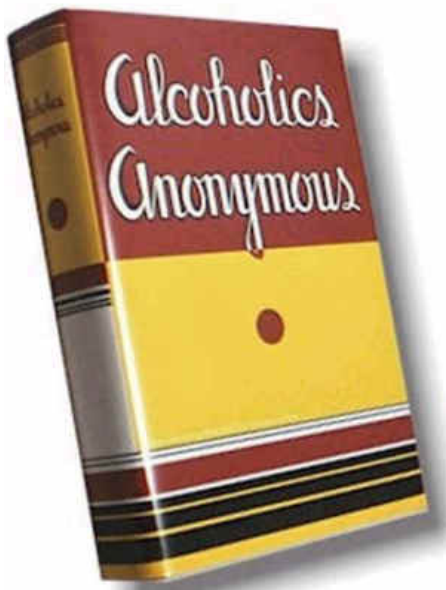


## DEAR DRINK,

There you are my dear old friend.  
Stayed with me till the bitter end.  
I still remember when we met,  
The day I fell into your net.  
You made me feel like I belonged  
To dance with courage, sing a song.  
We did it all just for kicks,  
Always snagged the prettiest chicks.  
What fun we had amongst each other.  
My best friend, my soul brother.  
With you, I fell in love with life.  
And likewise with my lovely wife.  
What joy, when each child was born.  
Life was good; not a thing to morn.  
What a feeling with our first car.  
And the thrill of owning our very own bar.  
We had it all, with nothing to dread.  
A brand new home and a cushy bed.  
Respected members of society  
Marching so far from sobriety.  
Living a life I could never believe.  
But devious you, had tricks up your sleeve.  
I had it all; too blind to see.  
You easily took it all from me.  
Such a sneaky son of a gun.  
You made me think I was having fun.  
Your firm grip, held me sure.  
Life falling apart, my mind in a blur.  
I finally awoke amid all the wreckage.



Doing your bidding, a good dog who fetches.  
Tried running fast and as far as I could.  
But always came back like you knew I would.  
You dragged me down to the depths of hell.  
Pulling me back when I thought I was well.  
Yes my friend, if you had your thunder.  
I'd be broken, lying six feet under.  
Guess what you bastard? I'm still alive.  
And I've found what I need so I can survive.  
Yes you gave me one hell of a ride.  
Now you must run; now you must hide.  
I walk tall with my head held high.  
With you gone, I don't live that lie.  
I have new friends and places to meet  
Where you're not welcome to take a seat.  
I found peace, met serenity.  
My cleansed soul is a new entity.  
I have a Big Book to keep you at bay.  
I have a new Guide to show me the way.  
My Higher Power's more powerful than you,  
Who loves me no matter what you do.  
I've been freed from the bondage of self,  
Earning something far greater than wealth.  
So don't even think of returning, you fool.  
For your every trick, I now have a tool.  
I'm getting it back, all that you cost.  
God has replaced you, Addiction get lost.

Not truly yours, *Mac*