

It's taken 23 years to realise,
We don't know what's coming next,
There's foolish dreams and impractical fears,
Between everything and nothing left.
It's taken 23 weeks of traveling free,
Taking on this globe alone.
It took ink in flesh and sunburnt necks,
To be happy in the skin I own.
I don't have a clue,
I'm learning to be free,
I'm just the same as you,
This is all I've learnt to be at 23.

I'll wear your shoes,
For the next few miles,
If we walk on the same road.
The stronger the skin, on our bare feet,
The stronger both our souls.
There'll be winds and bends and misplaced friends,
Getting lost along the way,
The one confirmed thing that I've learnt,
Is that I won't be 23 again.

I don't have a clue,
I'm learning to be free,
I'm just the same as you,
This is all I've learnt to be at 23.