I Was Born

The Magnetic Fields

I was born -- I hate this part Being someone new Being torn -- seeing someone who died As you grew Growing older is killing a child Who laughed and smiled At anything Growing colder and less and less wild And learning to say

I was young -- then not so young Scary either way One more rung down that black ladder Every day One more floor Down the elevator To oblivion -- what fun

But the singularly awful one Is being born