

Where is he going?
What has he done?
What's to become of him
I wrote a speech to my dad
Twenty-one pages long
He twisted my jokes and swallowed their meanings

I lay awake counting one, two and three,
It's alright, it's alright
I fell asleep
Counting eight, ten and four
it's okay

A twelve year old math wiz
Came to me in my sleep
He knew all the answers
Which he kept to himself
He said I'd hate to be you
When the big day comes
The look on your face
Will be priceless