

Sarah Jaffe

"Growing Up"

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We are underneath the sky and it makes me wonder,
Where I am going to be.

So is there a question? And will I have an answer?

We are underneath the sky and it makes me wonder,
What the chances are.

They have got to be one in a million or less,

So...

Breathe, like a pen on paper,

Breathe, like the clockwork that marks the sunset

Breathe, like a pen on paper,

Breathe, and at sunset,

If there be monsters,

Oh no if there be monsters,

At sunset, if there be monsters,

Between you and me.

This is the part, where the questions fly and my
relationships die,

But it's not that bad, it's not that bad.

When the skies fall, and the ocean swallows me,

Will you be there for me?

When the ocean swallows me alive, will I breathe
underwater?

And take my air back.

I won't watch this sunset.

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