

Trial of the Century

Good Riddance

What does it mean when you sixteen
The world a cold and lonely place
But you still kicking
Every door down in the placeThe war of words theye so upright
You pass a hundred sleepless nights
And the worst is yet to come or so they sayHere comes seventeen
And just beyond
There tolerance and empathy
To protect you from them all
A stand of evergreen
Just like the places we would always talk about
To catch you when you fallYou hear a knock outside the door
It never rains here anymore
So now there nothing new
To was away the painA frightened face your clouded mind
The memories you trailed behind
And seventeen still feels light years awayNobody seems to understand you
As your grasping for that innocence
Sequestered in your mindWas it guilt or were they blind
All this time

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