now if people make fun of you, just let me know, Boogs.”

I am from a town  
where we eat pot roast every Sunday  
after church with mash potatoes,  
macaroni, green beans, or baked beans,  
sweet potato casserole, and corn on the cob---YUM.

I am from a town  
where we eat chili and crackers on cold days,  
and on other days we eat spaghetti, brussel sprouts,  
steaks, ham, turkey, pork, tomatoes,  
broccoli with cheese or casserole,  
cheeseball, pizza, rice, chicken, deer jerky, fish, French fries.

I am from a town  
where we eat apples,  
oranges, strawberries, watermelon, cake,  
brownies, chocolate chip muffins, grapes,  
and peaches for desserts.

I am from a town  
where we sew, color, read, play solitaire, and mahjong  
when we have finished every chore in the house.

I am from a town  
where momma always said,  
“Got to keep trying and don't give up---  
your just not trying hard enough.”

By Elaina B., Somerset, Pulaski County

## **Where I'm From**

(Inspired by Georg Ella Lyon)

I am from...  
A house of yelling and fighting,  
Keeping us up until 2:00 A.M.  
School the next morning.  
I lay in bed crying all alone  
listening to the radio---  
104.5 The Cat.  
I lay there and think,  
how much better life could be  
without having to suffer  
through depression  
caused by his every night drinking.

I am from  
Next morning---6:00 A.M.  
school morning,  
wake up to the smell of burning tobacco.  
I get dressed,  
brush my teeth,  
sit on the stool and wait for the bus,  
still mad at dad over last night.  
And he's still mad at me too.  
He's sitting on the couch  
trying to get my sister to wake up and get dressed,  
but she just lays there.  
Dad looks at me---  
yells for me to do something with her.  
My family's daily routine.

I am from  
Waking up to an early weekend morning,  
getting on my bikini to go down to the creek  
to swim on a blistering hot day.  
There's an old, worn rope tied to a tree.  
We all swing into the cool, welcoming water.  
Dad has a cooler with drinks inside and snack cakes  
just in case we are hungry or thirsty.  
We try to make it a good day,  
but somehow it always turns out bad in the end.

I am from  
Rides to town to get dad's check  
listening to my sister's favorite song, "Wagon Wheel",

singing along on the way to Long John Silvers,  
“Rock me, ma’ma, like a wagon wheel,”  
eating off of dad’s meal ticket from work---  
my favorite--clams.

I am from  
An every night ride to Gasoline Alley,  
to buy dad’s 6 pack of Natural Ice.  
Going home and dad cooking those huge dinners,  
but he won’t eat.  
He sits on the couch with a beer in his hand,  
until he has a buzz,  
then it’s another night of fighting.  
He calls me names:  
ugly,  
worthless,  
whore,  
slut,  
but I’ve gotten used to it.  
Sometimes I think about ending it all—  
I take a blade  
and cut deep.  
Every scar has it’s reason.

I am from  
Waking up on a Saturday morning,  
going fishing on a warm day,  
fishing poles in our hands---  
a tackle box, worms, and chicken liver,  
sitting on the bank with my fishing pole,  
casting out hoping to get a bite.  
Good days telling jokes,  
laughing until we can’t any more,  
listening to dad tell stories about his childhood.  
That’s where I’m from.

--Karlie D. , Mt. Sterling, Montgomery County

## Where I'm From!

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(Inspired by: George Ella Lyon)

I am from the place I call home  
Where I lived with my loved ones.  
The five of us---  
Nanna--- who raised me from an infant.  
Shawn, John, and Shannon,  
my Aunt, Uncle, and Mother.

The voices of  
George Jones and Conway Twitty  
Pouring out of the radio in the living room.  
Nanna humming along,  
Dancing me across the room on her toes.

Every year at Halloween,  
we watch Edward Scissor Hand's.  
My mom and I together  
Watching the Note Book.  
Nanna and I  
Never missed the movie Pooh Bear!  
My nickname was Pooh Bear.  
My own stuffed Winnie the Pooh, Ornaments, knickknacks,  
And even the Pooh Bear Costume for Halloween.

Through my first 8 years  
Of life I never knew my dad.  
I never even thought I had a dad.  
When I was a child of 8,  
He got to know me for a few weeks  
And then he was gone again.

As a small child,  
I lived in Charlotte, North Carolina  
Driving my toy car in the yard  
With my Mom and Nanna.  
Then suddenly,  
It was just me and mom.

Sometimes I stayed with the neighbor,  
And other times with my mom's best friend.  
I loved them both like family,  
but I still missed my mom.

Nanna's little life lessons---  
"Smile it will all get better soon."  
"Don't be a fake,  
because your original is perfect."  
"Don't worry about the walk out's,  
or the miss out's  
Because your loved ones don't leave."  
"We Love you Pooh Bear."

All these things have made me  
Who I am today.  
I am thankful for my family.  
Where you're from isn't always a place---  
It's what has created who you are today.

Angel Y., Paintsville, Johnson County

Amethyst  
VineGrove  
Meade Co

Where I'm From

(Inspired by George Ella Lyon)

*I'm from loud music and good times,  
but daddy always said,  
"You better be back before nine."*

*Nobody's life is ever the same,  
but instead of complaining,  
I pray to God in vain.*

*Momma and daddy always reminding me,  
"You better get ready for life,  
because once you leave this nest,  
you have to fly."*

*God knows I wasn't ready,  
and maybe still I'm not,  
but watch and see,  
I'm determined to tie this thing into a knot.*

*You see,  
I have plans for the future,  
and I've said them more than once,  
I'm not joking when I say, "I'm joining the Air Force."*

*I'm 17 almost 18,  
and that's no doubt,  
but sometimes I have these fears*

*of someone walking out.*

*I love my family,  
even when the sun won't shine,  
but I still don't understand  
why they won't leave the past behind.*

*My sisters will have to learn,  
that life does and will get tough---  
but don't you ever think that  
I won't pull you up from that rut.*

*I am still a child,  
and I learn every day,  
but some of us don't,  
have loved ones to show us the way.*

*There's supposed to be a right and wrong road,  
but I still don't get it,  
is that really how life goes?*

*I am from yelling and smoking dope,  
but nobody really knows  
how that one goes.*

*So now that it's done and over with,  
I'll tell you straight up,  
drugs are never the solution.  
They'll just get you locked up.*

*So, yes, being away from my family  
is no single punishment,  
It's helping me understand*

*that my behavior wasn't cutting it.*

*I'm shifting my life around,  
indeed I know, so when I see  
you doing the wrong thing,  
I'll ask, "Is this really how you want your life to go?"*