

# Naive Again

Katie Pruitt

I don't believe  
In fairytales  
Now that I've seen  
Behind the veil

No pot of gold  
No man upstairs  
Just piles of bills  
Unanswered prayers

I was a kid once  
But kids grow up  
They ask their silly questions  
Till they know too much  
What I wouldn't give  
To live back then  
Bright eyed and easy  
Naive, again

She came my way  
Once bright spring day  
A picnic bench  
A red bouquet

No wedding bells  
No big parade  
The flowers died  
I cried and cried

I was a kid once  
But kids grow up  
They ask their silly questions  
Till they know too much  
No getting back  
That innocence  
When love was easy  
Naive, again

All that I've known  
My childhood home  
They packed it up  
A moving truck

My parents plans  
Their shaky hands  
In older age  
They turn the page

We all were kids once  
But kids grow up  
They ask their silly questions  
Till they know too much  
When it's said and done  
We'll reach the end  
And we'll wish we were naive, again  
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