

## 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