

When I Grow Up I Want To Be A Boy Again

The Boy Least Likely To

The smell of sun tan cream
Reminds me of you smiling sadly back at me
As I sat there in my bubble stacking pebbles on a sunny
Day
I still remember when I was young I thought I would be
Young forever

I swim round and round on my tin foil pond
Like an ugly duckling that does not want to have to turn
Into a swan yet

When I grow up I want to be a boy again
I still get excited when it snows
Sitting in my bubble with my imaginary friends
Wishing that we didn't have to be so realistic all the
Time

I like awake at night and count the stars
And I fill jam jars with little plastic flowers
I go round and round in circles on my hamster wheel
I can feel the whole world quietly closing in on me in my
Little bubble

When I grow up I want to be a boy again
I still get excited when it snows
Sitting in my bubble with a box of felt tip pens
Wishing that we didn't have to be so realistic all the
Time