

# Adulthood

Jukebox the Ghost

I go outside  
Ask the air if you'd like to hide  
Take a deep breath  
Walk inside my prise

In my lungs I still feel young  
But my body won't play along  
I'm thinking this must not be where we - belong

And the world  
Split in two from the throng  
Of every living soul  
Screamin' atop of their lungs  
Singin' this is my word  
But somehow we never get heard  
There's just an echo from a lost and lonely world

And I dare you to survive  
Being grown for the rest of your life  
From adulthood - no one survives

Ten million feet  
Pounding into the ground each week  
Every secret, every burden they keep  
Each ones waiting on the chance  
To be lifted off the ground, but then  
To discover that we'll all be dust again

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