

## When I Was A Child

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When I was a child  
the days whispered by  
in a half-seen memory of an angel's flight  
People used to say -  
You'll be old before your age  
My bitter laughter would ring out at them  
Once I was a child on the outside  
Now I am a child on the inside  
Sometimes I cry  
I used to be a child  
Sitting by a stream,  
the night breeze shone on me  
I swore to never leave  
Once there was a boy  
A breeze flew past  
through our laughter  
Now there's no time  
for sitting by a stream  
I've got other things on my mind  
Now there is no boy  
I've left him in the past  
along with my love  
When I was a child  
the days whispered by  
in a half-seen memory of an angel's flight  
People used to say -  
You'll be old before your age  
My bitter laughter would ring out at them  
Once I was a child in the daytime  
Now I am a child of the nighttime  
Sometimes I cry  
I used to be a child