Selfish

Do you ever consider the feelings of others, or is it always all about you? There's always an ulterior motive in every little thing that you do If there is no chance of personal profit, or you can't see what you're going to gain You're not going to do things for others, because that would be really insane

You have to go running to mummy, to help with your paying of bills Because all your personal money is needed for personal thrills Your social life is the priority, it's more important than anything else And as long as the others are paying, you can add to your personal wealth

You will eat all the food in the cupboards, because the cupboards replenish themselves Don't understand supermarkets, think the shopping is done by the elves Truly believe the world owes you, you're superior to the whole of man kind But people are starting to notice and are slowly learning to leave you behind

I hoped that you would read out this poem and look in the mirror and think But you see it as character assassination, and block it out with drugs and drink And it's everyone else with the problem, as you see with your selfish view But I'm so sick of picking up the pieces, and now all I think is fuck you

By Lee Haigh