

One:Day:Life**"14 To 41"**

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14 to 41
Start blind, end up dumb
You're 16, you're 23, you're 32, you're 41
Gonna leave it all behind
And not say sorry
Yea, you are always right
So why worry
You learn to steal and lie to friends, you trust no one
My Birthday's comin' around again
I'm waiting for the bell to ring, I'm always older
Pressures and folds of fat and lipstick-stained
calendars
Hide under marriage porcelain
That I'm falling over
My birthday, my Birthday
My worst day
My Birthday's comin around again
14 to 41
Start blind, end up dumb
You're 16, you're 23, you're 32, you're 41
You're all those things
And then you're none
You're through all that
You've just begun

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