

GRAY

I thought  
Questions are meant to be asked  
Not masked  
Then I read  
Some are better left unsaid

I thought  
Cute as pie  
Kids don't lie  
Then one stole from me  
Yet swore it wasn't she

I thought  
I smashed the job interview  
Flew, top of the queue  
Had to be me they sought  
Yet another they bought

I thought  
Money can't buy happiness  
The rich, secretly a mess  
Yet miserable I've always been  
When my wallet is thin

I thought  
Optimism is for fighters  
Pessimism is for whiners  
Then, shades appear  
And, all is not linear