

**Second Thoughts, Loneliness, and Drowning**

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Silence has never been my style,  
 I choose to blast my music,  
 I choose to talk loud and clear,  
 I choose to laugh a hearty laugh.  
 My shades are down,  
 my hands are out,  
 I drive like the way I walk about.  
 I don't need a girl to be by my side,  
 I just need to drown the silence  
     of second thoughts.

Silence has always been my style,  
 fading my music to a soft hum,  
 talking softly and kindly,  
 laughing a light laugh.  
 My hair is kept away from my face,  
 my hands are safely next to me,  
 driving calmly through the days.  
 I like having people with me,  
 needing to drown the silence  
     of loneliness.

Broad daylight is the best way to go,  
 my station turned up so that it floods the streets  
 with a loud bass beat.  
 I teeter a bit past the common speed,  
 the speed limit was never followed anyways.  
 Chatting amongst people with my phone,  
 I still drive alone.

Warm sunlight bathes my skin,  
 music off so that I can listen to my best friend's chatter  
 as it echoes off the other cars.  
 I teeter on the speed limit,  
 choosing to go a tad slower than common to ensure safety.  
 Letting silence be our breaks,  
 I drive with company.

ding ding  
tchaka tchaka tchaka  
ding ding  
tchaka

...  
ding ding  
ding ding  
ding ding?

A phone lies in the middle of an intersection  
still going off with texts,  
the owner lays unconscious and bloody  
but relatively okay.  
A photo floats near the phone  
two smiles with a drawing saying BFF,  
the owner lays in shock with the arm bent morbidly  
but the companion is halfway out of the car  
with a glazed look  
focused into  
the distance.

I don't drive much anymore,  
I choose to walk.  
While my fashion is still loud,  
my mouth remains still.  
Silence drowns out the regrets.

Silence has grown a part of me,  
choosing to avoid driving at all costs.  
While I might seem okay,  
my smile rarely surfaces.  
I choose to drown in my silence.