

Sometimes I forget where I am

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I can see the rolling hills around me

And the small fountain of life

I can hear the roar of the highway

And the birds way up high

I don't forget to look around and see everything

That surrounds me

But I forget where I am

I don't remember that not everyone

Can see the trees towering in front of me

And the cranes in the distance

Today, someone is seeing my town for the first time

And they are amazed

What is that like?

I've become accustomed to the ideal

World in which I live

The chatter of anxious student in the background

Is an everyday sound

That the excited children only dream of hearing

The scampering squirrels that run around

Are my home

Yet strangers to the immigrants to my city

I forget the first time I saw this place

I was in awe of the beauty and magic

That I thought only existed in fairy tales

Now those fairy tales are actual

And they bore me

I forget the day I decided

"I want to live here. I will do anything to be there"

Now I just want to leave

Why is it so hard to remember my own memory?

The smiles on the faces of kindred spirits  
Gave me an impression  
That one day I would be as happy as they looked  
The warm cup of coffee in my hands  
Once excited me  
But the coffee has been cold for too long