

You're Not Salinger. Get Over It.

The Wonder Years

We're finding out some scummy fuck just threw it in a fifteen year old

I mean come on, man, is that the life you want?

They're tearing up these dead-end blocks

Revealing all the shit we wish we forgot

In the shadow of this careless urban sprawl

My friends and I, we're all fucked on the inside

(My friends and I, we're all fucked on the inside)

My friends and I, we're all fucked on the inside

But we don't let it run our lives

One day, I'll cough all of this shit out of my lungs

From second hand smoking at all night restaurants

And they'll be up in arms over all the shit we've done

Because we're getting out, we're fucking gone

This caustic suburban sense of humor's gotten me in trouble more than a few times

We're singing "Lucky" by Little League, fucking up until we get this right

Just cause we're down, doesn't mean we've gotta stay there

This fucking town is like a ship gone underwater

And we'll all drown unless we cut ties to the anchor

We'd get swallowed here

One day, I'll cough all of this shit out of my lungs

From second hand smoking at all night restaurants

And they'll be up in arms over all the shit we've done

Because we're getting out, we're fucking gone

(So chin up and we'll drown a little slower hey) (12x)

'Cause I'm bad at staying calm, and I know this town's a time bomb

And we've been dragging our feet too long, too long

We've been sinking all along

One day, I'll cough all of this shit out of my lungs

From second hand smoking at all night restaurants

And they'll be up in arms over all the shit we've done

Because we're getting out