

Growing up can go to hell – Marisa Maino

Looking at the older girls
Thinking they're cool
Driving on their own in
Their Corollas to school
Thinking to myself I wanna be just like them
I'd fantasize about being old enough to date
He'd take me to the movies
And make out with my face
Getting grounded sneaking out
'cause we'd always come home too late
Now I been there, and I've done that
I burned through all my firsts too fast
My younger self would be so sad
To hear me say that it wasn't worth the wait
I'd do anything to feel like a kid again
Yeah
Trampolines and hide and seek on weekends
I used to race to finish
Popsicles before they'd melt
These days I'm lucky
If I wake up and still like myself
Growing up can go to hell
Mmmm mmmm
Mmmm
Growing up can go to hell
Sugar rushing, sleepovers and Hilary Duff
Sharing all our secrets
And laughing like we're drunk
Remember when we didn't need
To do any drugs to have fun?
Now I get my rocks off looking at Zillow
Used to make forts
Out of blankets and pillows
20 dollar bill used to mean I was rich
Now I'm older but still that's true as shit
I'd do anything to feel like a kid again

Yeah
Trampolines and hide and seek on weekends
I used to race to finish
Popsicles before they'd melt
But these days I'm lucky
If I wake up and still like myself
Growing up can go to hell
Mmmm mmmm
Mmmm
Growing up can go to hell
Now I've been there, and I've done that
I burned through all my firsts too fast
My younger self would be so sad
To hear me say I lost her along the way
I'd do anything to feel like a kid again
Yeah
Trampolines and hide and seek on weekends
I used to race to finish
Popsicles before they'd melt
But these days I'm lucky
If I wake up and still like myself
Growing up can go to hell
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych