

## Fair "The Attic"

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The attic is still full  
Of all of the same things  
That lay here when I was  
Wide-eyed for playthings.  
The basement is chock-full  
Of all of the memories  
Handed to lovers with great expectations.

Don't leave me behind.  
Don't leave me alone.  
For I just may recall  
What brought me here.

The palace of wisdom  
Has never reached my mind.  
The chance of a lifetime  
Has beaten me blindside.  
With high expectations  
And haughty irreverence.  
The words that I've spoken  
Turn into nonsense.

You said it was  
A lonely night.  
You took the lead  
And made the mark.  
You tore the pages  
From the scene.  
That taught me  
To control the sadness.

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