

# Ben Folds Five, Still Fighting It

Good mornin son,  
I am a bird,  
Wearin a brown polyester shirt,  
You want a coke?  
Maybe some fries,  
The roast beef combo's only 9.95,  
It's ok, you don't have to pay,  
I've got all the change...  
Everybody knows it hurts to grow up,  
And everybody does,  
Its so weird to be back here,  
Let me tell you what,  
The years go on,  
And we're still fighting it,  
We're still fighting it,  
And your so much like me,  
I'm sorry...  
Good mornin son,  
In twenty years from now,  
Maybe we'll both sit down,  
And have a few beers,  
And I can tell you 'bout today,  
And how I picked you up,  
And everything changed.  
It was pain, sunny days and rain.  
I knew you'd feel the same thing...  
Everybody knows it sucks to grow up,  
And everybody does,  
It's so weird to be back here,  
And let me tell you what,  
The years go on,  
And we're still fighting it,  
We're still fighting it,  
You'll try and try,  
And one day,  
You'll fly...away from me.  
[good mornin son]  
[good mornin son]  
[good mornin son]  
[good mornin son]  
Good mornin son  
[good mornin son]  
I am a bird...  
[good mornin son]  
[good mornin son]  
It was pain, sunny days and rain,  
I knew you'd feel the same thing...  
Everybody knows it hurts to grow up,  
And everybody does,  
It's so weird to be back here,  
And let me tell you what,  
The years go on,  
And we're still fighting it,  
We're still fighting it,  
Oh, we're still fighting it,  
We're still fighting it.  
And your so much like me,  
I'm sorry...