

# 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 neglect)  
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