

# Sarah Brightman, As I Came Of Age

Sorting through my things  
See what I can find  
Picking through the past  
See what's left behind

Multi-colored sweaters  
That moths have eaten holes  
A pair of breaded mocassins with worn out soles

Boots were made for walking  
Winds were blowing change  
Boys fall in the jungle  
As I Came of Age

Black and white TV  
With a broken 12-inch screen  
Dylan's Highway 61  
And Jackie's love machine

I reread your letters and again  
I cry great tears  
Light comes to the surface  
Even after all these years