Do The Write Thing

The boy just sitting there,
in the shadows of society,
No-one would care,
He’s a victim of what we fear,
A simple wound from us,
May end this boy’s life,

He came from a poor family,
He learned not to hate,
But he had to suffer through fists and profanity,
He’s just looking for a mate,
To help him get throughout the day,
Please help him,
He has a lot at bay

So stop the violence,
No one should get to feel what this is like,
Because the boy who hurt him was in a state of malevolence,
He didn’t need someone to teach him this he can see it all around him alike,

So one day the boy couldn’t take it anymore,
Do the White Thing

The boy just sitting there
in the shadows of society.

How would one care?

Has he a victim of sorts we meet.

A simple song from me.

May end these painful tales.

He comes from a poor family

And learned not to hate.

He's been trained to serve.

No more looking for a mate.

To help him get the support he's due.

Please help him.

He's just a lot of talk.

So stop the violence.

No one should set foot into this place like he.

Because the boy who walked him was in a state of mysterious.

He needs you, someone to see him this pre can see it all standing firm inside.

So can we fit for our country's fate to survive.
And he ended it all,
The other boy never thought of this from his core,
And when the boy's mom got the call,
She had a had a meltdown,
When she got there,
The house was on lockdown.

So please end the violence,
So a mom or dad can see their child grow up,
And don't have go through all this pain and suffering.