

Slapstick, Eighteen

Some days I don't feel like being grown-up
Some days I just feel like looking far away
Well I've never understood why the closer you come to make your own decisions and be self-sufficient
Well you've gotta conform to the will of the world
Well she left right before I turned eighteen
Well I just really started missing her now
I know a girl who spent her summer here on my street
Freedom was her name
where did she go, where did she go
Now a new change tries to hold me in place
maturity and responsibility
where did she go, where did she go
Some days I don't feel like being inside
All day outside doesn't look too cold
She taught us how to play games and hold hands and be friends with each other
but we're not friends with each other anymore whoa
Well I guess this has got to be that way
Well I don't want any part of it at all
I know a girl who spent her summer here on my street
Freedom was her name
where did she go, where did she go
Now a new change tries to hold me in place
maturity and responsibility
where did she go, where did she go, where did she go