

Growing

Maddie & Tae

I might run out of gas about a half mile from my place
Put my foot in my mouth, saying something I shouldn't say
Have last night's mascara on my cheeks
From a boy I know I should've just let be
I might run out of money a week before I get paid

I'm just growing
Wild as a weed, I'm picking up speed
Kicking every wrong door wide open
Looks a little crazy, don't it?
When I get older
I've got plenty of time to get it all right, but this mess of mine
Will make a good story someday, now won't it?
I'm just growing

I might lose and find myself taking the long way
I might hurt when I try to change somebody I just can't change
Make promises tomorrow I can't keep
Wash my clothes in my best friend's bathroom sink
Bring on the storm 'cause a girl like me needs rain

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Maybe I will, maybe I won't
Ever grow up, grow up
Maybe I will, maybe I won't
But you know what?

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