



## During my blues

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I had the blues  
when I was twenty;  
a hurricane struck,  
and bizarre thoughts ran amuck.  
Yet my buddies turned a blind eye;  
I wish I'd had them by my side.

I had the blues  
and the shrinks were naive;  
they prescribed before giving a full ear.  
Then, the thoughts got stronger.  
And still my buddies turned a blind eye;  
I wish they'd stuck by my side.

I had the blues  
when exams hovered,  
and the thoughts wouldn't be dispelled;  
focusing on intricate concepts was too much to expect.  
Yet, even then, my buddies turned a blind eye;  
I wish I'd had them by my side.

I had the blues  
because my professors didn't uncover  
the soul of my predicament,  
and blamed me for my plight instead.  
Yet, *again*, my buddies turned a blind eye;  
I wish I'd had them by my side.

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I had the blues  
as I waged a lonely battle.  
And when I emerged a bruised victor,  
I wondered whether I deserved to suffer.  
While my buddies, they turned a blind eye;  
I wish I'd had them by my side.

I still have the blues  
because my mind meanders over what could have been,  
had circumstances been favorable.  
And as I wage my lonely battle,  
even today my buddies turn a blind eye,  
when all I need is to be seen as worthy and not cast aside.

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