

Fall Out Boy, Growing Up

I dried my eyes, now I crust them with sleep, I'll crust them over
She begged me, "Don't hate me," she spun me a story
Where winning looks like losing, and I'm winning every time
So thread spools sweetie, get ready until my silk is sold

Growing up, growing up
Growing up, up

Yeah, I'll find myself a new
Yeah, I'll find myself a new

I've dried my eyes, now it's "Rushmore," I'm deep with features like Chicago
No, Glenview never meant a thing to me
She never meant a thing to me, except putting idealists in body bags
Forget it, I'll go out tonight and piss on her doorstep
And listen to the Misfits "where eagles dare" to swallow whole

Oh, growing up, growing up, up

Yeah

Whoa, I guess I'm my own better half
Whoa, I guess I'm my own better half
Whoa, yeah, I guess I'm on my own
Whoa, yeah, I guess I'm on my own
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I guess I'm on my own