

Poetry Series

**Randy Gillingham**  
**- poems -**

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# Randy Gillingham()

# Good-Bye

Feeling all alone, in a world that's oh so old.  
I try to cry out, but no one's there to hear my cries.  
Must I travel this road of life all alone?  
Is this my fate and destiny?  
What have I done to deserved this?  
Feeling so lost and empty on the inside.  
Like a lost soul that's hard to find.  
A pain no one should have to endured.  
Feels like I'm going backwards, instead of forward.  
Living in the past and not looking to the future.  
'Is there a future for me? ' I asked.  
'Yes, there is, but it's not here.'  
People are cold, in this world so old.  
They turn their backs, and look the other way.  
I'm going to be leaving this place one of these days.  
For now I know, where my home will be.  
It's calling my name, to come in out of the rain.  
Never have to suffer, or feel any more pain.  
So when I'm gone, don't shed any tears.  
But if you must, do it for the lonely ones dear.  
For I found a place, to call my home.  
And now, I won't be alone anymore.

Randy Gillingham

# Thinking Of You

When that morning light comes shining through,  
And on the grass I see the morning dew.

As I hear the birds sing,  
And wonder what this day might bring.

I think of you, my love,  
Do you think of me too?

As I leave out the doorway,  
To take on this new day.

As I watch the children play,  
Might I wonder what they say.

I think of you, my love,  
Do you think of me too?

As I'm out in this new world,  
Feeling alone, trying to be strong.

My mind starts to drift,  
While my hearts a breaking.

I think of you, my love,  
Do you think of me too?

And as I'm on my way home,  
With the day almost gone.

And as the sun goes down,  
There's a lonely man in this town.

I think of you, my love,  
Do you think of me too?

And when the darkness covers this land,  
I wish you were here to hold my hand.

And as the moon starts arising,  
With its ever loving surprises.

I think of you, my love,  
Do you think of me too?

And as I turn out the lights,  
I bid farewell to the night.

And as the dreams fill my sleep,  
It's dreams of you so sweet.

I think of you, my love,  
Do you think of me too?

Randy Gillingham