

# Pinhead Gunpowder

## "27"

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I'm not seventeen

And going on nowhere fast

A decade lost in the East Bay fog  
Birthday cards thrown in the trash  
Last years' calendar

On the wall, collecting dust  
My friends say to tear it down  
But instead I'll leave it up  
And now I'm 27

When I turn 28

Driving to the 7-11

Will I end up losing faith  
On expiration dates  
Promises decayed

New Years resolutions sold

To the bums out on the street  
What was it all worth?  
And was it worth the while  
Lost and found and ten years down  
And torched it to the ground  
Will I still stand in line  
When I turn 29?  
But now I'll take a number  
And it reads 27

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