

3-11 Porter

"Kirk Cameron Sings The Blues"

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Well I know I'm past that age,
But I've got growing pains again.
It's not that physical this time, I know.
It's something from within,
It hurts to think about the friends and family
I had to leave behind,
When my undeveloped body
Got stuck with an older mind.

When my play time got cut short,
Just like everybody else's did,
I had to leave that kid behind,
And suffer this extended adolescence.

I'm at the age where society says I should be a man,
But I don't think I can, don't wanna be a man.
I can't ignore the fact the more I see the less I
understand,
I guess I should have a plan, I don't wanna be a man.

So now my soul is duct taped to this body
Whose life will someday end.
I've found a limited amount of answers,
But the questions never end.

And my ineptitude is starting to show,
The pain continues to grow
As I trip over my words again and again and again and
again and again
But I'm determined not to settle for the mess
That sorrows me, hate and fear and all the rest
Will still go on but without me!

I don't wanna be a man, I don't wanna be a man!
So many things I'm supposed to be,
But they've got nothing to do with me!
I don't wanna be a man!
I don't wanna be a man!
I don't wanna be a man!

