

Travie McCoy**"20"**

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Sure it's a gas
(We're) Stuck in an English class
Can't even dream
So it's hard to accept the role you're given
When you're sittin' there staring at the ceiling
Wishing you were so very far from here
When you're 13

What fors and whys
If he's got it why can't I
You're my queen
And I dream about you when I'm in my bed
And if all of these things are like you said
Then I'd rather be in another scene
When I'm 14

Just not fair
I'm not getting anywhere
Oh hard as a stone
They expect us to make it out alone
And they scream at us when we're on the phone
And they lecture us all about routine
When you're 15

Get out of here
You're crowding my tender years
Don't say you see
Cos you'd forgotten what it's like to be
And I'm sure that it's changed to some degree
Christ's advice ain't never as it seemed
When you're 16

Four years go
You've fallen before you know
You're now of age
And you're thrown in a different cage
And you're faced with another blank page
And I know I don't need to be told

