

Kidbrother, Ticking Bombs

It's strange how time accelerates.
I count the years in broken bones and healing scars.
Broken promises I've made to myself.
I can't find a cause to celebrate.
They say that time will heal all wounds and make you strong.
I say time is a ticking bomb.

Believe in me, you'll be leaving me.
When the walls start closing in and the ropes get tight,
and your Saturday morning is my Friday night.

Old plans turn into new regrets.
Old friends become strangers at best.
It's funny how the right time to take off
always comes just a moment too late.
It's the same thing every day.
My clocks turn to ticking bombs again.

I've still got time to make things worse.
Many years to think about what I've done wrong.
To think about what I've done wrong since 21.
Debating with voices in my head.
They're telling me to step up, step up,
show them what you've got now.
Step up, step up, show them what you've got.

I don't care if it rains or shines, I don't change with the seasons.
All I know is that I'll stick around right here without a reason.

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