

Hangnail, Hiding Place

I'm getting older so I've been told
It's time to grow up, time to care,
time to let your passions go
Disregard your fascination years
Once you've grown up life's unfair

Afraid of taking the final step
Will we make it, will I fail
Will I weather anxiety
I'm feeling defenseless opposing fate
I can only make best of the coming days

All I ask, all I need is the hiding place
you've provided all along
All I ever need is the hiding place
All I ever needed all along

Inadequate with every hurdle climbed,
further forward there's one more
waiting to agonize
If never dependent then never cured
It takes just a moment, a passing storm