

# Fifteen, Intentions

And the sight of the sun, rising, seems to  
Invalidate the words of the man so much wiser than myself  
Tells me how to work my life away, so that I may someday  
Die, knowing that I compromised  
My intentions, and let my dreams turn to dust and fade away  
leaving nothing, just so I can say  
I've been a good boy mamma, played the part that I was assigned  
Never questioned anything, never stepped out of line  
But it's been eighteen years now  
Of having my intentions drilled in the ground  
It's been too many years now  
Of having my dreams beaten down  
I remember all the crazy dreams we had when we were younger  
All ending finalized, by the prospect of working 9 to 5  
And we believed it then, and we believe it now, but now I'm so much stronger  
And I just can't see how we can sell ourselves short any longer  
It don't mean much, much to me  
I'm content, Human Being