

Strike Anywhere

"Who Am I?"

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Through my senses, I'm reliving childhood memories
from my past

But, in an instant it is over, fading quickly from my
mind

In the photo with piano, I see a man whose time has
gone

I knew him only for a moment, but in his spirit I live on

What I was I am
It all comes 'round again
And who I used to be
Is still a part of me

An early morning, cold December, a family gathered
all around

Taken back what I was given, open grave site, frozen
ground

I see my hands, they are my father's, time has worn my
fingers thin

Humor, laughter, ever after, my heart still remembers
him

What I was I am
It all comes 'round again
Who he used to be
Is still a part of me

All the moments seldom last
And memories they fade so fast
I turn away and life has passed

Who Am I?

