

Billy Bob Thornton

"I Gotta Grow Up"

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I was following a girl, a Canadian girl
On a great American trip
She was thumpin' the bass in an improv group
On their way to bein' hip
After a few nights on the bus
While we stopped to get some fuel
Her head got small and her rage got big

And she challenged me to a duel
In a truck stop there on the aisle
Where they sell those day glo hats
I took up with a girl who had
Eyes like an alley cat
She took me home, it was her husbands home
Before that awful Factory Fire
But the Dead man came around that night
And proved the alley cat a liar

[Chorus:]
I gotta grow up
I gotta go to work
Quit countin' on luck
Even if it hurts

I gotta grow up
I gotta go to work
Even if it hurts
I gotta grow up

I moved out to the coast
The western coast
And met an Eastern girl
She was a big shot in the
Picture Biz
She wore Black clothes and pearls
She loved what happened behind
Closed doors
Then she locked me out
In the cold
And said guys like me are
Something called a genre
That's really getting old

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