

# 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  
...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>