

I remember when
we had a lot of things to do,
impressed by all the words we read
and the heroes that we knew.
Climb on your your dream,
a dream of our own making
to find a place that we could later lose
to whatever time would bring.

We were seventeen
and the cakeman was affecting you,
moving you to greater things
(in a lesser way) you had to prove.
The clock struck summertime.
You were going round in circles now.
Wishing you were seventeen.
At twenty-one, it was a long time gone.

And now here you are.
You're locked in your own excuse.
The circle's getting smaller every day.
You're busy planning your next fifty years.
So stay the way you are
and keep your head down to the same old ground.
Just paint your picture boy until you find
a closed circle's better than an open line.

Yes stay the way you are.
I got a circle that's the same as yours.
It may be bigger, but I've more to lose.
Who is the luckier man me or you?