

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

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