

# Growing Pains

Ryan Caraveo

Answer the question  
Why do we have so much trouble connecting?  
I have an ideal girl in my head  
And how you behaving just doesn't reflect it

I can't do cuddles and breakfast  
'Cause I gotta go finish dozens of records  
But then the second I get on that stage  
I wanna go pick a whole 'nother profession

It's like I'm running from heaven  
I took a trip somewhere sunny and pleasant  
But then the second I step off the plane  
I wanna fly back in the other direction

Maybe because the depression  
I just wanted something that wasn't the present  
My brain thinks love is deception  
I can't even feel my own mothers affection

I feel like these growing pains are killing me  
And I tried but nothings really healing me  
Fix it, fix it I'm picking up the pieces  
Drifting drifting I feel like letting

I feel like letting go

I get annoyed when you look in my eyes  
'Cause I don't want you to see what is there  
I don't know if I can trust you so I  
Pushed you away just to see if you care

If you don't love me I'm fine on my own  
My skin is tougher than diamonds and stones  
Maybe the reason I make it chaotic  
Is 'cause when I do it reminds me of home

Been chasing an infinite rush  
Ever since my inner infant was hushed  
I even traded the love of my life  
For 30 or 45 minutes of lust

If I don't risk it and gamble it all  
It doesn't feel like I'm winning enough  
I keep on pulling the trigger to prove  
To prove... I dunno but

It's tough to admit it  
I've always felt so ugly and different  
I tat up my skin to feel comfortable in it  
I never complain I just shut up and get it

Aye, I keep on working when Ryan needs help  
'Cause I need this record to fly off the shelf  
If I can get all of these people to love me  
Maybe I can finally try it myself

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And I tried but nothings really healing me  
Fix it, fix it I'm picking up the pieces  
Drifting drifting I feel like letting

I feel like letting go