

Past Present Future

America was different for my Grandpa
Cheap gas with just as cheap beer
Reliving the 50's- 60's breeze on Encinitas Blvd.
Back rode kissing behind La Paloma Theatre
Sneaking a cigarette in the back of Algebra
Going to concerts without getting pat down
Graduating high school, then having a family
Having families that once talked at the dinner table

That was the dream
His eyes water when he explains
Wishing that I lived in his America
An America that was trustworthy and sweet
When people once walked barefoot with character
And saluted to the flag

I see the old America still in him
His hands calluses from his work as a youngster
From supporting three kids and a wife at the age of 21
To being a grandfather who only has stories
From a time that I will never understand

But I do understand my current America
The America that changes so rapidly it spins
The America that is filled with hate and cry of help
The America that with cut you down
The America that will give up on you
Before you give up on yourself

I may be living it now
But I will also live in the future America
One that teaches humility
That has morals and values
An America that prays for eachother
And comes back to the dinner table

Call it a dream
But my current America won't stay for long
It'll become extinct by the lessons learned
And children raised
It will disintegrate by the truth and faith of mankind

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My grandpa may never see his America again
But I can see the reimagined one for him