

i'm only twenty, i have yet much to learn.
but when you're stuck like a car in the mumbai traffic,
you'll come to me.
tell me your secrets in exchange for my candied advice.
because to you, i'm only twenty and yet know everything.

i'm only twenty, i still have much to understand.
but when loneliness trespasses the empty lawn he calls a heart,
he'll come to me.
since who understands loneliness more than herself?
because to him, i'm only twenty and yet understand everything.

i'm only twenty, i yet have so many places to see.
but no matter what corner of the world she finds herself lost at,
she'll come to me.
like a gps, i'll help her find her path again.
because to her, i'm only twenty and have already found my way.

i'm only twenty, i have yet much to heal within me.
but when their temporary high crashes to melancholy,
strangers come to me.
they tell me their most grotesque reveries.
because to them, i'm only twenty and have healed from those thoughts.

i'm only twenty.
i know nothing,
i don't understand anything,
i don't know my way,
and i haven't healed.
i'm just a pit stop for everyone that comes my way.
because everyone knows that i'm only twenty and yet
i know things that they don't,
i understand things they can't,
i know their way better than mine,
and i heal by healing others.