

When I Was A Child

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When I was a child
the days whispered by
in a half-seen memory of an angel's flight
People used to say -
You'll be old before your age
My bitter laughter would ring out at them
Once I was a child on the outside
Now I am a child on the inside
Sometimes I cry
I used to be a child
Sitting by a stream,
the night breeze shone on me
I swore to never leave
Once there was a boy
A breeze flew past
through our laughter
Now there's no time
for sitting by a stream
I've got other things on my mind
Now there is no boy
I've left him in the past
along with my love
When I was a child
the days whispered by
in a half-seen memory of an angel's flight
People used to say -
You'll be old before your age
My bitter laughter would ring out at them
Once I was a child in the daytime
Now I am a child of the nighttime
Sometimes I cry
I used to be a child