

Chris Beckham

"Twenty Four"

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I've got no job
I've got no car
Been living with the parents
I'm twenty-four
When I dream
I dream real big
I know I'm pathetic

When I stand alone
No one really knows
To busy with there goals
Something I have never known
When I attempt to grow
My efforts really blow
I throw these self-help books outside
My window.

When I'm on this road
Feel out of control
Don't know what I'm living for
It makes sense that I would
Pretend that I've got my life all together.

I've got no job
I've got no car
Been living with the parents
I'm twenty-four
When I dream
I dream real big
I know I'm pathetic

When I walk you home
You nod and say hello
But your lack of persistence
Is your way of saying no.
When I run the show
You laugh and make a joke
I never tapped into my true
Potential oh no...

When I'm on this road
Feel out of control

Don't know what I'm living for
It makes sense that I would consent
And allow you to put my life together.

I know that I am not the man
That I could be.
Everyone I know has made it clear
Made it clear to me.

When I'm on this road
Feel out of control
Don't know what I'm living for
It makes sense that I would consent
And allow you to put my life together.
When I'm on this road...
When I'm on this road...

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