

Grown Ups

"Johnny Edwards"

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I take one look, one drink.
You read big books on love and death.

I say I can relate, but I can't come close,
Wondering, waiting, worrying myself old.

I can melt into this couch and bottle myself in.
In turn, you'll walk away, but I'll stay.
But I'll stay.

Out of the woods, I'm walking.
This party is done, and I'm tired of talking.
Out of the woods, I'm walking.
I'm barely awake, and the country is calling.

August had it's say and went.
If left feeling indifferent,
You wouldn't even know.
I'm on your front porch,
I'm at your front door,
It's begging me through.

Why do I miss the name and likeness of my oldest
fears?

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