

# As I Came of Age

Sarah Brightman

Sorting through my things  
See what I can find  
Picking through the past  
See what's left behind

Multicolored sweaters  
That moths have eaten holes  
A pair of braided mocassins  
With worn out soles

Boots were made for walking  
Winds were blowing change  
Boys fall in the jungle  
As I came of age

Black and white TV  
With a broken twelve inch screen  
Dylan's Highway 61  
And Jackie's love machine

Boots were made for walking  
Winds were blowing change  
Boys fall in the jungle  
As I came of age

I reread your letters  
And again I cry great tears  
Light comes to the surface  
Even after all these years

Oh, boots were made for walking  
Winds were blowing change  
Boys fall in the jungle  
As I came of age

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