

interested in

I remember a little girl
late at night in bed
thinking about what was laying ahead

she was occupied with deciding
that what was in her head
would turn out to become fact

she was interested in becoming just like I am now
she was interested in becoming me

I remember that night so clearly
course she anchored it into her soul
to make it very her goal

to not become like the grown-ups around her
messed up, sad and blue
and not liking what they do

she was interested in becoming just like I am now
she was interested in becoming me

so in her soul she knew that
she would never have to get up early
she would never think about shit twice
she would never ever live with someone that she didn't like
oh she thought having dreads would just about be her coup of tea
and out of every single window it should only be trees that she could see
she turned out to be me

she was interested in becoming just like I am now
she was interested in becoming me

that little girl could not find
in any grown-ups mind
her pure joy of being alive

she thought
man, how do thy make it through right to the end
when all their joy is just pretend

she was interested in becoming just like I am now
she was interested in becoming me

so in her soul she knew that

she was interested in becoming just like I am now
I was interested in becoming me