

Ataris, In spite of the world

I woke up from this dream to find that I was sleeping
So I went back to sleep and I dreamed I was awake.
I locked myself inside but you were on the outside
I stood outside and watched but I couldn't let you in.
Maybe you could see inside yourself.
Wrote a letter to myself, but I couldn't bare to send it.
So I tore it up and wrote a letter to a friend.
If only you could know that growing up means letting go
Maybe then you'd grow up by yourself.
I'm growing up again...
I'm learning to accept that all good things must come to an end.
I'm growing up again...
I'm trying to understand what it's like
To let go of a friend.