

Growing Old Is Getting Old

Silversun Pickups

So we all
Are growing old
And it's getting old

Pressure on
Our hollow bones
And the varicose

Suddenly
We decompose
But we're not alone

So we all
Are growing old

Maybe we're sealed in silence
And maybe we feel a guidance
Maybe your own devices
Will keep you afraid and cold
But i

Memorized
Your smile lines
When lips divide

Kept alive
Your childlike
Reaction time

We're allowed
To expire
With ourselves in mind

So we all
Are growing old

Pull out the fear of silence
And put out the need for guidance
And put out your own devices
And don't be afraid of the cold

And we sing, sing, sing.
Fight, we fight, fight.
We cry, cry, cry.
We slide, slide, we slide into the light.

We sing, fight, we cry.
We slide, slide, we slide into the light.

Maybe we're sealed in silence
And maybe we feel a guidance
Maybe your own devices
Will keep you afraid and cold, well.

Pull out the fear of silence
Put out the need for guidance
Put out your own devices

And don't be afraid of the cold
Afraid of the cold
Afraid of the time
You've got no where to go but here.