

Childhood Books

Six Elements

Our childhood was ruled
By the books on our shelves,
With the knights of the past
Sacrificing themselves
For the pride and the honor.
So the battles of old
Were making us stronger,
Were making us bold,
You remember, My Friend, you remember?
Doctors patched our scratches,
Mothers patched our coats,
But we kept on our matches
And fights till it hurt,
We were knights in white armor,
We were aces of skies,
Books like nothing thereafter
Could get us to fly.
Chorus:
So we climbed up the hill,
Often scared and cold,
And we never admitted
Inner terror untold,
And the foes were defeated,
And the pledges were said,
And we lived on the pages
Of the novels we read.
You remember, my friend,
How we used to defend
The ideals of ours
The childhood would lend?
How we used to be sure
There is black and there's white,
That there is a simple cure
For every possible plight.
You remember, My Friend, you remember?
You remember denying
Compromises of soul?
You remember first lying?
It was seemingly small

But it led to forgetting,
Pledges were taken back,
So you slowly, but surely,
Started losing the track.

Chorus:

All the games that we played,
And the heroes we prayed,
All the poor defended,
And the beauties we saved,
All new planets discovered,
And ordeals disdained,
All the majesty cherished -
Thrown out all the same.
You remember the girl
Living right down the street?
You remember cold ice
In your chest when you'd meet?
You remember first asking
Her out for a date,
Being scared and hoping
That she would consent?
That good old Volkswagen
Which dad let you drive,
The ice-cream, the parking,
Your kisses, your life?
Our hearts were still loving
But love was doomed from the start
Our minds were rejecting
This romantical part

Chorus:

We trashed our feelings
To serve common sense,
We moved to big cities
And the race would commence.
But we'd vaguely remember
And always would miss
That bug with bumped fender
And the joys of first kiss.
Where's that girl from next door,
Whom you kissed in that car?
Did she marry for money
Sacrificing her heart?
Do you think she remembers?
Or you think she forgot,
How to love with no reason,

With no doubt or back thought?
Oh, My Friend, do you think she remembers?
Do you think she remembers
Simple pleasures of life?
Do you think she is dead inside?
Or you think she's alive?
Anyway, [it] doesn't matter,
Days of past won't return,
Friends of childhood are scattered,
Dreams of young days are gone.

Chorus:

But, Friend, you can make a try
Resurrecting the flame
Though it won't be as high
And it won't be the same,
You will feel so much better
You will feel young again.
So don't let your heart settle
Turn the wheels, light the flame

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