

# Cool Hand Luke, Target Form

we are little kids  
making grown-up decisions  
that will last for twice as long  
as our feeble vision  
laughing at the undertow  
we define our youth  
and soon our dreams will change  
and become American  
time is nothing more than a series of choices  
our minds are mere collections of different  
timbre voices our dreams are realized or forgotten  
we are what we become  
we are growing up, but not fast enough  
be now while you are young  
the person in your mind is no coincidence  
conform to the archetype that regulates the  
mint friends are christmas cards  
fifteen years from now