

# The Life

by Samantha J. Robinson

A junkie in the night runnin' with nowhere to go  
Jumpin' from house to house slingin' any kind of hope

Sometimes I'm stuck in darkness it's all that I see  
I can't get past the addictions and thoughts of criminality.

With a bag in my hand an a needle in my vein  
I feel the poison take over until eventually I'm insane

I've done things I'm not proud of things I want to forget  
That's why I gave up "the life" without any regrets

I've dreamed an illusion that comes from deep inside  
It's someone reaching in the dark and plucking me from this life

It's a double edge sword that life I chose to live  
To find my way out you have no idea what I'd give

Although not all were evil the good ones I had to find  
To put the guns and drugs away I had to leave them all behind

I earned respect in what we call the life or the Game  
But the only respect I demand now is for my family name

I've made some bad choices but I'll remember all I can  
I wouldn't change anything it's made me who I am

Despite all the pain and hurt I caused while I lived "the life"  
Don't I deserve a chance to hold my head up high

I'm in prison now and darkness no longer reigns over me  
I found a pinhole of light and I can finally see

My illusion is now real and my dreams are coming true  
I plucked myself from that life by believing I deserved a chance to.

That person was myself the one I used to be  
Before the drugs and guns became a life for me.

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