Less

"Help Save The Youth Of America From Exploding"

Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.

And just outside I can hear the sound,
Of the early morning street,
Becoming way too loud.
Yea the hum, of the engines in the cars,
On the street, Yea.
On the street.

And with this cigarette that I just lit,
As I passed the 53rd Street bridge.
Right now the world just seems too big,
The world just seems to big.

Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.

And just outside, I can see my breath,
In between the words,
That fog my spinning head.
And I can see the sun coming up,
And it's just light enough to see.

Another cigarette that I just lit,
As I passed the 53rd Street bridge.
Right now the world just seems too big,
The world just seems to big.

Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Sit down, remind me how,

This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.

Sit down,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Sit down, (remind me how),
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Growing up and getting lost.

And all the late-night calls,
With all the lost hopes.
And all the missed connections (connections!).
And the lost directions.

Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Sit down, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.

Sit down,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.
Down-own, remind me how,
This is the same old story
Of growing up and getting lost.