Give Up The Ghost, I.C. You Are Feeling Drake

When your "golden days"
are "that was just a phase..."
Lose yourself to reminisce
Pictures and innocence
Try to remember when you felt free and
The smiles
Just came so naturally...
You can't control your age
But you can control how you feel
Breathing dead air into broke lungs that
Once filled your heart
With the will to live
So when are you
Gonna cash in your raincheck?
(And on and on and on...)
Every second that goes by
Is one that's gone for good
Are you throwing away
Possible memories to a fevered life
Of "woulds" and "coulds?"
We may have missed our chance and
We may never be young again but fuck
Living a sick day life
Fuck dead beat kids
And fuck your falsehoods
So when are you
Gonna cash in your raincheck?
(And on and on and on...)
I'm not dead yet
Ambitions... sorry, but I have none...
I'm just a confused kid
With the masses telling me
To join tradition...
But I just can't...
I'd rather die than live like you
Do you get it?
I'd rather die than live like you
You don't get it
Fuck your falsehoods