

8 Years & Still Running

When I was one, I ran for fun.

“Pitter patter, chicky chack”.

When I was two, I ran “choo-choo”,

Like a train around the track.

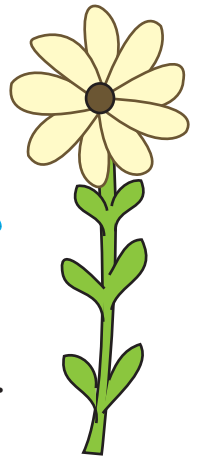
When I was three, I ran with glee.

I ran my first fun run.

When I was four, I ran some more.

My running was never done.

FUN



When I was five, I ran at stride. I'd run with mom to school.

When I was six, I was in a fix. Because “no running” became the rule.

When I was seven, and not eleven. I ran when no one was looking.

Oh, man. I'd go. I'd run so fast. I knew that I was booking.

And then at eight, it was my fate, to get caught running in the hall.

Why'd nobody ever tell me that running's only for when you're small?

