

The prettiest years

“I’m wasting my prettiest years”
That’s the only thing I can hear.
As the time passes, the less I know
I’m looking for a place to go.

It feels like the years don’t count
No one really knows about us.
Being young doesn’t mean being naive.
It’s just a phase when you are too afraid to feel.

I’m scrolling on Instagram,
Wishing I could love me for who I am.
Searching how to weigh less
Every minute that passes, I feel more stress.

Growing up didn’t go how I’d liked,
Trying to survive in this fake life.
Always trying to impress,
Always trying to have some success.

They told me to not be mad,
But growing up just sucks.
Trying to find my way,
In a world where everyone complains.

Passing time alone,
Feeling like my only friend is my phone.
Always passing time out of home.
Learning how to solve my problems on my own.

And I think, and I think
How things would have been
If only I were someone else,
Someone that doesn't mess with herself.

If I could change my body or all of my face,
Will I ever look at myself with grace?
It would never be enough.
Always chasing for someone's love.

Only the time will tell,
Who I truly am.
These may not be my best years,
but they're the ones showing me who I am for real .