

# What is Life?

What is this life?  
Is it a park? A joyful spark?  
A simulation? A game?  
Rote, more of the same?  
A book? A careless look?  
A party off the chain?  
A throwdown so insane?  
A joke, a laughing croak?  
I've tried, and tried, and tried, and tried.  
What is this life? I can't decide.

If life is a park,  
Where are the trees that  
Make it easier to breathe?

If life is a game,  
I should treat it like one, but  
If life is a game,  
I am not having fun.

If life is a book,  
If it betters with age,  
Why am I so eager  
To reach the final page?

If life is a party where  
You dance till you're dead,  
Why do I wish I  
Wasn't invited?

If life is a joke  
To make you laugh till you choke,  
Till you feel it in your gut,  
Why do I feel like  
I am the butt?

I've tried, and tried, and died, and died.  
I'm tired, I'm tired, I'm tired, I'm tired.  
Where is my Grim Reaper?  
Oh, jeepers, he's retired.