

At 13 - it's a magazine  
Next to the pony-queen in the rain

At 14 - it's a daydream  
It's a book that you read on the train

At 15 - it's a lazerbeam  
It cuts to the core of your soul

At 16 - it's a favourite scheme  
The prize & revard for the bold

And if ,while breaking your heart  
You pry it apart, you'll find  
That what was good for you then  
Is good for you now  
But your mind will tell you  
It's too late  
You missed it and that's your fate...

At 17 - it's not what it seems  
A much stronger force than you thought

At 18 - you run out of steam  
And wonder why you even fought

At 19 -.....

It all seems like a dream