

Josiah Leming

"The Rush"

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Listen close to me, oh world of mine.
I don't like your crowded way of life
So what I know I'll leave behind,
In search of better life I'm gonna find.
I don't need a lot to feel the rush.
The ground beneath my feet, the sky's enough.
A piece of air, a human touch,
Glowing chest and holding hands in the summer sun.

So why are you giving away all of your sunny days?
How are you spending the time that you can't replace?
When did the young world grow up, and change it's
ways?
What a thing to waste.
Your youth is a thing to waste.

Listen close to me, oh hands of time.
I don't like the mess you've left behind.
So could you stop for a little while,
So I can grow up better without you on my mind.
I don't need a lot to stay alive.
The water from the river gets me high.
A piece of bread, a taste of wine,
Things that I can steal from you on a moonless night,

So why are you giving away all of your sunny days?
How are you spending the time that you can't replace?
When did the young world grow up, and change it's
ways?
What a thing to waste.
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