

LIAM RECTOR

---

## Class Curse

I curse to stay true  
To the world I came from.  
Wouldn't you?

But you didn't come  
From there, so cursing  
Is often squandered on

The likes of you.  
I'm betting  
You'll be there when

The game gets rough,  
When the game gets too,  
But your sort is really the sort

Can't be relied on when,  
When it's time to fight through.  
I counted on that

From the boys and the girls  
In the old neighborhood,  
But they're gone for good,

You don't believe violence  
Is ever the solution to anything,  
And I'm now here with you.