

Photosynthesis

Frank Turner

Well I guess I should confess that I am starting to get old. All the latest music fads all passed me by and left me cold. All the kids are talking slang I won't pretend to understand. All my friends are getting married. Mortgages and pension plans. And it's obvious my angry adolescent days are done. And I'm happy and I'm settled in the person I've become. But that doesn't mean I'm settled up and sitting out the game- Time may change a lot. But some things they stay the same.

Maturity's a wrapped-up package deal or so it seems. Ditching teenage fantasy means ditching all your dreams. All your friends and peers and family solemnly tell you you will have to grow up. Be and adult. Be bored and unfulfilled. But no one's yet explained to me exactly what's so great about slaving 50 years away on something that you hate. About meekly shuffling down the path of mediocrity. Well if that's your road then take it but it's not the road for me.

And if all you ever do with your life is photosynthesize, then you'll deserve every hour of your sleepless nights that you waste wondering when you're going to die.

Now I'll play, and you sing- The perfect way for the evening to begin. I won't sit down, and I won't shut up, and most of all I won't "grow up".