

## Folds Ben

### "Still Fighting It"

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Good morning, son.  
I am a bird  
Wearing a brown polyester shirt  
You want a coke?  
Maybe some fries?  
The roast beef combo's only \$9.95  
It's okay, you don't have to pay  
I've got all the change

Everybody knows  
It hurts to grow up  
And everybody does  
It's so weird to be back here  
Let me tell you what  
The years go on and  
We're still fighting it, we're still fighting it  
And you're so much like me  
I'm sorry

Good morning, son  
In twenty years from now  
Maybe we'll both sit down and have a few beers  
And I can tell you 'bout today  
And how I picked you up and everything changed  
It was pain  
Sunny days and rain  
I knew you'd feel the same things

Everybody knows  
It sucks to grow up  
And everybody does  
It's so weird to be back here.  
Let me tell you what  
The years go on and  
We're still fighting it, we're still fighting it  
You'll try and try and one day you'll fly  
Away from me

Good morning, son  
I am a bird

It was pain  
Sunny days and rain  
I knew you'd feel the same things

Everybody knows  
Tt hurts to grow up  
And everybody does  
It's so weird to be back here.  
Let me tell you what  
The years go on and  
We're still fighting it, we're still fighting it  
Oh, we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it

And you're so much like me  
I'm sorry

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