

Pinhead Gunpowder, 27

I'm not seventeen

And going on nowhere fast

A decade lost in the East Bay fog
Birthday cards thrown in the trash

Last years' calendar

On the wall, collecting dust
My friends say to tear it down

But instead I'll leave it up

And now I'm 27

When I turn 28

Driving to the 7-11

Will I end up losing faith

On expiration dates
Promises decayed

New Years resolutions sold

To the bums out on the street

What was it all worth?
And was it worth the while
Lost and found and ten years down

And torched it to the ground

Will I still stand in line

When I turn 29?
But now I'll take a number
And it reads 27