

Tending to Turn Out Pretty Great

The Ready Set

I console my self on waking up,
This town will stay the same way.
Grass stains and fireworks on
Downtown summer nights, and when
It took me back I had to ask, oh
Lost love, what can I say? break
Hearts in living rooms and drive
Back home to talk to you.
Midwestern nights, are you
Following me? 'cause it's been
Four long years, oh god that
Constant change. some city lights
And a similar hearbeat, I guess
I've grown a bit but sometimes
You've just got to change a lot.
You've gotta break a lot. kill all
Your darlings, I know that it's
Hard, but you'll gain a lot, so
When you're on the spot, fight
With some soul 'cause you're
Always a champion to me. I
Wouldn't change one thing on
Growing up, I learned to love the
Bad parts, deal with the sad
Parts, things tend to turn out
Pretty great. and if I ever got a
Second chance, no I'd never need a
Second chance, I'm ready, set, go,
Clever, right? no. I'll never grow
Up, not one bit. look deep inside
And I think that you'll find what
You're searching for, so when
You're on the floor, fight with
Some soul 'cause you're always a
Champion to me. silver and gold,
The people I know and all my best
Friends. alone, my heart tends to
Grow, I look at the sky and what I
Live for. when I'm alone in
Indiana, the amber waves crash
Down into horizons. when I am home
In indiana, my small town dreams
Shine brighter than the moonlight.