

After 17

Alan Jackson

Her right hand closed the front porch door
Suddenly a child no more
All the ribbons all the bows in a box now on her closet floor
Anxious for whats to come
Afraid to leave a place she loves

Shes not a woman not a girl
Trying to find her place in this crazy world
Meet a lover make a friend
Try and figure out what this life really means
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Broken hearts and rusted dreams
Sometimes make it hard to leave and
Certainty is out of reach even with some self belief
So she bites her lip and shows a smile
Flips her hair and flaunts her style

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Her memories she stowed away
Pulls them out on rainy days
And brand new faces take their place beside the ones that never
fade
Shes strong and fragile, weak and smart
Whatever the cost she plays the part

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