

# Onelinedrawing, 14 To 41

14 to 41

Start blind, end up dumb

You're 16, you're 23, you're 32, you're 41

Gonna leave it all behind

and not say sorry

Yea, you are always right

So why worry

You learn to steal and lie to friends, you trust no one

My Birthday's comin' around again

I'm waiting for the bell to ring, I'm always older

Pressures and folds of fat and lipstick-stained calendars

hide under marriage porcelain

that I'm falling over

My birthday, my Birthday

my worst day

My Birthday's comin around again

14 to 41

Start blind, end up dumb

You're 16, you're 23, you're 32, you're 41

You're all those things

and then you're none

You're through all that

you've just begun