Process of assimilation You'ret he one who used to say ''My goals will never change, However long they take to reach!'' ''I'm no feather in the wind I'll triumph with a grin'' You spoke with such conviction Process of assimilation How quickly you changed your tune When time gave you room To grow toward your desires You claimed ''change'' helped you mature Believe me I was sure That you were trying to convince yourself Your problem, I thought, was a weak frame of mind But noticing your smile, I saw the problem was mine! We're all searching for contentment with blinders on We've got to learn to be objective Before life itself is gone!