

Story Of My Life

May 18, 1994

The day I was born

Been on the move ever since birth

Feels like I'm traveling this earth

Only in 11th grade and been to 15 different schools Living my own life, by my own rules

Been through enough, so I know what's wrong

I write my own lyrics, and I write my own songs Songs about my life and all that is true

Writing and more writing is all I do

I walk around everyday with a chip on my sleeve Waiting and waiting for it to leave

Leave and go far, far away and start over new

And nobody telling me what to do

Once got to the point where I put a knife to my arm

Twice almost cutting and put myself in harm

I know that it is bad, but it made all the problems go away

Sitting in this room, with one last thing to say

Going through all these problems living without a father And that concludes the Story Of My Life'

Jacob Guinn