

# Being Young

Dalton Rapattoni

Look at my life  
How will it play out  
Skip to the end  
And let me rip a page out

Does it get better  
Will I get it together

Up in the air  
It's all uncertain  
If you'd be so kind  
As to pull back the curtain

And give me some answers  
When will it stop

Peter take me home  
Lock up my window  
Won't you let me grow up  
It's getting old being young

Peter let's move on  
Put the book back where it belongs  
There's no more pixie dust  
It's getting old being young

The sky was blue  
And now I'm finding  
It's always cloudy  
With no silver lining

Under the weather  
I don't know any better

Cause I want out  
I want the freedom  
The man that I want to be  
I want to meet him

He'll have the answers  
When will it stop

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