

Twentyseven

Futurebirds

I want to be fearing something
I want to be steering something
I want to be hearing something
In my car

I want to be losing something
I want to be confusing something
I want to be using something
In my heart
Yeah, in my heart

But I just wait until the van
Pulls up to take me away
To that toilet bowl of sin

But here I'm turning twenty-seven soon
I never thought I'd still be
Shooting for the man on the moon
My eyes will never look so blue
Without you, I'd be through

I could always ruin something
If you'd ever give my phone a ring
At least I still think I can sing alright
So obsessed with what I seek
That you're losing out on the weeks
Guess I'm still figuring out who I like
Oh, who I like

I've been losing a friend a week
Trying to make a martyr out of me

But here I'm turning twenty-seven soon
I never thought I'd still be
Shooting for the man on the moon
My eyes will never look so blue
Without you, I'd be through

Yeah, I'd be through
Well, I'd be through
Yeah, I'd be through
Well, I'd be through
Yeah, I'd be through
Well, I'd be through
Yeah, I'd be through
Well, I'd be through
Yeah, I'd be through
Well, I'd be through