

**IT'S TABOO by Chris Gaskin on the 45<sup>th</sup> anniversary of her Mother's suicide**

Do you know what day it is?  
I know you don't  
I do  
Do you know what happened?  
Today long time ago  
Probably best you don't  
Not many people do  
Only one or two  
Actually, only one, someone from SOBS

I keep it to myself you see  
It's not something I talk about  
Not even to those close to me  
They'd understand I doubt

It's hard to say  
Hard to admit  
Hard to put into words

And what's the point?  
Anyway  
It only hurts

Some days are good  
Some days are bad  
Anniversaries are worst

When other people talk about it  
That's a massive curse  
Cos it's hard to explain  
What happened on that day  
And it would only make things worse

Do you know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
No, you don't do you?  
And that's the hardest thing  
We don't talk about it  
It's taboo

And whether it would help  
In general, you know  
To talk with friends and family  
And bring them down so low

So, you don't know what day it is  
And you never will  
And you don't know what happened  
The day that time stood still  
For I will never tell you  
Because it is taboo