

# Vegas, When I was a Kid

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Vegas, When I was a Kid

When I was a kid I hated this town.

Back then,

I hated how every time someone mentioned Vegas in a movie

It's cause they wanted to be reckless and destructive.

Make a mess, burn a bridge, and go home to your quaint, normal town.

I hated how everything on the strip was fake,

The Pyramid, the Eiffel Tower, the Statue of Liberty.

Everything was a small knock-off.

I never understood why anyone would come for that.

I hated how my newly built schools were already breaking down

And there never seemed to be enough money for colored pencils.

I hated that every year, we would get excited for school to be over

But every summer it would be too hot to do anything.

Sitting inside, I could still hear the cicadas buzzing

And at night, I couldn't see the stars.

Or how my mom would always come back from the casino smelling like  
smoke How she would scare me with stories of people playing, losing, crying.

But in the heat of the sun, I remember that this town

Was in my mom's dreams before she came to this country.

I remember the first time we saw the water show in front of the Bellagio

I remember the reactions on my parents' faces,

My dad was smiling, my mom mesmerized.

I remember how Vegas felt the first time I realized where I was,

I remember how this was all new and scary.

Now my dad knows every street and

I feel less alone, and it feels like home.

Maybe I don't have the stars but I have the mountains,

And a city that comes alive at night, bright with hopes and fears.