

# Years from Now

[Aizat Amdan](#)

What will I be years from now  
What will I wear, how will I look  
I think too much, I think too much Sometimes it's scary over thinking  
What you have or haven't done  
You think too much, you think too much Will the rain smell the same  
Will our losing treacherous game  
And the stars much shine  
The colours seem so blurry  
Will I end up all alone  
Without a shoulder to cry on What will I be years from now  
I have answered them but none have answered me  
And when my time has come  
I hope my last seconds in this life will have you  
Will have you

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