When We Were Young

Wisdom In Chains

Take a look at my hands.
Layers of struggle cover bones and muscle.
Callouses mark the tools of my trade.
Take a look at my face.
My eyes sink back and my pupils get blacker
as they strain to find some light in this place.
Days of my youth, they went so fast,
we loved so hard we didn’t feel the crash.
We just pressed on flying straight into the sun,
we burned so bright when we were young.
Time flies so fast on a BMX
when you’re riding with friends till 4 am.
We played basketball till the sun came up.
That’s how we do.
Gravediggers club. We never sleep.
I’d steal my food and run the streets.
We’d laugh all day and talk all night.
Skateboard and a duffel bag that was all I needed.
When we were young, we weren’t scared of growing old.
We weren’t scared to chase a dream.
We weren’t afraid of anything at all.
When we were young I couldn’t see the broken hands
but the means were worth the end.
We didn’t care when we were young.

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