

Adam Lambert, Getting Older

I'm getting older, I think I'm aging well
I wish someone had told me I'd be doing this by myself
There's reasons that I'm thankful, there's a lot I'm grateful for
But it's different when a stranger's always waiting at your door
Which is ironic 'cause the strangers seem to want me more
Than anyone before (anyone before)
Too bad they're usually deranged
Last week, I realized I crave pity
When I retell a story, I make everything sound worse
Can't shake the feeling that I'm just bad at healing
And maybe that's the reason every sentence sounds rehearsed
Which is ironic because when I wasn't honest, I was still being ignored
(Lying for attention just to get neglection)
Now we're estranged
Things I once enjoyed (ah-ah)
Just keep me employed now
Things I'm longing for
Someday, I'll be bored of
It's so weird
That we care so much until we don't
I'm getting older, I've got more on my shoulders
But I'm getting better at admitting when I'm wrong
I'm happier than ever, at least that's my endeavor
To keep myself together and prioritize my pleasure
'Cause to be honest, I just wish that what I promise
Would depend on what I'm given (not on his permission)
(Wasn't my decision) to be abused, mmm
Things I once enjoyed
Just keep me employed now
Things I'm longing for, mmh
Someday, I'll be bored of
It's so weird
That we care so much until we don't
But next week, I hope I'm somewhere laughing
For anybody asking, I promise I'll be fine
I've had some trauma, did things I didn't wanna
Was too afraid to tell ya, but now, I think it's time