30

Bo Burnham

I used to run for miles, I used to ride my bike
I used to wake up with a smile
And go to bed at night with a dream, ahh!
But now I'm turning thirty
No!
I used to be the young one, got used to meeting people
Who weren't used to meeting someone who was born in 1990
No way! (Yeah, I was born in 1990)
Now I'm turning thirty
God, God damn it!

I'm (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)
Turning (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)
Thirty (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)
I'm turning thirty (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)

When he was twenty-seven, my granddad fought in Vietnam
When I was twenty-seven, I built a birdhouse with my mom
Oh, fuck, how am I thirty?
I used to make fun of the boomers; in retrospect, a bit too much
Now all these fucking zoomers are telling me that I'm out of touch
Oh yeah? Well, your fucking phones are poisoning your minds. Okay? So
 when you develop a dissociative mental disorder in your late twentie
s, don't come crawling back to m–

I'm (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)
Turning (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)
Thirty (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)
I'm turning thirty (Turning thirty, turning thirty)
(Turning thirty, turning thirty)

And now my stupid friends are having stupid children
My stupid friends are having stupid children
My stupid friends are having stupid children
My stupid friends are having stupid children
And now my stupid friends are having stupid children
My stupid friends are having stupid children
My stupid friends are having stupid children
Stupid, fucking ugly, boring children

It's 2020, and I'm thirty, I'll do another ten
2030, I'll be forty and kill myself then