The Wonder Years
"Passing Through a Screen Door"

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Cigarette smoke dances back in the window
And I can see the haze on its own light
I'm conjuring ghosts on a forty hour ride home
And they keep asking me what I'm doing what I'm
doing with my life
Well my cousins go to bed with their wives
I'm feeling like I've fallen behind

well the highway one
I'm listening to traffic reports
one on one Caught me quietly undone
I was born to run away from anything good
Escape artist son
Soundtrack is pain in my blood
First thing that I do when I'm walking
Is find a way out for when shit gets bad and

I've been looking for
Sounds through the screen door (sounds through the
screen door)
I've been waiting for
Another disaster (another disaster)

Well I'm still afraid
Like a kid in the sixties staring at the sky
Waiting for the bomb to fall
And it's all a lie
What they say about stability
It scares me sometime
the emptiness I see in my eyes

And all the kids names I've ever liked
recited tragedy
Well I don't want my children growing up to be anything
like me

I've been looking for
Sounds through the screen door (sounds through the
screen door)
I've been waiting for
Another disaster (another disaster)

And I was kinda hoping to say
I was kinda hoping to stay

I've keep a flashlight and a small knife
On the corner of my bed stand
I keep a flashlight and the train times
But you wouldn't understand
How could you understand?

Jesus Christ. I'm 26. All the people I've graduated with
All have kids All have wives.
All have people who care if they come home at night.

Well, Jesus Christ, did I fuck up?

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