

I do what I can to get away from this.  
Everything that happened has been such a mess.  
In hoping I can see you more, I see you less.  
Everything that I've been doing is meaningless.  
Everybody thinks we're really growing up it's in our heads.  
We're innocent.  
Lay it to rest.  
This can't be it.  
Everybody thinks we're really growing up,  
Why can't they get it?  
I can't wait forever.  
Why can't they get it?  
I can't live forever.  
Everybody thinks we're really growing up, it's in our heads.  
We spend our weeknights laying on our side,  
Worrying about the things we try to hide.  
I can only tell them that I'm doing fine.  
Everybody knows that that's a lie.  
Something that is in my head and I can't finish what I started.  
Worry about the things I said, everything I take for granted.  
Nothing that I do is right, everything is only half-right.  
Lock myself up in my room.  
If I know you, I know you would too.