

When Will My Life Begin From “Tangled” by Mandy Moore

Seven a.m., the usual morning lineup

Start on the chores and sweep 'till the floor's all clean

Polish and wax, do laundry, and mop and shine up

Sweep again, and by then it's like 7:15

And so I'll read a book, or maybe two or three

I'll add a few new paintings to my gallery

I'll play guitar and knit, and cook and basically

Just wonder when will my life begin?

Then after lunch it's puzzles and darts and baking

Paper mache, a bit of ballet and chess

Pottery and ventriloquy, candle making

Then I'll stretch, maybe sketch, take a climb, sew a dress!

And I'll reread the books if I have time to spare

I'll paint the walls some more, I'm sure there's room
somewhere

And then I'll brush and brush and brush and brush my hair

Stuck in the same place I've always been

And I'll keep wondering and wandering, and wondering and
wondering, When will my life begin?

And tomorrow night the lights will appear

Just like they do on my birthday each year

What is it like out there where they glow?

Now that I'm older, Mother might just, Let me go