Adults

Brooke Waggoner

I believe in childlike thought
Hold it dear that youthful cheer
I believe it can't be bought
Don't lose the glad you youthful cladBut it happened
Yeh it happened
Oh I lost the sight of all that's so divineAnd it happened
Yeh it happened
No longer young, but grown and far too compromised
I remember July noons
The sun would sprawl in my backyard
Kids would come from neighborhoods
We used to chalk on my sidewalkToo young to know or even care
For the prime of war and crime
The songs we'd sing and loved to share
Kept our smiles wild and wide
But it happened
Yeh it happened
Oh I lost the sight of all that's so divineAnd it happened
Yeh it happened
No longer young, but grown and far too compromised