

Grown Ups **"Pears"**

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Come on.
I swear.

I'm bitter at best.
I'm laying in the pieces of my cigarettes,
That we crushed in my bed, perhaps a tent,
Some Portland apartment,
That we thought was haunted.

Cough, kiss and caress.
The morning birds are restless,
But at least they have the courage to sing.
Down your stairs my tired feet disagree with me.

What really is forever?

We both belong.
We both belong (here before it's gone)

I've tried to make a difference
I've tried to make a difference
Whatever be the distance
I'd try to make a difference, but I'd fail

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