

The Wonder Years

"Won't Be Pathetic Forever"

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I've been waking up up at twelve p.m., in my boxers in
this dirty bed,
Eating Sour Patch Watermelons the boys murked the
day before.
I'm watching bad reruns of mad TV, this shits not even
close to funny,
But I don't work today 'til three and the remote is on the
floor.
When are you coming over? Please, just say right now.
We won't sleep our lives away,
And today(and today, and today.)
We'll make waves.
In this lake of shit we've made, I refuse to sink.
We cant live our lives this way;
Not today (or today, or today.)
If this sea of metaphoric bullshit stays, I won't sink.
The party starts at nine p.m. at which ever house is
close and vacant,
We'll call the ten friends we've got left to pretend we've
got a life.
The boys are slaying shitty brews, and I've been
slaying orange juice.
You know we don't got shit to do, I guess we'll stay the
night, fuck.
It's too cold out to ride my bike today.
It's been raining since we got home last week
Some nights, I fucking love this town
But most nights, I fucking hate this.
Lately, I've been thinking about being a doctor or a
teacher,
Lately, I've been thinking about being someone at all;
Just someone who changes something.
Anything.

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