

# Aging

Miya Folick

Picture us talking  
Hallway of your first apartment  
You were still wearing the jacket  
You'd later lose at the fair  
I was nervous  
Picked at the paint in the drywall  
You said you loved California  
Though you'd never been there

You are fading  
Quickly inside of my memory  
You were a younger man  
Now you are old

Remember the man  
Who sold us the scarves on the sidewalk  
He said it looked like I like you  
And that is more sacred than love  
Last time I saw you  
Smoking the last of your cigarettes  
Talking too much about dying  
Pretending that you were not scared

You are aging  
Quickly inside of my memory  
You were a younger man  
Now you are old  
Old

Not growing, only aging  
Confuse ambition with impatience  
You won't start from the bottom, you only want the top  
You think you're better than them, you think you're the cream of the crop  
Not growing, only aging  
Confuse ambition with impatience

You are aging  
Quickly inside of my memory, yeah  
You were a younger man  
Now you're old, you're old, you're old, you're old  
You're old

Not growing, only aging  
Confuse ambition with impatience  
You won't start from the bottom, you only want the top  
You think you're better than them, you think you're the cream of the crop  
Not growing, only aging  
Confuse ambition with impatience

You are aging  
Quickly inside of my memory