

# Tabula Rasa, How Old Are You... ?

Here is the path I'm shown  
Step by step was not my choice  
One more year to go  
So this map has been cut short  
What's in this job that I've been learning?  
Who's satisfied?  
What happens when my cliff has come, should I jump or hold  
To a safe place at that time?  
Thoughts I can't control  
Push all plans I've had aside  
With one more year to go  
A chance to change I'll never know  
Which is the way that I will step into some life  
Trying to stand straight, trying to conform  
To the first person in my line

This is the way we operate  
Life made easy  
Look towards no identity  
(Slip into the crowd)  
(Because it's easy)  
(No one will miss me)