

## Millennial

Aisha Badru

We fill our notebooks up with hope  
Plan out how our life will unfold  
Only three more years of school to go  
Dreaming that we'll find a pot of gold

This is the dawning of our lives  
But we're in debt up to our eyes  
Is this the cost to be alive?  
A slave to bills until we die

Now we fill our backpacks up with clothes  
Buy a ticket to Mexico  
Only two more months of work to go  
Praying that we find our souls

Yeah we fill our backpacks up with clothes  
Take a trip to a land unknown  
Only one more week of work to go  
Praying that we find our souls  
Before we have to go back home