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## My Childhood seems to belong to another world

by Bryony Parsons

My childhood seems to belong to another world,  
Where fairies and demons were once thought to be true,  
And nagging adults got on our nerves,  
Picking our noses seemed to make adults go 'Eww'.

Playing in the streets and games like kiss chase,  
Used to be the highlight of our day,  
Learning to make more mates,  
While looking up at the milky way.

We go to school to possibly learn,  
And try to do as we're told,  
As we misbehave, teachers look at us with concern,  
Which always made us go cold.

We leave school and go to college,  
We try to plan our future,  
And save up the money in our wallets,  
To eventually pay the movers.

We graduate from college and start families,  
Some have two kids, others have more,  
Most families live happily,  
Others don't have a door.

I suppose that's what we call life,  
It's a funny thing,  
Sometimes it can hit you like a high five,  
And other times it can make you whinge.