

# Steven

Jake Miller

Yeah, look  
Let me tell you about a kid named Steven  
He's slowly running out of things to believe in  
Every couple of months his mom leaves him,  
for no good reason his step-dad beats him  
Not too many friends, only ever had a few of them,  
but recently they don't want anything to do with him  
Always eating lunch in the bathroom stall,  
he just wants to feel normal and be cool again, yeah  
Always feeling like the outcast, he's been going crazy ever since his dad passed  
He needs guidance and advice but instead  
he only has breakdowns and flashbacks of the car crash uh  
It's been getting harder everyday, if he was still around everything would be ok  
Cuz his dad was always the light at the end of the tunnel,  
but now that same damn tunnel is looking dark and grey  
He keeps quiet in the back of the class  
and when the bell rings Steven hurries home fast  
scared to death the other kids will kick his ass on the long walk home  
cuz its happened in the past so  
He's getting used to the black eyes and fat lips  
but all he's got is a fake smile and cut wrists  
Wishin' he could walk right up to them and show them the scars  
and say look you're the reason that I've done this  
Maybe they would finally understand and go back to how it was before it all began  
But he's just a little different so they taunt him and they beat him  
Yeah it's all just fun and games, they don't give a damn, yeah  
His older brother ain't around, in and out of jail, hanging with the wrong crowd  
He's been doing coke, smoking weed, getting drunk all his life he's a shame  
no, he's not too proud  
Now his habits are rubbing off on his little bro yeah, but guess what?  
Little did he know that everytime he did a line,  
everytime he lit a joint,  
everytime he took a shot he was sippin mode  
So Steven's sitting in his room getting high now  
Doors locked, music up, with his lights out  
He just takes another tote til his room fills with smoke  
5-6-7 hours til he knocks out  
Now he started stealing pills from his mom  
8-9-10 at a time and now they're gone  
and maybe for a moment all his problems seem to fade,  
but the high fades too after not too long  
and that's when it really sinks in and that's when it hits him

that these god damn drugs won't fix him  
Curled up on the floor, can't take it anymore  
Now he's talking to God cuz he's the only one that gets him  
On his knees, looking up, can't stop crying  
"God I know we haven't talked in a long time  
but this time I really need you. Please God help me, say something  
just give me a sign, because now I'm falling apart and  
I don't think that I can do it. Please God, give me the strength  
to pull through it. Tell me, Should I give up? I could end it all right now.  
I just don't know if I'm brave enough to do it.  
Cuz there's gotta be a better way than suicide.  
Try to wait it out, give it time, you'll be fine.  
But it's been so long and I still haven't been able to get rid  
of all the thoughts that I feel inside. So sick, so angry, so mad  
and to top it off no one even knows that"  
That's when he stood up, wiped his tears, walked over to his desk  
and got a pen and a notepad  
He just couldn't see it getting any better  
So on a cold dark night in December, Steven knew exactly what he had to do  
But first he sat down and wrote a couple letters  
One to his step-dad, one to his mother,  
couple to the kids at school, one to his brother  
Bringing them the pain that they once brought him  
tear drops on the paper one after another  
Yeah, I hope that you all feel guilty.  
Cuz I'm broken now and you can't heal me  
And now you're all an accomplice in murder  
each and every one of you has chipped in to kill me  
So the reason that I'm writing you this evening,  
is to say goodbye and to tell you that I'm leaving  
But don't hold your breath cuz I ain't never coming back  
Sincerely yours, Steven

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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