

Sam**"Growing Pains"**Visit "[Growing Pains](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I got tired of my present situation
So I tried rollin' over the stone.
Even tried to make a change of occupation
But, my conscience wouldn't leave me alone.
You know, even the rich have their problems.
I mean, you never quite get enough.
So you drink it away, take it out on the kids.
And all that funky stuff
You got growing pains
You gotta rearrange
Got them growing pains, yeah.
And lately my friends have been tellin' me that
I'm changing way to fast.
If there's one thing I don't want to do
It's rely on my broken-down past.
Because I hear the call of the wild
And opportunity is leanin' on me
And stuck in this town for the rest of my life
Is one place I don't want to be.
I got growing pains
I gotta rearrange
Got them growing pains, yeah.
Growing pains, oh, yeah.
Growing pains.
Oh, how long do you gotta grow?
Yeah, I don't wanna grow any more.
Got them nasty old growing pains!
[solo]
Picked her up at seven
Feeling pretty good by nine.
We cruise the local hang-outs
It's the same places every time
Just head for the nearest party
Or the darkest back street
And I'm makin' love peepin' over my shoulder
My pants down around my feet
Gives me growing pains.
I gotta rearrange
Got them growing pains.
Got them growing pains.
Yeah, yeah, ow!

Got them growing pains.
Yeah! Uh!
Growing pains
Growing pains
Growing pains
Got them growing pains, yeah, ow!
Growing pains
Growing pains
Growing pains.

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