

## The Wonder Years

# "You're Not Salinger. Get Over It."

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We're finding out some scummy fuck just threw in a fifteen year old.

I mean com'on, man, is that the life you want?

There tearing up these dead-end blocks,

Revealing all the shit we wish we forgot

In the shadow of this careless urban sprawl.

My Friends and I, were all fucked on the inside.

But we don't let it run our lives.

One day, I'll cough all this shit out of my lungs

From second hand smoking at all night restaurants

And they'll be up in arms over all the shit we've done

Because were getting out, we're fucking gone.

This caustic suburban sense of humor's gotten me in trouble more than a few times.

We're singing "Lucky" by Little League, fucking up until we get this right.

Just cause we're down, doesn't mean we gotta stay there.

This fucking town is like a ship gone underwater,

And we'll all drown unless we cut ties to the anchor.

We'd get swallowed here.

I'm bad at staying calm, and I know this town's a time bomb.

I've been dragging my feet too long, too long.

We've been sinking all along.

So chin up and we'll drown a little slower.

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