

# Operation Ivy, Junkies Running Dry

I always looked up to the ones who walked away  
Choosing themselves over preset ways  
Of looking at a future that had no room for the questions they lived for  
Always knew I never could have walked away myself  
My self worth was beyond any help  
And I didn't care to test it against the rejection I had seen before  
But those I loved so much, they got caught in the game.  
Like junkies running dry, the vulnerability,  
They're always there on time  
We're never satisfied like junkies running dry.

This wonderful generosity  
A third of our lives to do what we please  
Doesn't look that great to me, in fact it doesn't even look fair.  
They call it youthful idealism  
And even I would have to agree with them  
Except some of us grow up and it's still there.  
(Chorus)  
I grow up too slow, I don't wanna go...  
But now I'm workin' just like everyone else,  
But I'll get outta here