

W. Michael Rochelle Jr.

Mr. Delusional

In my state of delusion
You were good for me,
Exactly what I'd need
And in my state of confusion
Your words blinded me
That's why I believed
We shared the same vision
And spoke the same language
You said you wanted the same things I did
And you couldn't breathe without me
But that wasn't true
Words—so many, Actions—so few
Now I'm mending my broken heart
While trying not to fall apart
Yet,
How I wish I could call you
Maybe see you just one more time
Then tell you exactly how I still feel
And see if you'd be willing to change your mind
Maybe I could show you
That you really don't know what's best for you
And that is me,
Mr. Delusional,
Maybe if we just sat down
Maybe if we just talked
We could work something out
Where you'd be somewhat happy
And I'd be overjoyed to have you around
Wouldn't it be so perfect?
Who would know a better union?
In my state
State of delusion

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