You would think
that I could find
a simple song,
a photograph of mine
To show this public eye,
what I have to offer
I may not have a PHD,
or speak
in eloquent philosophy!
I'm nothing more
than simply me you see!

R1: What I am trying to say
 I'm just a babe
 in so many ways!

R: I'm still growing,
still stretchin'
Still breaking
in these new shoes
Looking for a way
to make a mark of my own
I'm just a spring chick,
wet behind the ears
It's a part of life
so there's no need to fear
These growing pains
that I'm going through

I don't regret,
I'm not ashamed
that I haven't yet begun
to speaketh ways...
(As the wisest of men),
oh perhaps some day
But for now I'm grateful
to be a part
of the family tree,
while The Man upstairs
does His work on me
It's a job that may
take eternity to complete

R2: Just when I've learned
 all I can,
 those growing
 Pains up
 and kick on in again!

R: I'm still growing...

Time after time, one more time and again, will it ever end? It's the lessons in our lives that make us wise But young or old I am told it's the same Oh, these growing pains never go away, so I'll just keep on trying

mezihra

R1: What I am trying to say...

R: I'm still growing...

Oh, baby don't worry about a thing!