

Pride and Joy

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Time of day I can't recall,
The kind of thing that takes its toll.
Over years and over time,
Over smiles and over wine.
All in all it wasn't bad,
All in all it wasn't good,
But I still care.

That's the problem with the days
They're never long enough to say,
What it is you never said,
All the books you never read.
I throw myself into the wind
Hoping somebody might pick me up
And carry me again.

Where are you now?
Do you let me down?
Do you make me grieve for you?
Do I make you proud?
Do you get me now?
Am I your pride and joy?

I believe this to be true
There's nothing sacred, nothing new.
No one tells you when its time.
There are no warnings, only signs.
Then you know that you're alone,
You're not a child anymore,
But you're still scared.

All your mountains turn to rocks.
All your oceans turn to drops.
They are nothing like you thought;
You can't be something you are not.
Life is not a looking glass.
Don't get tangled in your past,
Like I am learning not to.

Where are you now?
Do you let me down?
Do you make me grieve for you?
Do I make you proud?
Do you get me now?
Am I your pride and joy?