

## Eighteen

Limp

I had that same dream again  
I dreamed I was an old man dyin' and tryin' to repent  
and facing consequences for all the shit I've put up with  
But now I've run out of steam  
a broken backed nostalgiac  
no chance left to redeem  
I'm longing for my heyday give me a change to live again

If only I were eighteen again  
I would spend all my time tryin' to remember when  
.....was I that much happier then?  
If only I were eighteen again....

And now I'm older it seems  
well at least while I sleep deep within my anxiety dreams  
I comb my hair on over  
put my teeth in and give a grin  
I recollect and reflect  
loves lost at too much cost' my conscience full of regret  
and if I wake up I hope this better be a better day

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I would spend all my time tryin' to remember when  
.....was I that much happier then?  
If only I were eighteen again....

The real truth of youth is innocence is a blessed and a cursed  
simulcast  
The simple fact is that I'm sick of every song that dwells on t  
he past  
But still I go on writing  
how long can my discontentment last?

When I wake from my dream  
reality kicks in and I grinned just wonderin' what it means  
the whole world screams ''grow up''  
and I know I can, but I don't know when!