

Growing Up

Fall Out Boy

I dried my eyes, now I crust them with sleep
I'll crust them over
She begged me, "Don't hate me"
She spun me a story

Where winning looks like loosing
And I'm winning every time
So thread spools sweetie, thread
Until my silk is sold

Growing up
Growing up
Growing up

Yeah, I'll myself a new
Yeah, I'll myself a new

I've dried my eyes, now it's Rushmore
I'm deep with futures like Chicago
Glenview never meant a thing to me
She never meant a thing to me
Except for putting idealists in a body bag

Forget it
I'll go out tonight to piss on her doorstep
Listen to the misfits where eagles dare to swallow whole

Up
Growing up
Growing up
Go

I guess I'm my own better half
I guess I'm my own better half
I guess I'm on my own

Yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own
Yeah, I guess I'm on my own
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own