

I always looked up on the ones who walked away  
Choosing themselves over preset  
Ways of looking at a future that had no room for the  
Questions they lived for  
Always knew i never could have walked away myself  
My self worth was beyond any help  
And i didnt care to test it against the rejection i had seen be  
fore  
But those i loved so much they underwent a change  
They're working fourty hours they got caught in the game  
Like junkies running dry, the vulnerability  
They're always there on time  
We're never satisfied like junkies running dry  
This wonderful generosity  
A third of our lives to do what we please  
Doesn't look that great to me  
In fact it doesnt even look fair  
They call it youthful idealism  
And even I would have to agree with them  
Except some of us grow up and its still there  
I grow up too slow I don't wanna go  
But now i'm working just like everyone else  
But ill get out of here