

Alan Jackson

"After 17"

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Her right hand closed the front porch door
Suddenly a child no more
All the ribbons, all the bows
In a box now on her closet floor
Anxious for what's to come
Afraid to leave a place she loves

She's not a woman, not a girl
Trying to find her place in this crazy world
Meet a lover, make a friend
Trying to figure out what this life really means
After 17

Broken hearts and rusted dreams
Sometimes make it hard to leaving
Certainty is out of reach
Even with some self-beliefs
So she bites her lip and shows a smile
Flips her hair and flaunts her style

She's not a woman, not a girl
Trying to find her place in this crazy world
Meet a lover, make a friend
Try and figure out what this life really means
After 17

Her memories, she stowed away
Pulls them out on rainy days
And brand new faces take their place
Beside the ones that never fade
She's strong and fragile, weak and smart
Whatever the cost she plays the part

She's not a woman, not a girl
Trying to find her place in this crazy world
Meet a lover, make a friend
Try and figure out what this life really means
After 17, after 17

Her right hand closed the front porch door
And suddenly a child no more

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