

When the Clock Strikes Nine

By Sara Carney

Tick goes the clock, keeping the time,
But my time will stop, when the clock strikes nine.

When I am gone, no one will care,
because to them, I was never really there.

No one will cry, but that's fair.
because to them, I'll be out of their hair.

But then I think of my real friends,
how will they feel when my time ends?

I start thinking, then some more,
the next thing I know, I'm on the floor.

Crying and weeping, because I am sad.
I almost left, all the good things I still had.

There are people that love
me, I now know it's true.

If I ask for help,
those people come through.

With their love, I guess I'll be fine.
Because nothing happened, when the clock struck nine.

Now with help, I'm better than I've been,
because I'm still here, as the clock strikes ten.