

# Soul Asylum, Growing Pain

Riding into town when the sun goes down  
And the natives get restless and the crowd comes round  
Pacing in place in a backward race  
While starting my case to another blank face  
I'm just sitting on the roadside  
Watching all the cards and the clouds roll by  
They may pass me by  
But i need a better reason to cry  
Growing pain it leaves a stain  
That's similar but not the same  
It's down the drain and what remains  
Maybe you're the one who's a little insane  
Now everything's lovely if you're ugly  
What you would, what you should, and what you could be  
Mr right, spending his life,  
Stabbing himself with a butter knife  
I'm just sitting on the roadside  
Watching all the cards and the clouds roll by  
They may pass me by  
But I need a better reason to cry  
Growing pain's a spinning blade  
Whirling round you like a razor edged chain  
It's down the drain and what remains  
Maybe you're the one who's a little insane  
Growing pain it leaves a stain  
That's similar but not the same  
Its down the drain and what remains  
Maybe you're the one who can make that change  
Can't shake hands with boxing gloves  
With whips and chains you'll never make love