

I remember like yesterday, when I was small and helpless;
today I hear people saying I'm so tall and selfless.
Watching as my dearest friends are walking across a stage all dressed up;
hoping to god, I'm not the one who messes up.
Along with having the overbearing pressure of passing this and finishing that,
I'm reminded by my parents "save up, save up!"
"One day, you'll be someone, go to college, get a job. But you can't do it without
that \$5 you're about to spend."
"Alright mom, whatever," I say. Not thinking that today's actions might affect tomorrow's outcome.
College is right in arms length.
Babysitting time after time thinking, "Will this be enough?"
Trying to ignore the voices that tell me...
"This is part of growing up."