

Belong

*Every morning I wake up and say,
"I really don't wanna go to school today,"
But then I picture myself on a trail in the middle of nowhere,
With the wind blowing through my hair,
And feel happiness follow that fair thought
Of me imagining that I am where I'm not,
So I go to school and wait through the day,
But right after I go into nature and play,
I see the sky and know nature has heard my cry,
I let all my worries slip away and say goodbye,
As I look up at the towering trees
And focus on the noise of buzzing bees,
I know this is where I belong.*