

The Abs, Great Heart Still

You're held in a constricting hand
Whose shape you take, placid as sand
No chance to slip between the fingers
You can see
Your time it came and quickly went
You bought a stale predicament
With a currency of squandered opportunity

You're only young once, I was anyway
Blind allegiances betray
Future aspirations undefined
You're more or less content, we hear
Which one it is aint quite so clear
The options are to be proud or resigned

You bypassed valuable experience
Upon a vehicle of convenience
You chose a heavy load
Halfway down the road
You choke upon the dust
All four cylinders fire out behind me

I can't see you justifying
Relinquishing these precious years
You doused the flame
It's just the same
As seeing a horror film
That shows a monster far too early on