

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

As I came of age
As I came of age
As I came of age

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