Old Days

the old days were the old me
where I could see that lifes not all its set up to be
there was much more to admire
I had the desire to be all that God wants of me
Cant you see? I have the key to be anything
in my mind, I'm just in a bind,
but not for long
I'm getting out of this maze
I'm tired of the same game
it's getting pretty lame
looking at the same walls everyday
I wanna get out and go my own way,
Stay in my own lane, then maybe
I can see life as I saw it in my
old days.

by: Bethany Harvey