

Maybe sketch
Take a climb
Sew a dress
And I ll re-read the books
If I have time to spare
I ll paint the wall some more
I m sure there s room somewhere
And then I ll brush, and brush
And brush, and brush my hair
Stuck in the same place I ve always been
And I ll keep won dring
And won dring
And won dring
And won dring
When will my life begin?
Tomorrow night...
The lights will appear
Just like they do on my birthday each year
What is it like
Out there where they glow?
Now that I m older
Mother might just let me go...