

96-1000  
A strange longing

Everyday I long for the days of my youth  
Worries not, deepest sleep, oblivious to truth  
All my peers tell me that while aging they're content  
I admire their resolve, but heartily dissent

As I watch my daughter struggle with teenage identity  
Vicissitudes amplified as love and hate decree  
Adolescence for me was all adrenaline and bliss  
No emotions, just a Molsen Golden, a doobie and a kiss

My 20s were the birthplace of my anxiety  
My 30s saw me try to fit into society  
My 40s brought me marriage then divorce and deep depression  
And now I'm in my 50s and I just have one obsession

I want to be 17 with the body of Adonis  
Unconscious to the pressures that adulthood's placed upon us  
I want to laugh for hours after with friends getting high  
I want to never ever think about how i might die

Is this a strange longing?  
I think not  
Aging leaves me empty  
Memories are all I've got  
Is this a strange longing?  
Not strange but perhaps sad  
Truth is my teenage years  
Were the best i ever had