

## CONNECTED

By John Morello

Dedicated to Glenn

I am a drug addict  
I am dirt  
I medicate myself the only way I know how  
Inside me is a root connected to the tree of knowledge running down to hell  
itself  
Inside my heart is a ticking time bomb  
Inside my pocket is a note from my mom  
Telling me I am loved  
Inside me is someone who wants to be loved  
I am loved but I do not know it and I do not feel it,  
I am made of the same dirt as you

I am made of the same dirt as you but you can't deal with me  
So I am on the outside looking in  
I am alone stuck in this skin.  
I am a problem... I'm a maze of dead ends  
I'm called selfish by my family and friends  
I am called selfish because I want to feel good  
Deep in my soul I just want to be good  
I want for one moment just to be good  
What do you do when you want to feel good?  
You go to your friends you go outside  
You make love you go for a ride  
You take Prozac you eat a big mac  
Your kites flying high while I'm being held back  
Because I am connected to the tree of knowledge in the dirt that connects to  
hell itself.

People like me have no voice  
With the cards I been dealt I have no choice  
All bets are off all my moves have been made.  
I took a hit when I should have stayed.  
And the house has already won 'cause my parents told me I would fall  
I saw it coming and still bet it all. Now I don't have a dime...and..I can't keep  
this rhyme going let alone hold my head up.

I'm so sad so I medicate myself the only way I know how. My medication is  
illegal... as it should be ...because the stuff I take aint good for nothing...I  
don't care what all the hemp fest hippies say with their rage against the  
machine shirts and legalize it chants.  
'Cause if I had my way I'd burn all their plants so that no one would ever have  
to feel as bad as I do right now. I medicate myself ...every time I try to stop  
it never lasts.  
I love my family but they don't know me 'cause they can't see inside me  
Is a root of a tree of knowledge running down to hell itself.

Medicine can't help me 'cause my disease is addiction.  
I bet I'd get help if cancer were my affliction.  
But I am an addict so I get a two-week detox.  
Trapped in my self with no keys and no locks.  
If I was an actor or rock star I bet I'd have health care.  
Driving in LA with a bumper sticker that said DARE...to keep kids off drugs.  
But I am dirt I am nothing so you just stare. Here I am. I am a drug addict. I  
am empty inside except for this root connected to the tree of knowledge that  
runs down to hell itself. And I will stay this way because to you I am useless,  
I have no job so I have no money so I am not a consumer so I am not a citizen.  
So I am not American so I am alone in this nation invisible to all... I have no  
gifts to give except. ...All my stuff in this bag... And when you aint got  
nothing you got nothing to lose

I am just an obstacle in your way.  
My curse has no power to ruin your good day.  
I am the final digit in Pi  
So you'll never look me in the eye  
'Cause you cannot throw money at me and make me go away.  
Like the presents for your kids on Christmas day.  
Like you change the channel on your plasma TV  
Like you change the oil in your SUV  
Like your girlfriends mind you can't change me  
You want to give me a present you want to help me  
Give me an axe to cut down this tree  
This damn root of a tree of knowledge connected to...leading to...leading me...HOME.  
I am a drug addict  
I am nothing  
I am dirt...just like you

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