

## Onelinedrawing "14 To 41"

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14 to 41  
Start blind, end up dumb  
You're 16, you're 23, you're 32, you're 41  
Gonna leave it all behind  
and not say sorry  
Yea, you are always right  
So why worry  
You learn to steal and lie to friends, you trust no one  
My Birthday's comin' around again  
I'm waiting for the bell to ring, I'm always older  
Pressures and folds of fat and lipstick-stained  
calendars  
hide under marriage porcelain  
that I'm falling over  
My birthday, my Birthday  
my worst day  
My Birthday's comin around again  
14 to 41  
Start blind, end up dumb  
You're 16, you're 23, you're 32, you're 41  
You're all those things  
and then you're none  
You're through all that  
you've just begun

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