

lol independence

By QueenofRed

Submitted: May 20, 2010

Updated: May 20, 2010

Lol it took me three days to write this crap XD just a poem about your parents and the joys of growing up that no1 will read lol.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/QueenofRed/57927/lol-independence>

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| Chapter 1 - Independence. | 2 |
| Chapter 1 - Independence. | 4 |

1 - Independence.

Independence is a really great word, used to describe freedom like a bird,
it takes a lot of meaning, from the very day your born
you are to run about free, and dirty clothes may be worn.
You're free to climb trees, to play in the dirt
and get cake crumbs all over that white shirt.
What you eat or drink, it won't take any affect,
you can say what you feel, and be very direct,
but as soon as you grow, the moment you reach
the very point your parents about this will teach;
The moment of truth oh joy you're grown up
now reality must strike in a turrent of bad luck
you've grown up from such a young girl
into a teenager you have yet to unfurl.
Now that you've grown up, slightly a tad more
you've hit your puberty blood, oh galore.
I suppose you can say,
you've hit womanhood
your boobs probably grew, like thats any good.
Your hair is maybe longer, you got kinda tall
but you feel just the same, dancin around is a ball,
now here comes the fun part, my favorite at best;
the part where the creepy old woman measures your chest.
The adults they stare at you, the old men they scowl
they judge you today, on what you wear and how.
If you don't wear it just right, and a good masara just so
they inform you your mistakes, and just to let you know
you better fit into a bikini by next summer i say
or else everyone shall turn and look away.
You should be skinny, pretty and tall
wear your make up the right way and don't wear that color at all,
now i want you to listen and hear me as i say.
This is the part where they take your childhood away,
they sit you on a stool and tell you to wait
trap you in a box, and seal away your fate.
They tell you to be happy, to sit inside and wait,
just do what they say it'll be alright.
pose right and look good, don't get uptight.
I'm sorry to say, you don't choose your path
its up to your parents silly, you make me laugh.
The adventure you were told that once was made of life
now becomes a struggle of silly little trifles:
Your freinds become your enemies, your enemies, your freinds.

Everything is backwards, it may never end
things are said and people hurt, some wounds will never mend
all the sudden instead of freinds;
With boys you fall in love,
and when the doves they start to sing and angels smile from above
you will learn fast, I'm sad to say
that with happiness comes dissaray.
I guess it's fair, whats true is there
someone must be watching.
Making sure it all evens out, and demons are a hatching
there is no way to say for sure, that hearts will not be wounded.
There are no promises of forevermore,
no bright happy "forever ever" lore,
but there is one thing you really must know.
Love is a blessing, rejoice it and glow,
like in the old songs I guess that you see,
"This is kinda risky, but its worth it to me"
because while your at it don't you ever forget
if anything bad happens, that you might regret.
Even if nobody around you will see
you've got no freinds, a busy family
i guess theres only one way to put this,
you gotta look to yourself not to miss
you hafta say "well jesus this is hard"
but afterwords remind yourself how strong you are.
Well yeah you can scream and get pissed
i know i know its not somethin you'll miss.
All your freinds hate you, your mom and dad dont understand
i know that it sucks to me there man.
I lost my point here I'm sad to say
totally went wrong,
well i'll revise it so explain it that i may
the point of this poem, the reason i wrote it.
Was to complain, and to dog about shoot,
but i suppose while i was rhyiming i tripped upon
a good thing to say, so listen up john.
Your parents can contain you ,and judgement makes it hard,
but no matter what they say be on your gaurd.
Because you can tell them, you don't dance to that beat
you need to be free and get your own seat,
the the front row theater of your life's tv show
wont play till you get up off your @\$@ and you go.

1 - Independence.

Independence is a really great word, used to describe freedom like a bird,
it takes a lot of meaning, from the very day your born
you are to run about free, and dirty clothes may be worn.
You're free to climb trees, to play in the dirt
and get cake crumbs all over that white shirt.
What you eat or drink, it won't take any affect,
you can say what you feel, and be very direct,
but as soon as you grow, the moment you reach
the very point your parents about this will teach;
The moment of truth oh joy you're grown up
now reality must strike in a turrent of bad luck
you've grown up from such a young girl
into a teenager you have yet to unfurl.
Now that you've grown up, slightly a tad more
you've hit your puberty blood, oh galore.
I suppose you can say,
you've hit womanhood
your boobs probably grew, like thats any good.
Your hair is maybe longer, you got kinda tall
but you feel just the same, dancin around is a ball,
now here comes the fun part, my favorite at best;
the part where the creepy old woman measures your chest.
The adults they stare at you, the old men they scowl
they judge you today, on what you wear and how.
If you don't wear it just right, and a good masara just so
they inform you your mistakes, and just to let you know
you better fit into a bikini by next summer i say
or else everyone shall turn and look away.
You should be skinny, pretty and tall
wear your make up the right way and don't wear that color at all,
now i want you to listen and hear me as i say.
This is the part where they take your childhood away,
they sit you on a stool and tell you to wait
trap you in a box, and seal away your fate.
They tell you to be happy, to sit inside and wait,
just do what they say it'll be alright.
pose right and look good, don't get uptight.
I'm sorry to say, you don't choose your path
its up to your parents silly, you make me laugh.
The adventure you were told that once was made of life
now becomes a struggle of silly little trifles:
Your freinds become your enemies, your enemies, your freinds.

Everything is backwards, it may never end
things are said and people hurt, some wounds will never mend
all the sudden instead of freinds;
With boys you fall in love,
and when the doves they start to sing and angels smile from above
you will learn fast, I'm sad to say
that with happiness comes dissaray.
I guess it's fair, whats true is there
someone must be watching.
Making sure it all evens out, and demons are a hatching
there is no way to say for sure, that hearts will not be wounded.
There are no promises of forevermore,
no bright happy "forever ever" lore,
but there is one thing you really must know.
Love is a blessing, rejoice it and glow,
like in the old songs I guess that you see,
"This is kinda risky, but its worth it to me"
because while your at it don't you ever forget
if anything bad happens, that you might regret.
Even if nobody around you will see
you've got no freinds, a busy family
i guess theres only one way to put this,
you gotta look to yourself not to miss
you hafta say "well jesus this is hard"
but afterwords remind yourself how strong you are.
Well yeah you can scream and get pissed
i know i know its not somethin you'll miss.
All your freinds hate you, your mom and dad dont understand
i know that it sucks to me there man.
I lost my point here I'm sad to say
totally went wrong,
well i'll revise it so explain it that i may
the point of this poem, the reason i wrote it.
Was to complain, and to dog about shoot,
but i suppose while i was rhyiming i tripped upon
a good thing to say, so listen up john.
Your parents can contain you ,and judgement makes it hard,
but no matter what they say be on your gaurd.
Because you can tell them, you don't dance to that beat
you need to be free and get your own seat,
the the front row theater of your life's tv show
wont play till you get up off your @\$@ and you go.