**Searching for the Light**

*May 8, 2013*

Started out I had it all.

Within my grasp and reach Riding high and then the fall.

Washed up on the beach Used to drive a Cadillac Fine whiskey women homes.

Once you're busted you can't go back.

Broke and all alone.

No where to rest my weary head.

No shelter for the night.

But I am still walking talking breathing.

Still not dead.

Still searching for the light.