

Ben Lee, Eight Years Old

Eight years old
I was in love with a girl
Eight years old
My only love meant the world
We'd hang out
Play catch and kiss at lunch time
I was young she was something to call mine
I'd be lying if I said I was not
Devastated and broken when she
Opened my hand slid hers in
Then walked away

It was bad
The only eight year old kid suicidal
In the school
Convinced I was down to survival
Melodramatic in my usual way
I was sure that the whole world would end
When the girl left that day
And it did

Seventeen years old
Riding home on the bus
Seventeen
Looking for someone to trust
The seat next to me
Sits down a girl I once loved
She looks at me
And then I remember her touch
She smiles
Then touches my knee
All of the sudden I'm eight years old not seventeen
Again

Here's this girl
I was in love, I was eight
Almost a decade later
A decade too late
So she smiles
Asks me "so how you been?"
Then gives me her number to go out sometime this weekend
My head is spinning it's all too surreal
Deja vu doesn't begin to describe how I feel
So I laugh
There's nothing to say
Maybe everything in my life's gonna end up this way