

Bag Of Glass

Noah Gundersen

When I was younger
I had a hunger
Down in my stomach
You couldn't touch it
Sing loud and I really meant it
Just hoping that people would notice
Dumb kid with a bad haircut
More than anything wants to be famous
Have people listen to all of his songs
I've got no good sense for time
Every year passes quickly by

I only hope its worth it when I'm gone
Ohhh my dreams I carry with me
In a bag of broken glass
It's not the parts of busted hope
It's the memories of the past
Make the good things last

I owe alot to my little sister
For sticking with me
Tho I subjected her
To so much hardship
And nights all alone
While I'm out drinkin
With some new friends
Will soon become old friends and ill forget them
Find some new ones to carry my load
I've got no good sense for time
Every year passes quickly by

I only hope its worth it when I'm gone
All my dreams I carry with me
In a bag of broken glass
Its not the part of busted hope
Just memories of the past
Make the good things last