

Grown Ups

"Are You Shitten Me?"

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I need to keep my head on straight,
I often feel it's just dead weight.
My skull's not filled with blood,
It's filled with shit and second-hand smoke.

Time has stopped waiting on me,
We waste it constantly.

My apathy throws the hardest hit,
But I leaned right into it.
So much for innocence:
I saw it fleeing in the distance.

My city's busy building clouds,
I'm trying hard to knock them down,
From their lofty heights,
I love my cat to countless cloudy nights.

Are you kitten me?
I miss you terribly even though you're probably just a
yard away.
And you don't need me to watch those deep sea
documentaries.
Just stay perched on the balcony.

Time has stopped waiting on me.
We waste it constantly.

Everything grows.
Everything grows.

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