

Eighteen

beabadoobee

Don't wanna be eighteen with responsibilities
Sometimes I get scared of growing up
Entering a world with broken dreams
Sometimes I get scared and throw it all up

And June the third is
Coming closer and I'm
Nowhere near closure

Don't wanna be eighteen when I can't ride a bike
Still hang onto my sheets during storms
In my bed I'm ten but I can't shut my eyes
I still wish I wore a school uniform

And June the third is
Coming closer and I'm
Nowhere near closure

Don't wanna be eighteen with a messy room
Still wonder what lingers under my bed at night
Kinda wish I stayed at my mother's home
Are we gonna know what it's like to be blind?

'Cause June the third is
Coming closer and I'm
Nowhere near closure