

Opportunistic Downfall

I tried to dodge the bullets, but it didn't work.
My messed up life's drivin' me berserk.
Knowing my luck things will just get worse,
Until I break down and cry.

The people who once knew me in the olden days,
Are bound to remark on how much I've changed.
But knowing my luck they'll hate me all the same,
So I'll leave them behind.

Opportunity knocks, they say.
But no-one raps on my door these days,
And though there's light at the end of the tunnel.
Somebody's changing the bulb.

I ask myself how I got into such a state,
If only I'd tried harder to communicate.
Knowing my luck I'd still be god-forsake,
And wondering why.

Should I have put my faith into something divine?
Surely that would have saved me from a life of crime?
But knowing my luck my life was predesigned,
And I'd end up inside.

Opportunity knocks, they say.
But no-one raps on my door these days,
And it's no use waiting for dreams to come true,
When all you have are nightmares.
Things could've been different had the time allowed.
I could have achieved much and made my family proud.
Knowing my luck they'd likely throw me out,
And leave me to die.

I've tried to blame my problems on the alcohol,
I know it had a part to play in my downfall,
Maybe knowing my luck comes armed with claws,
Will save me next time.

Opportunity knocks, they say.
But no-one raps on my door these days,
And although they claim that hope springs,
Mine has lost its bounce.

All my life has been plagued by psychology,
Assuring me I'm still pinned to reality.
But knowing my luck has the authority,
I'm sure that's just lies.

Nowadays I'd like to think I'm much improved,
A better man focussed on a path of truth,
Yet knowing my luck you won't see the proof,
Cos my life's too contrived.

Opportunity knocks, they say.
But no-one raps on my door these days,
And whilst the future might be bright,
It'll soon be nightfall.

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