

M**"Being Boring"**

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I came across some casual photos
An invitation to teenage parties
Dress in white one said with quotations
From some- one's wife a famous writer
In my nineteen twenties
When you're young you find inspiration
From anyone who's ever gone
And opened up a closing door
He said we were never being bored
Cause we were never being boring
We had too much time to find
For ourselves We were never being boring
We dressed and fought till thoughts made amends
We were never holding back
Or worried that time would come to an end
We were always hoping that looking back
You could always rely on a friend
When I left I went to the station
With a haversack and some
Trepidation someone said if your
Not careful you'll have nothing left
And nothing to care for in my Nineteen seventies
But I sat back and looking forward
My shoes were high I had spores
I bolted through a closing door
I would never find myself being bored
Now I sit in different faces
In rented rooms and foreign places
All the people I was kissing
Some are here and some are missing
In my nineteen nineties
I never dreamt that I would get to be
The creature that I always meant to be
But I thought in spite of dreams
You'd be sitting somewhere here with me

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