

You never really knew
the things you learned would matter;
the things you did and didn't do would someday find you;
the things you hate the most :
the lessons on piano,
the books you read in Sunday school--
I swear I'd trade in anything to be young again.

And all these things
are lessons in living

It seems like we're all fighting to be more than who we are.
Life's been a test of virtue and humility so far.
'Cause give and take don't matter either way.
Fuck up and draw the lottery;
Roshambo for poverty.
Destination: anywhere but here.

Here I go again,
feeling sorry for myself.
Am I getting old at heart--
too old to pretend
that everything's alright?
Have I had a choice?
Walking past a threshold
into the change
and your life's never the same again.

And all these things
are lessons in living.

It seems like were all fighting to be more than who we are.
Life's been a test of virtue and humility so far.
'cause give and take don't matter either way.
Fuck up and draw the lottery;
Roshambo for poverty.
Destination: anywhere but here.

My mind's open.
I scream for better things.

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Fuck up and draw the lottery;
Roshambo for poverty.
Destination: anywhere but here