

Grown Ups **"Open Sesame"**

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I am not this charming man,
Sometimes I need to stop and slow my hands from
trembling.
And I woke up to get knocked down,
But I still strained to hear that sound of wind against
my house.
This tired game of cat and mouse.

Lie to me.
Tell me of lost loves and former glories.

Lie to me.
Tell me every great, ironic story.

Oh, I'm fucking dying to know who keeps you company,
Cause I'm not sure if I can stay up anymore.
I'm not sure.
And I'm not sure, if it's worth singing anymore.
I'm not sure.
I'm not sure.

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