

## Things Not Appreciated

On vacation in northern New York  
Enjoying my childhood stomping grounds  
I travel around not sure what can be found  
Maybe a friend or something in town

Things have changed, to the areas I once visited  
Nothing is the same  
New faces, new stores, all have claim  
They're different, it's such a shame

I miss the old faces and friends  
Who populated the stores, parks, and places  
Now a different mix of families and faces  
Litter some of my favorite places

They leave a mixture of plastic and garbage  
Not caring about how the place was found  
All to be picked up by minimum wagers  
Those paid by the town

Downtown now deserted, the stores I knew  
Blank windows, dark, scary, and sad  
I miss my old town, sad, but true  
How things have changed, I didn't have a clue

Some houses have stayed the same  
Roads widen, the landscape tamed  
New faces are raking the leaves  
And mowing the yards and playing games

Trust seems to have left the small town  
People wondering as I pass by  
No smile, no eye contact, or small chat  
Don't have time for this or that

Searching for what I once knew  
I realize quickly, sad but true  
It's all gone, the town in which I grew  
A place not appreciated, by those that are new.