

Limp, Eighteen

I had that same dream again
I dreamed I was an old man dyin' and tryin' to repent
and facing consequences for all the shit I've put up with
But now I've run out of steam
a broken backed nostalgiac
no chance left to redeem
I'm longing for my heyday give me a change to live again

IF ONLY I WERE EIGHTEEN AGAIN
I WOULD SPEND ALL MY TIME TRYIN' TO REMEMBER WHEN
.....WAS I THAT MUCH HAPPIER THEN?
IF ONLY I WERE EIGHTEEN AGAIN....

And now I'm older it seems
well at least while I sleep deep within my anxiety dreams
I comb my hair on over
put my teeth in and give a grin
I recollect and reflect
loves lost at too much cost' my conscience full of regret
and if I wake up I hope this better be a better day

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The real truth of youth is innocence is a blessed and a cursed simulcast
The simple fact is that I'm sick of every song that dwells on the past
But still I go on writing
how long can my discontentment last?

When I wake from my dream
reality kicks in and I grinned just wonderin' what it means
the whole world screams "grow up"
and I know I can, but I don't know when!