

I opened my eyes this morning feeling like  
I'd died the night before, what did I drink  
And how am I still lying here?  
It's days like these I miss my friends the  
Most and end up feeling like a ghost,  
I check my pulse to make sure I'm  
Still alive.

Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.  
Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.

I fall in love with every city then my  
Stomach aches for days, because I'm somewhere  
Between happy and okay.  
With Springsteen in my headphones singing mockingly away,  
Oh, Brucey, baby, I've seen better days.

Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.  
Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.

Why do I do this to myself?  
Why do I do this to myself?

Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.  
Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.  
Yeah, nobody but you, can make me feel  
This old at twenty two.