

In Between

The Growlers

We exist, good youth
With our heads on our shoulders
Still in the clouds yet away
Got dreams of red white and blue
And every other color too

We don't want to live like kooks
Just want to live in between
Not square not hippie not like you
Good American kids with dreams

Don't you worry sir
You don't need to understand, old man
Life is for living and thats as far
As we got with our plans

Got us so wrong
Just a song just a moment
We all love into the judgment
No plans strong hands and a spirit
Unmatched by any other lad

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You don't need to understand, old man
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