

Count To Four

"Growing Up And Growing Beards"

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You say there's nothing left to fear
We're growing up and growing beards
Well there's a song bleeding out of my pencil's tip
There's a guitar in my hand and a ring on my lip
And I'm changing
I'm changing for the worst

(Chorus)

Night I've had in years
Was the night
I had to deal with us
And deal with who I am
But I can't help with all these things that I say
I will become better
I will fight for this for me

Now when I say
That I'm losing the battle
All I mean is I'm trying to heal
I'm trying to speak
Out against all this depression I feel
I'm sorry I hurt
I'm sorry this was the worst

(Chorus)

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