

Ashbury Heights, Beautiful Scum

Always on the run
Your one and only son
Too smart just to tag along
Too dumb to be of use
Always chasing cars
And a better life on Mars
Reaching for the stars
While counting every bruise
So you send money everyday
A clichd dream just doesn't pay
And no matter how hard I play,
Neverland never seemed so far away
You send money everyday
Because I never got it made
And no matter how hard I play,
Neverland never seemed so far away
A self-made Peter Pan
Burdened by the shadow of a man
More a hook each passing day
As I claw my way with a pencil blade
You got to grow up (Oh no!)
You got to grow up (Oh oh no!)
You got to grow up (Oh no! no!)
You got to grow up (no! no! no!)
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