

When I Was Now

When I was younger, older
I was less foolish, less wise
I wouldn't have done the things I do now, would I?

I came to your door a beggar
Full of ice and lies
I should have known I was on such foreign ground
By the look in your eyes

I ask too much, ask nothing
It's either rejection or too close a tie
I find it so hard to see that
You don't need me . . . why?

You're just too kind, too hurtful
I'm either drowned or dry
It's too hard, too easy
To simply say . . . goodbye