

Trial of the Century

Good Riddance

What does it mean when you're sixteen
The world's a cold and lonely place
But you're still kicking
Every door down in the place
The war of words they're so upright
You pass a hundred sleepless nights
And the worst is yet to come or so they say
Here comes seventeen
And just beyond
There's tolerance and empathy
To protect you from them all
A stand of evergreen
Just like the places we would always talk about
To catch you when you fall
You hear a knock outside the door
It never rains here anymore
So now there's nothing new
To was away the pain
A frightened face your clouded mind
The memories you've trailed behind
And seventeen still feels light years away
Nobody seems to understand you
As your grasping for that innocence
Sequestered in your mind
Was it guilt or were they blind
All this time