

Getting Old

Hellogoodbye

When we were younger time was under careful lock and key
Now it's open, tipped and pourin' out all over me
Oh! what a shame, that our days, you explained
I thought you had meant they were long
Not 'till the night when I turned 25, I saw that I had it all w
rong

I was gettin' tired of lettin' all my hours pass
Hopin' someday soon or somewhere everything would last
Oh, what a shame when I look at your frame
I know someday it will be dust

Not that the thought is that close
'Cause it's not but I guess it's just creepin' up

Oh and it's not that bad, it's all this time we've had
Things that could be, became mystery, we'll never know instead
Oh, we're not too far gone, it hasn't been that long
Oh and our empty tea cup, is getting filled up
So we'll never have to dread getting old

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Oh and our tea cup, is getting filled up
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Getting old, getting old, getting old