In the game where you settle them down for the night
You carry them close and you hug each one tight
You smile inside as you turn out the light
And you wonder where each of them goes

They'd never believe that you've been where they are
You've flown with a dragon and sung with a star
You've built a giraffe and a flying toy car
Before the doors started to close

    But nobody ever grows up in the end
    This game of adulthood is only pretend
    I know that whenever I look at my friend
    We're seven together again

What the wise ones don't tell you, 'cause few of them know,
Is that really there's noplace called 'up' that you grow
You never stop wanting to play in the snow
You only learn how to make do

And sometimes it's easy, while wearing the mask
To forget the intent in the scope of the task:
You made the disguise to have someone to ask
When the younger ones start asking you...

    But nobody ever grows up in the end
    This game of adulthood is only pretend
    I know that whenever I look at my friend
    We're seven together again

Your children would never believe that it's you
Constructing a tree house, a ship, or a zoo
But you still have your dreams and they sometimes come true
Though it's harder with each passing day

So reach for my hands and we'll run till we fly
If we can't turn back time then at least we can try
For I know that whenever I look in your eye
The children we are
  – Come and hang from a star! –
     Can still come together and play.

    And nobody ever grows up in the end
    This game of adulthood is only pretend
    So stick to me tight, 'cause you're always my friend
    And we're seven together
      – We'll be seven forever –
        We're seven together again

I wrote this based on a vivid conversation with my old friend Janice, in which we were in emphatic agreement that it was ridiculous and mathematically impossible that we should be fifty; we're *obviously* still children, and we want to know the directions to the complaint desk where we can sort out this mix-up and get sent back to the age where we belong.