

*the end of may*

*i come by to see you guys each year*

*at the end of may*

*we open up some memories and some beers*

*just like in the day*

*you both are forever young and i*

*am covered up with age*

*i close my eyes and travel back in time*

*and turn another page*

*on a book as big as boulders*

*but it don't outweigh*

*the short stories of young soldiers*

*at the end of may*

*there's no way to ever satisfy*

*why this was to be*

*every time i stop and wonder why*

*you instead of me*

*there's a mountain on my shoulders*

*but it don't outweigh*

*the short stories of young soldiers*

*at the end of may*

*written by keith sykes © 2011*