

It was all going like it should
The kids playing in the yard like any kids would
There were smiles and laughs and a joke or two
For this is what youngsters are supposed to do
Then out of the fun, one kid started to cry
The others confused, no one knew why
Over and over they asked him what's wrong
But he'd just cry to himself, in the corner, all alone
And yet they persisted, going to his side
Still he wouldn't say a word, just a constant whine
So they finally left and went back to play
The whimpering boy on the side he'd stay
He'd watch the others instead of try
But the feeling of neglect was growing inside
"You guys suck," he said, disrupting their game
Shocked, they argued, contesting his blame
"But we tried to cheer you up and include you in what we do."
"Nah - You guys don't care. You only look out for you."
"But you left the game, not telling us why you cried."
"If you don't know then you're not on my side."
"How can we know if you don't tell us what's wrong?"
"How can I when you make me feel I don't belong?"
"What!? Are you kidding? Where'd you come up with that?"
The boy gave an answer, but it wasn't based in fact
And on they went, back and forth
The game sacrificed for this new verbal sport
Where nobody wins cause the boy can't see
That he is his own worst enemy
So into the future this pattern will repeat
Some of the group will stay, some will leave
But one thing won't change, at least not for a while
And that's the boy analyzing his sadness from inside
He'll throw more and more guilt, hoping they come back
But the wolves in his sheep are merely a trap
Where nothing you do or say is ok
It's a terrible shame it's now this way