

Grownup

Simon Carly

I stood in the doorway in my white nightgown
Red roses on cotton, I stood three feet from the ground
the grownups inside used words I didn't know
But still I enjoyed the show

They looked so lovely, they looked so self-assured
And I just like them would know it all when I matured
And I wouldn't be afraid of the darkness or the bears
Or the cracks in the ceiling upstairs

Now I've just gotten older, I've just gotten taller
And the little ones, they call me a grownup

Lat night at a friend's house a little girl was there
She stood in the doorway playing with her hair
She looked up to me as if I could do no wrong
As I got up to sing my song

I sang it with a shiver in my throat and in my knees
Feeling just as small as a thistle in a breeze
But the child's imagination carried me along
And saw me through my song

Now I've just gotten older, I've just gotten taller
And the little ones call me a grownup