

I Taught Myself How to Grow Old

Ryan Adams

Poor little rose, beaten by the rain
In the wind in the gale, thunder and the hail
Sometimes I feel like I'm going insane
Without the numbness or the pain so intense to feel
Especially now it added up through the years

And I
I taught myself how to grow
Without any love and there was poison in the rain
I taught myself how to grow
Now I'm crooked on the outside, and the inside's broke

Most of the time I got nothing to say
When I do it's nothing and nobody's there to listen anyway
I know I'm probably better off this way
I just listen to the voices on the TV till I'm tired
My eyes grow heavy and I fade away

'Cause I
I taught myself how to grow
Without any love and there was poison in the rain
I taught myself how to grow
Till I was crooked on the outside
I taught myself how to grow
Without any love and there was poison in the rain
I taught myself how to grow
Till I was crooked on the outside, inside's caved
Crooked on the outside, inside's caved
Crooked on the outside, inside's caved
I taught myself how to grow old