

## When You're Older

Kate Earl

Red-eyes fly away from here every night  
My intentions aren't unfair or unkind  
How else could I purge my heart of this pillowed dream?  
Arctic wind will be washed from my hair  
Trading the forest for the city  
Things will be different for you  
Things will be different for you  
When you're older, you'll look back  
As you grow you'll understand  
Why I left  
All I talk about is you since that day  
Remember when I cry into my soup  
And you would say that it's okay  
So many things used to break my heart  
I'd fall so easily  
But you're younger and smarter and harder than me  
Things will be different for you  
Things will be different for you  
When you're older, you'll look back  
As you grow you'll understand  
Why I left  
I'm not comfortable in my own skin  
Haven't found my finest hour  
I can't dance, let alone sing  
Before a crowd  
Or write effortlessly what I can't come out and say  
When I do, I'll be just like you  
Trading the forest for the city  
Finding my way down the mountain  
Finding my way to the sea  
When you're older, you'll look back  
As you grow you'll understand  
You'll understand