

At 13 - it's a magazine
Next to the pony-queen in the rain

At 14 - it's a daydream
It's a book that you read on the train

At 15 - it's a lazerbeam
It cuts to the core of your soul

At 16 - it's a favourite scheme
The prize & revard for the bold

And if ,while breaking your heart
You pry it apart, you'll find
That what was good for you then
Is good for you now
But your mind will tell you
It's too late
You missed it and that's your fate...

At 17 - it's not what it seems
A much stronger force than you thought

At 18 - you run out of steam
And wonder why you even fought

At 19 -.....

It all seems like a dream