idealism crashing

katie jane
Concordia University - Portland

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by katie jane

i wanted to be a doctor
to help
to run off to some little country
where little children are dying
of some unknown outbreak
of some unknown diseases
i wanted to hold their hands
and watch them while they died
and see the pain in their eyes
and help to stop it

(look around little girl
you've built your world on lies)

then

i wanted to grow old
and go back home
to big old America
i wanted to set up a nice little office
where the poor could come
and i could help them
and be the one to save them
i wanted to make an impact
on someone's life

(look around little girl
idealism is a world of illusions)

then i grew up
somewhat
and i found that i hated
the math and the science
and i didn't want to be a doctor anymore
and i became a pessimist
and i hid in my little hole
and i wasn't happy

(look around little girl
you're still so small
there isn't time to hide)

day after graduation
i rubbed my eyes
cleared them of the star dust
and of the cobwebs of bitterness
i walked on my own two feet
decided i wanted to be a teacher
a mother
and a wife
and i was happiness

(look around little girl
happiness is only temporary)

and i came to college
with my bag in my hand
and my head held high
sure of my beliefs
i didn't shed a tear
and i was happy
for longer than usual
i was amazed at myself

(look around little girl
the hardest is yet to come)

i found myself one day
curled up on my bed
telling a little boy
to get rid of his idealism
"you're living in a romantic ideal"
i said with a laugh
as if i weren't
i did to him
what they did to me

(little girl, little girl
you still haven't changed)

and now i sit crying
now i sit
almost dying
pessimism
bitterness
reality
and i close my eyes
and i begin to think

(look around little girl
you're going down the same road again)

SHUT UP
i don't care
i am a little girl
the path you walk
has never been my way
will never be my way
i have been looking around this whole time
seeing things through these eyes
i know...

(look around little girl
you're so stupid)

... if only you knew...
... if only i still cared what you thought...
crashing

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and i close my eyes

and i begin to think

(look around little girl

what do you want to do with yourself?)

so i open my eyes once again

and see my faith renewed

see the world drift away

idealistic fancies pour out of my mind

curl down my throat to my lips

to my fingertips

romanticism is my home

and i can change the world

and i will have faith

and i will have hope

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