**TRUST FUND BABIES.**

Trust Fund Babies.

Fine Young Men.

Fancy Ladies.

Just A Little Money Crazy.

Always Watching Out For Maybe.

Maybe Might Just Loose It.

So Afraid To Use It.

Lots Of Dope And Boozing.

Just Can't Help But Abusing.

Used To Be Right Pretty.

Handsome.

Slim Good Hair Teeth Skin.

Then The Market Fell Right In.

Way Too Late To Cash In.

Done Over Fini Begins.

Wasted Withered Wane.

A Bit Insane.

No Longer In The Game.

No Longer In The Hunt.

No Place In The Sun.

A Wretched Wreck One Has Become.

Just An Also Ran.

Now I Have No Principle.

To Draw That Perfect Generous.

God Of Interests.

Sweet Pure Compound Breath.

Nothing Of My Money Spirit Hope Support

Trust Fund Crutches Left.

I Just Wander World Alone.

No Fancy Clothes.

False Fair Weather Friends.

Fast Cars

Flavored Rich Food.

Fine Grand Homes.

Just Trapped Sadly.

Stuck. Mired. In.

This Bankrupt Busted

Trust Fund.

Broke Poor Living Death.

Of All Health Wealth Alms Of Life.

Vacant Departed Desolate Deserted Bare Bereft.

Tormented Tarnished. Silver Spooned.

Husk Shell Of Emptiness. Nothing More.

Nothing Less.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/19/16.

Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.

Copyright C.

Universal Rights Reserved.