

Intentions

Fifteen

At the sight of the sun, rising, seems to
Invalidate the words of the man so much wiser than myself
Tells me how to work my life away, so that I may someday
Die, knowing that I compromised

My intentions, and let my dreams turn to dust and fade away
leaving nothing, just so I can say
I've been a good boy mamma, played the part that I was assigned
Never questioned anything, never stepped out of line

But it's been eighteen years now
Of having my intentions drilled in the ground
It's been too many years now
Of having my dreams beaten down

I remember all the crazy dreams we had when we were younger
All ending finalized, by the prospect of working 9 to 5
And we believed it then, and we believe it now, but now I'm so
much stronger
And I just can't see how we can sell ourselves short any longer

It don't mean much, much to me
I'm content, Human Being