

Speechwriters Llc

"Midlife Crisis"

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I can still remember, when I was a boy, how I wanted to
be a man
Well I'd hold on tight to the hem of mother's dress, but
I wouldn't hold mother's hand
Yes when I was a boy how I wanted to be a man

Just eighteen, oh my life went by so fast and I'm
already in the wrong tense
I have logs and charts of the world's remarks, but at
my own expense
Just eighteen and already in the wrong tense

But then we walked across the shadows, and our heads
were hanging high
And we went boldly to set memories aside

So give me strings, or give me a heart, and you know
that I'll choose the first
Cause I can play the chords I say but hearts can't be
rehearsed
So give me strings, the heart is just a curse

And then we walked across the shadows, and our
throats they ached with pride
And we went boldly to set memories aside

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be a man
Well I'd hold on tight to the hem of mother's dress, but
I wouldn't hold mother's hand
Yes when I was a boy how I wanted to be a man

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