

Sara Brightman

"As I Came Of Age"

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Sorting through my things
See what I can find
Picking through the past
See what's left behind
Multi-colored sweaters
That moths have eaten holes
A pair of beaded mocassins
With worn out soles

Oh, boots were made for walking
Winds were blowing change
Boy's fall in the jungle
As I came of age

Blace and white TV
With a broken 12-inch screen
Dylan's Highway 61
And Jackie's love machine

I reread your letters
And again I cry great tears
Light comes to the surface
Even after all these years

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