

# Middle

## Fifteen

I heard a song once and it was beautiful and it was free and it was my dream  
I lost my housing at the sweet young age of fourteen  
I heard a song on the radio, it was my dream  
I found the value of a song walking in the rain cold and alone with no place to go  
I found the value of a song singing to myself  
Just make it through the night, keep awake till the sunlight  
It don't matter who sold 6 million  
It don't matter who made 6 million  
What you call success I call excess  
What I'd call important is relevance  
I heard a song once it was by Husker Du  
They tried to sell their songs for a million dollars  
They probably never knew that they kept one scared kid alive  
They traded gold for what they had inside  
All my friends now now on TV  
All my friends now sold what they love for money  
All my friends now are bought and sold so easily  
All my friends now think they can afford not to be free

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