

Sammy Hagar, Growing Pains

I got tired of my present situation
So I tried rollin' over the stone
Even tried to make a change of occupation
But, my conscience wouldn't leave me alone

You know, even the rich have their problems
I mean, you never quite get enough
So you drink it away, take it out on the kids
And all that funky stuff

You got growing pains
You gotta rearrange
Got them growing pains, yeah

And lately my friends have been tellin' me that
I'm changing way to fast
If there's one thing I don't want to do
It's rely on my broken-down past

Because I hear the call of the wild
And opportunity is leanin' on me
And stuck in this town for the rest of my life
Is one place I don't want to be

I got growing pains
I gotta rearrange
Got them growing pains, yeah

Growing pains, oh, yeah
Growing pains
Oh, how long do you gotta grow?
Yeah, I don't wanna grow any more
Got them nasty old growing pains

Picked her up at seven
Feelin' pretty good by nine
We cruise the local hang-outs
It's the same places every time

Just head for the nearest party
Or the darkest back street
And I'm makin' love peepin' over my shoulder
My pants down around my feet

Give me growing pains
I gotta rearrange
Got them growing pains
Got them growing pains

Yeah, yeah, ow
Got them growing pains
Yeah! uh

Growing pains
Growing pains
Growing pains
Got them growing pains, yeah, ow

Growing pains
Growing pains
Growing pains