

Growing Pains

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One day your mama drops the hem of your skirt
Next day you give up yelling what's for dessert
You can't explain it but you're one solid hurt
Baby, you've got growing pains

Your Christmas penny doesn't look half so bright
Papa's not president since maybe tonight
When you're not quite so sure that Mom's always right
Baby, you've got growing pains
Nothing's wrong, just growing pains
And they'll never hurt too long

When there are cobwebs in dreams that you weave
When there's no magic in the words 'Make believe'
When doubt comes peeping out and tugs at your sleeve
Baby, you've got growing pains

When you come home from school and don't slam the door
Ride down the banisters or slide 'cross the floor
When you don't cry for every toy in the store
Baby, you've got growing pains
They're not bad, just growing pains
You'll be awfully glad you had