

James

Saint Saviour

Wake up, James it's dark out
Stand your ground now,
use your will

Shape up, they knocked you spark out
every winter you fall still.

Always looking inward
never knowing who to be
These things never matter
when you're older, you will see

That it's easy to forget
the moments that descend
It's easy to forget, the time

Mittens knitted for you
kept together by a string
football on a white field
you could never quite fit in,

But it's easy to forget
the moments that descend
It's easy to forget the time,

Memories, through a window
See him falling time again,
James.