

How Old Are You...?

Tabula Rasa

Here is the path I'm shown
Step by step was not my choice
One more year to go
So this map has been cut short
What's in this job that I've been learning?
Who's satisfied?
What happens when my cliff has come, should I jump or hold
To a safe place at that time?
Thoughts I can't control
Push all plans I've had aside
With one more year to go
A chance to change I'll never know
Which is the way that I will step into some life
Trying to stand straight, trying to conform
To the first person in my line

This is the way we operate
Life made easy
Look towards no identity
(Slip into the crowd)
(Because it's easy)
(No one will miss me)