Reckless

Cholombian

Follow, you were always one to call out and always one to hold on for your life. You're reckless; reckless you're not waiting, waiting for the red lit young street light. But I don't remember a time when the young didn't become old. I've forgotten the footprints laid down. There you go, on your own caught in the morning sun. There you go. I watch you grow and I realize I'm happy now. Grown up, hoping you remember. I sit here in the old house your childhood home. I wonder. You're living on your own now. When are you going to slow down and let me love you? I'm old and I'm wrinkled. I'm star struck by all of your young grace. Why can't I watch you proceed on your own? Now that I'm over the edge. Now out of time.

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