

Marko Kotnik Foreigner

It seems so far away, so long ago,
when I was in a lively school.
Someone pushed me and I fell,
there I was, so small, so alone.
No one's fault,
I was stamped, I was different,
I was me.

Kept my head down, spirit high,
working twice as hard,
because as my father said,
life here's like a Wonder Land.
Should be grateful I am here,
where I stand.

Years pass and over time
it gets easy to forget.
But, oh, they make sure,
every time,
to wake me from the dream
just when I am doing fine.
I am stamped, I am different,
I am me.

I know, no one has it easy,
but how I wish, even for a day,
I was free
and you would see me
like it isn't me.