

Shadow Children

Mindy Gledhill

Far away in the light of day
when we as children played.
Prone to run in the setting sun
and slowly fade away.

Where, where did we go, oh
when we lost our shadows?
I'll fly through your window
if you tell me a story

of long lost boys and their wooden toys
and mermaids by the sea,
Pixie dust and a gust of wind
to sail us through our dreams.

Where, where did we go, oh
when we lost our shadows?
I'll fly through your window
if you tell me a story

of when we must all grow up
to the applause of society's masquerade.
I find it odd.

Where, where did we go, oh
when we lost our shadows?
I'll fly through your window
if you tell me a story now.