

They say elders gain the wisdom of years
As time goes by, I fear...
growing up and feeling like the best years are done
Spend life waiting for things that never come, and...
Hope
When living through the memories of youth
Hope
When repetition guides you
Hope
When wondering how you wound up this way
I hope the wisdom's worth the wait
Life's mold gradually enfolds you
Uniqueness given up to be accepted by your peers
Come in from your 9 to 5
Hang your coat and tie
High School yearbook's still on the nightstand...
Salutations and "How's your day been?"
routine superficial conversations
Gotten too deep, but somehow you keep
working to afford another day you'll live to hate
I hope I never fall in line
I've seen it one too many times