

# I Taught Myself How to Grow Old

Ryan Adams

Poor little rose, beaten by the rain  
In the wind in the gale, thunder and the hail  
Sometimes I feel like I'm going insane  
Without the numbness or the pain so intense to feel  
Especially now it added up through the years

And I  
I taught myself how to grow  
Without any love and there was poison in the rain  
I taught myself how to grow  
Now I'm crooked on the outside, and the inside's broke

Most of the time I got nothing to say  
When I do it's nothing and nobody's there to listen anyway  
I know I'm probably better off this way  
I just listen to the voices on the TV till I'm tired  
My eyes grow heavy and I fade away

'Cause I  
I taught myself how to grow  
Without any love and there was poison in the rain  
I taught myself how to grow  
Till I was crooked on the outside  
I taught myself how to grow  
Without any love and there was poison in the rain  
I taught myself how to grow  
Till I was crooked on the outside, inside's caved  
Crooked on the outside, inside's caved  
Crooked on the outside, inside's caved  
I taught myself how to grow old