

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