

Its the end of the semester and graduation is near,
I've paid all my dues,
I've done all my work,
Its time to relax for the rest of the year,
I am an athlete,
My coaches tell me to always do the right thing,
But this is just one party,
One time,
One fling,
I have never done drugs or even touched one drink,
I will be responsible and make good choices, I think,
On the way there I text my mom,
"I'll be home soon"
She replies,
"Ok, son. You know I trust you."
I tell my friends that i'll just have a soda,
They look at me funny and hand me a beer,
I don't want to do this,
This isn't me,
My friends say, "Its worth it, just try it, you'll see."
Just one drink,
What's the worst that could happen,
This must be it, I thought, from the cell that I sat in,
But I only had one drink, or wait was it two?
The officer told me, "It was more than a few."
I had to get home and no one was sober,
I had to get home, I promised my mom.
I did not see the man, walking his dog,
It was almost as if in my mind there was fog,
When you drink and drive these are the risks that you take,
So to everyone who reads this, don't make my mistake.