Mighty Mighty Bosstones "Howwhywuz, Howwhyam"

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I used to talk to cab drivers Well, now I just don't bother I'd empty out my pockets If someone asked me for a quarter

There was a time that I'd give the time To the old, the weak and the weird I just don't know why this is so But I've never been so scared

Am I getting older? Are things getting harder? I used to never cry When I would think about my father

The years went past so goddamn fast You know, I've left a lot behind My devil could care, attitude You know, I just can't seem to find

And once upon a time I never minded very much I never let it knock me down Or grind me out of touch

Am I getting older? Are things getting harder? I used to never cry When I would think about my father

Once I had an outlook And it was different than it is Well, it was full of dreams and it was full of schemes And they just do not exist

And once I told myself He will not be missed I never thought that I would see the day Or I'd feel like this

Am I getting older? Are things getting harder? I used to never cry When I would think about my father

Am I getting older? Are things getting harder? I used to never cry When I would think about my father

Well, I used to never cry And I used to never cry I used to never cry When I would think about my father

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