

A Fairytale Ending

The Boy Least Likely To

When I was young I was valiant and bold.
I fought off dragons and wrestled with trolls.
I was stupid, but I was brave.

I'm still as stupid as I was before.
And now though, I'm not that young anymore
I'm still valiant in my own little way.

Limping off into the sunset
With our tails between our own legs.
Remembering how it all started,
And wondering if this is the way that my fairytale ends.

I still remember how gallant I felt.
In a suit of armor that I made myself,
Out of tinfoil and milk bottle tops.

I guess I'm just like everyone else.
I find it difficult to be myself,
So I pretend to be something I'm not.

In the end everything has to
Turn back into pumpkins and frogs.
I wish that it didn't have to,
And I'm wondering if this is the way that my fairytale ends.

Limping off into the sunset
With our tails between our own legs.
Muttering quietly to myself,
And wondering if this is the way that my fairytale ends.