

## Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "Saw My Youth"

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What's the deal with destiny?  
It's got me guessing when I shouldn't be.  
Am I a slave to the way (the why) whatever God made  
me.  
Were the choices even mine to make?

[Chorus:]

As I saw my youth in the splendor of a well lit sky  
And the moon's reflection on a pebble.  
I saw my future in a dust cloud,  
As dull as anything to be remembered.

So I traded the vows and bands in the presence of  
family and friends.  
Now I'm a slave, to mood ring eyes.  
Blue when you're happy and grey when you cry.

[Chorus]

Don't be a slave, be a servant with purpose.  
Because it would be worthless to to give up on a book  
Just because you think you know how it's ending.  
And search for the hidden chapters,  
The pages that capture life and define the meaning  
that we are all after.  
..I'm no longer a slave to the grave.  
I'm a servant to those circles.  
My life finally feels worth the skin I'm living in.

I still see my youth in the splendor of a well lit sky  
And the moon's reflection on a pebble.  
But now I see my future past the dust cloud  
And I know it's something to be remembered.

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