

Ceremony **"Adult"**

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Young adults find out that they keep coming back
Back to a corner, a street, a place to be
Where buildings are nothing but holes in the ground
As we get old changing the colors of walls
Breaking from home, crossing the bridge
Living outside the gold state seems amiss

Somewhere I saw faces and hands
Fighting for space on a clock
It didn't show time being precious as silver and gold
Proving us we're wrong, all of us move on
We go for a ride, we slow down and die
We have to give up the things we love
We go for a ride, we slow down and die
We have to give up the things we love
We go for a ride, we slow down and die
We have to give up the things we love sometimes

That dream about tumbling down a hill in a car
Happened again last night
Some adult life
Some adult life
Some adult life, I'm bound, I'm bound, I'm bound, I'm
bound

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