

## Idle hands

I've been told I'm lazy, got no get up and go  
I've been told I'm crazy it's so hard not to show  
I can't find the motivation to find where I belong  
So on I keep on plodding, until I'm finally gone

Idle hands make devils work I've heard it often said  
I sold my soul so long ago he can have me when I'm dead  
Can someone show me how to fill the emptiness inside  
Because without hope, I don't know what is life?

In my head the thoughts keep spinning, round and round and round  
In my head I keep on screaming, but never make a sound  
So I paint it onto canvas and hope someone will see  
Give me some direction to help me find the real me.

By Lee Haigh