

I walked two miles in the rain in a suit,
my feet torn up by my father's shoes.
Receipts and cards tumble out of my pocket
to the floor of the station. I still don't have a wallet.
Up a flight of stairs to Herald Square.
The umbrellas of New York take up too much air.
So we just walk real slow at double-arms length in unison.

My mom dragged me to the doctor today,
I had a cough for a month and it won't go away
I've been sleeping on floors for three hours a day
and I have no insurance, so she has to pay.
I can't talk to my friends because I'm embarrassed
that I keep sliding back down. I keep getting depressed.

- We got our ideals but no way to achieve them.
- We got our degree but got no means to use it.
- We're swimming in debt with no way to surmount it.

- We got thirty bucks and we spend it on whiskey.
- We got credit cards, so we got a new TV.
- We got mobile phones but no minutes so text me.

Get out of my way because I'm 25
and I still act like I'm ten!
I'm 25! I don't learn from my mistakes
I make them again and again and again and again and again...

- We swallow our pride over piles of problems.
- We whine and complain but we don't try to solve 'em.
- We're reaching for answers like nobody's got 'em.

Get out of my way because I'm 25
and I still act like I'm ten goddamn years old!
Get out of my way because I'm 25
and I still act like I'm ten goddamn years old!