

It's Like

Words have meaning
And we use them now, seeming
To almost say something
A thing it's like

To make a statement
To say what we really meant
Only to soften it with
A thing it's like

It's like I'm writing this
But only kind of
Make my declaration, but it's
Like only kind of

Our words are real
But then we get to steal
To make words less real and
The impact they might have had

What others maybe feel
With like we can kind of kill
Make them more easily deal with
What might make them mad or sad

Because it's a thing it's like
Not our real thing
It's a thing it's like
Take away the real sting

Is it a kindness
Or just a hesitation
A pause for thought
Or premeditation

Just a word, or a deviation
Some piece of see-through information
A watered down articulation
Yet another equivocation

It's just a thing it's like
Not the real thing
It's just a thing it's like
What does that really bring

I'll try to say what it is
Not say what it's like

