No Pioneer

A Loss for Words

You said you wouldn't let it go to your head. The spotlight has added ten pounds to it. Self accolades are self defeating; You're a bad magic act, an old riff rehashed. You're no pioneer. Who will you be tomorrow? The cards you were holding bore a royal flush. The crowd thought you insightful. I thought they were nuts. I cringe at the sight of your grand finale. You contort yourself to the crowd take a well deserved bow. Who will you be tomorrow? Every time the seasons changeI get that uncertain sting. You haven't learned a thing. You're not remembering. Your new friends, they're not pioneers. You're no pioneer.