

Fifteen

"Intentions"

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And the sight of the sun, rising, seems to
Invalidate the words of the man so much wiser than
myself
Tells me how to work my life away, so that I may
someday
Die, knowing that I compromised
My intentions, and let my dreams turn to dust and fade
away
leaving nothing, just so I can say
I've been a good boy mamma, played the part that I
was assigned
Never questioned anything, never stepped out of line
But it's been eighteen years now

Of having my intentions drilled in the ground
It's been too many years now
Of having my dreams beaten down
I remember all the crazy dreams we had when we were
younger
All ending finalized, by the prospect of working 9 to 5
And we believed it then, and we believe it now, but now
I'm so much stronger
And I just can't see how we can sell ourselves short any
longer
It don't mean much, much to me
I'm content, Human Being

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