

The Magnetic Fields, I Was Born

I was born -- I hate this part
Being someone new
Being torn -- seeing someone who died
As you grew
Growing older is killing a child
Who laughed and smiled
At anything
Growing colder and less and less wild
And learning to say

I was young -- then not so young
Scary either way
One more rung down that black ladder
Every day
One more floor
Down the elevator
To oblivion -- what fun

But the singularly awful one
Is being born