

**Brooke Waggoner****"I Am Mine"**

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For the sorries, oh the sorries of your soul  
They are the worries, are the worries of my household  
I hear the wind a howling, at my swinging door  
But at your house the weather's pleasant, nothing more

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

Oh the time is near for you to romance every boy  
Well I am still a learning how I should be coy  
And you decided you would educate me  
While conversing over a nice spot of tea

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

And the flowerpots are blooming full of golds  
Tiny, lovely, little shiny marigolds  
And I suppose that I will never be exposed  
To the love that blooms between those who chose

I am behind  
I am behind

And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
I will not pine  
For I am mine

I am behind  
I am behind  
And nevermind  
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