

## Boy Least Likely To "When I Grow Up I Want To Be A Boy Again"

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The smell of sun tan cream  
Reminds me of you smiling sadly back at me  
As I sat there in my bubble stacking pebbles on a sunny  
Day  
I still remember when I was young I thought I would be  
Young forever

I swim round and round on my tin foil pond  
Like an ugly duckling that does not want to have to turn  
Into a swan yet

When I grow up I want to be a boy again  
I still get excited when it snows  
Sitting in my bubble with my imaginary friends  
Wishing that we didn't have to be so realistic all the  
Time

I like awake at night and count the stars  
And I fill jam jars with little plastic flowers  
I go round and round in circles on my hamster wheel  
I can feel the whole world quietly closing in on me in  
my  
Little bubble

When I grow up I want to be a boy again  
I still get excited when it snows  
Sitting in my bubble with a box of felt tip pens  
Wishing that we didn't have to be so realistic all the  
Time

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