

## Alaine

### "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  
Try and figure out what this life really means  
After 17

Broken hearts and rusted dreams  
Sometimes make it hard to leave and  
Certainty is out of reach even with some self belief  
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

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

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