

# The Abs, Great Heart Still

You're held in a constricting hand  
Whose shape you take, placid as sand  
No chance to slip between the fingers  
You can see  
Your time it came and quickly went  
You bought a stale predicament  
With a currency of squandered opportunity

You're only young once, I was anyway  
Blind allegiances betray  
Future aspirations undefined  
You're more or less content, we hear  
Which one it is aint quite so clear  
The options are to be proud or resigned

You bypassed valuable experience  
Upon a vehicle of convenience  
You chose a heavy load  
Halfway down the road  
You choke upon the dust  
All four cylinders fire out behind me

I can't see you justifying  
Relinquishing these precious years  
You doused the flame  
It's just the same  
As seeing a horror film  
That shows a monster far too early on