

## LOST LUGGAGE

It hurts to be ground borne. These minutes take eternities.  
I'm easier to please if you get me off of my knees.  
The devils playground has no devices, racks or pincers,  
Just sticks and stones and pain I haven't outgrown.  
The price I pa to fly is earned by how I stand up here.  
I'm punished if I cry and teased until I shed the tears.

*Chorus:* I tried to lose my luggage. The damn thing's full of leprechauns,  
Remote control antennas, and plans to sabotage me.  
I was totally defenseless, not allowed to fight, pursued in flight.  
Humiliation is preferable. There's not a flaw in authority so there must be something wrong with me.  
And now it's my fault it's a rainy day.

When you're a young boy events transpire all around you.  
If you can't respond you sort of have to hang on.  
Until you're nine years, squeezed into thirty two. Between the why's I need to kill my disguise.  
I thought I left behind apologies that went unpaid.  
I thought myself unkind that I couldn't drown and celebrate.

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