

Notarthomas Jamie, Under Regret

Scribbled ideas and thoughts
On match covers holding the lessons life taught me
Gum wrappers, napkins and notebooks all filled
With phrases and rhymes for the castle I'll build
Sentenced and locked from the pen my heart spilled
Into boxes of words, all perfectly preserved and frozen
Under regret
For years now I have saved them
Untouched, diminished, betrayed them, buried under regret
All the hopes of a child, and that humble, naive smile
And the love that I will never forget is still waiting
Under regret
Thousands of lyrics for songs
What pictures are worth but not one of them drawn
Recorded accounts of my trials and doubts
Pondering, finally I figured it out
This time I will dive in and pull myself out
Of these boxes of words
Unsung and still unheard all buried
Under regret
For years now I have saved them, starring still afraid
Of digging... digging... digging...
Into the hopes of a child, and that humble naive smile
And the love that I will never forget is still waiting
Under regret