

Day Green

"16"

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Every night I dream the same dream
Of getting older all the time
I ask you now, what does this mean?
Are these problems just in my mind?
Things are easy when you are a child
But now these pressures have dropped on my head
The length I've gone are just long miles
Would they be shorter if I were dead
Every time I look in my past
I always wish I was there
I wish my youth would forever last
Why are these times so unfair
Look at my friends and see what they've done
Ask myself why they had to change
I like them better when they were young
Now all these times are rearranged
I look down and stand there and cry
Nothing ever will be the same
The sun is rising, now I ask why?
The clouds now fall and here comes the rain

