

Max Levine Ensemble

"Still Fourteen"

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Another week passed by and I kinda think it's been
Wasted,
And I can't find my way off this carousel.
While looking out my window I felt a strange sensation
That if I don't change now, I fear I never will.

It's been nineteen years, but I feel like I'm still
Fourteen
So confused and so naive but not yet broken
And everyone is telling me exactly what they think that
I should be,
And I just don't know who I should believe

And they say "Time's running out and now you gotta
make
Decisions
And no you cannot major in playing kickball."
And I wish that I could say "well you know, that's not
My problem"
But then I wonder "is anything at all?"

I see some people change. And they call it progression.
And while looking back at me, they have a strange
Expression.
But a year ago I imagined that I couldn't live without
Certain friends
Well, it's sad to see how much has changed since then.

Feb. 19 was beautiful
On the ground laid two feet of white gold
The city's quiet
And I ate lunch from 12 to 5.

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