

# Eight Years Old

Ben Lee

Eight years old  
I was in love with a girl  
Eight years old  
My only love meant the world  
We'd hang out  
Play catch and kiss at lunch time  
I was young she was something to call mine  
I'd be lying if I said I was not  
Devastated and broken when she  
Opened my hand slid hers in  
Then walked away

It was bad  
The only eight year old kid suicidal  
In the school  
Convinced I was down to survival  
Melodramatic in my usual way  
I was sure that the whole world would end  
When the girl left that day  
And it did

Seventeen years old  
Riding home on the bus  
Seventeen  
Looking for someone to trust  
The seat next to me  
Sits down a girl I once loved  
She looks at me  
And then I remember her touch  
She smiles  
Then touches my knee  
All of the sudden I'm eight years old not seventeen  
Again

Here's this girl  
I was in love, I was eight  
Almost a decade later  
A decade too late  
So she smiles  
Asks me "so how you been?"  
Then gives me her number to go out sometime this weekend  
My head is spinning it's all too surreal  
Deja vu doesn't begin to describe how I feel  
So I laugh  
There's nothing to say  
Maybe everything in my life's gonna end up this way