

poor posture

nothing,nowhere.

The sound of the shaking trees
Brushed by that August breeze
All that's left is memories
Could almost bring you to your knees

Trying to save my sanity
Rolling by, skating in my black tee
Its like I slept since twenty ten
Now it's white walls, try to pay the rent
I got these memories inside my brain
'Cause when I go home it's not the fucking same
'Cause everybody loves growing up
But you won't say the same when you see that time's up

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Growing old, save your soul, told you so
I am not who I was, let it go
Growing old, save your soul, told you so
I am not who I was, let it go
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