

A Way of Life

The Concretes

The colour of you eyes has faded,
They're not as brown as I remember them as a child
Oh why wasn't I a real child
Why did I have to run before my morning came
around

You were looking for a way of life
Some way to put your mind aside

This chance you had was your last you said
I admired you strength to give it one more try
Though the cards were stacked against you,
you decided to fight it
And you, you looked so young again

Then the day came around, or it was actually
an evening, when you failed
I remember the moment wasn't anywhere
close to right,
But will there ever be for those things

I am still glad you decided to give it a final try
Now all I wish for your well deserved rest
I know we don't choose our parents
But we can't ignore the feelings
that we grow for them