

Travie McCoy

"Twenty"

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Sure it's a gas,
Your stuck in an English class,
Can't even dream,
So it's hard to accept the role your given,
When your sitting there staring at the ceiling,
Wishing you were so very far from here when your 13,

What fors and whys, if he's got it why can't I?
Oh 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 your 14,

Just not fair,
I'm not getting anywhere,
hard as a stone,
They expect us to make it on our own,
then they scream at us when we're on the phone,
then they us lecture all about routine,
When your 15,

Get out of here your crowding my tender years,
Don't say you see cos you've forgotten what it's like to
be,
and i'm sure that its changed to some degree,
Christ device ain't never as it seems when your 16,

4 years to go,
before and before you know,
your now of age,
and your thrown in a different cage,
and your faced with another blank page,
and I know i don't need to be told,
Oh oh ooohhhhhh.

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