

**who are you really?**

you are not the same person who woke up this morning,  
that much I can claim

I am not the same girl you once  
held in your arms

the wind blows, leaves fall, petals dry up, people  
disappear without trace, traffic lights turn red

you sneeze and I frown, you want to stay and  
I want to get up and go

we are the constant deliverers  
of change